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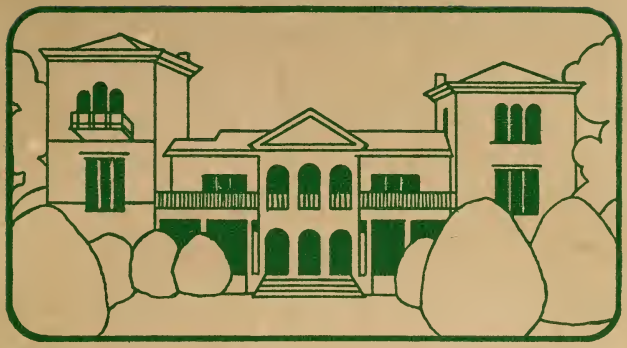

SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII NOVEMBER, 1916 No. 1

Contents

	PAGE
Twilight (Poem). *C. Garret,* '20	1
By Mail (A Story). *C. Russell,* '16	2
Antiques (Poem). *E. Sollitt,* '18	16
'Tis Said, "A Maiden Knows Not Her Heart" (Story) *V. Hatch,* '20	17
Undine (Story). *Louise Bennet,* '16	24
A Sketch of Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams. *L. M. Hooper,* '10	32
Founder's Day. *M. Banister,* '16	31
Riding with Cæsar. *F. Dowden,* '20	39
Freshman (An Acrostic). *R. Knapp,* '20	40
College Spirit and the Spirit of the College. *Emilie Watts McVea*	41
Editorials	43
Y. W. C. A.	44
Athletics	46
Current Events	48
Dramatics	49
Alumnæ Notes	50
Exchanges	52
Jokes	54
College Calender	56
College Directory	58
List of College Students	59

16398

Business Manager's Announcement

The Sweet Briar Magazine, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published five times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, and especially of the students, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the Magazine. We hope that in return the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

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The Sweet Briar Magazine

PUBLISHED FIVE TIMES ANNUALLY BY STUDENTS OF SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

VOL. VIII SWEET BRIAR, VA., OCTOBER, 1916 No. 1

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The above is the statement of the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, November 2, 1916, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

Twilight

I've been looking, in the twilight,
At the mountains stretching high,
With the last pink rays of evening
Fading from a tinted sky.

And the woods in silence standing
With their leaves all hushed and brown,
Tell me summer's slipping, slipping,
Tell me winter's coming down.

Then I wonder, as the shadows
Deepen 'neath the purple haze,
If my childhood's slipping with it
To the land of bygone days?

If those days of happy laughter,
Like the summer's careless day,
Will with weary struggles darken
As the years roll on their way?

CARRA GARRETT, '19.

By Mail

"IT isn't as though I were either cross-eyed or freckled, for then there would be some reason for it," thought Dorine rebelliously, as she watched her younger sister putting on the new party dress with its billowy pink ruffles, from a prostrate position on the bed, "and it isn't as though I couldn't dance, for I can. It must be just because—well—just because Marjorie's Marjorie, and I'm me."

"Your dress needs some more fastening," she remarked aloud, as she arose from the bed and went over toward Marjorie's ecstatic little figure, which was promenading in apparent satisfaction before the long cheval glass.

"Stop wiggling for just one minute."

Marjorie paused for one final survey of all the beauty reflected before her. For the first time her curly hair was piled high upon her head and real dancing slippers elevated her height an inch or more.

"Don't you really think I'm looking quite old?" she asked ingenuously as she turned from the contemplation of her charms to where Dorine was standing in half admiring, half envious silence. Then, noticing her sister's despondent attitude, her tone changed quickly.

"Oh, Dorine," she cried sympathetically, "I wish you were going to the dance too, I declare I think some one might have asked you, John or Dan, or some one. It's a shame the way you never get invited to the dances—for you can dance so well. I am so sorry."

Dorine did not answer. Her sister's sympathy, as sweet as it was, did not tend to make her any more contented with her lot. It was humiliating enough not to be invited to the one big dance of the season without being submitted to the extra insult of commiseration from a younger sister. Marjorie fortunately did not notice the impression her well-meant words had created, and in excited anticipation of the event ran down stairs to display her new charms to her father and aunt.

Dorine, left alone, was soon plunged into reflections of a decidedly morbid nature.

"It just doesn't seem fair," she thought hotly, "for I really care just as much about dances as Marjorie does. Here I am nearly twenty-two years old, and no one has ever invited me to a dance without his mother first telling him he had to. Just think of living to this age without having one single love affair." Dorine groaned aloud at the thought of her own miserable record.

"If I were a man I could take to drink—I suppose that would be some solace—but since I'm not, I just have to endure it in silence. But I won't," she pursued vindictively, "I won't be just the old maid sister of a popular social butterfly who pities me. I'll have a romance of my own, if I have to hire the chauffeur by the hour to be the hero of it."

But even as she registered her resolution, she realized the utter impossibility of carrying it into execution. The hopelessness of her own situation and her inability to overcome it depressed and eventually sobered her.

With a sigh of resignation, she picked up the garments which Marjorie had so royally cast about the room. Subconsciously she was glad that Marjorie could have such a good time, even though it was denied her. Marjorie was just the type of girl that appealed to the pleasure-loving men of Meriden—pretty, little, full of fun; without much thought of the more serious aspects of life. The contrast between Marjorie and Dorine had often been remarked, for Dorine's nature was silent, introspective, and reserved. Perhaps it was the fact of her mother's death that had quieted and sobered her. She had been only ten years old when it had occurred, but even then she had been able to realize its seriousness. The fact that six-year-old Marjorie had been left without a mother had seemed to impress her, even more than her own loss; and throughout the years, even after Aunt Nell had come to live with them, she had tried to care for her younger sister. Now, Marjorie was old enough to make her own decisions unaided and rather resented any intrusion from

Dorine into her affairs, and just lately had assumed an attitude of pity.

"Dorine," her father's voice broke in peremptorily upon her thoughts. "Come down stairs just a moment, dear."

Dorine complied at once. She understood her father well enough to know that he expected instant and willing obedience.

Mr. Brooks was holding in his hand a flat, brown package at which he looked with a puzzled frown.

"Do you know who Natalie Forrester is?" he inquired. Then studying the address on the package, he added: "She apparently lives at 191 Forest Street."

Dorine thought for a moment.

"I have heard the name before, but I can't think whose it is. She doesn't live at that address for I know every one who lives on Forest Street."

"Care of Miss Millicent Humason," pursued Mr. Brooks uninterruptedly. "There, that explains it," with the air of having made a great discovery. "It must be the girl who was visiting at the Humason's last week. Dorine, dear, will you please see that this package gets to its rightful owner?"

Dorine took the parcel at once.

"But how did you happen to get it, father? Not even our stupid postman could have confused William Brooks with Natalie Forrester."

Mr. Brooks made the explanation as briefly as possible.

"On the afternoon's mail I heard from Col. Bradly from Mayville, Arizona. His envelope happened to be of the same size and color as the package. The two came tied together, as I imagine they constituted the only mail from Mayville to Meriden, and because of their similarity, the postal authorities apparently considered them one piece of mail, and delivered them together to the address which happened to be on top."

Mr. Brooks turned abruptly into his study, after a speech much longer than he was accustomed to make on any occasion.

Dorine looked with curiosity at the package in her hand—and then with a sigh returned to her room. She rather

anticipated resuming the mood of righteous self-pity in which her father's command had interrupted her, and it was consequently somewhat of a disappointment to find that she could not conjure up again the lively image of her own unloved lot. In spite of herself, her mind would wander to what she was going to do tomorrow; to what Marjorie was doing at the time. Try as she might she could not concentrate on her own misery.

The incident of the package had broken the chain of her thoughts and almost unconsciously she picked it up to examine it more closely. On the back was written the sender's name and address:

"Mr. Warren Forrester,
"Box 21, Mayville,
"Arizona."

Underneath the word "Photographs" gave a clue to the contents, which was further substantiated by a hole in the enveloping paper. One little pull would remove the string which had become loosened. Dorine gazed through the hole with some interest.

"I'll have to do them up again before I send them on to Natalie," she justified her thought to herself, "so I might as well open them up all the way to do the job neatly. Besides, it isn't as though a letter were inside—it's just pictures."

Her natural curiosity needed no further justification, and with a rapid jerk, she pulled forth the photographs. There were a number of them, two or three dozen at least. The first two were rather disappointing—nothing but wasted stretches of Arizona, scarcely a fitting subject for pictures of any kind, but in the third, interest was greatly augmented by the figure of a man—young at that. Dorine's eyes lighted unconsciously at his strong, handsome figure. A dark sunburned skin only made his teeth gleam the more whitely in his broad, good-humored smile. His keen blue eyes—for the one tone of snap shot could not conceal from Dorine that his

eyes were blue and keen—twinkled mischievously, while the apparent ease with which he reined in his fractious horse brought into play the strong muscles in his forearm. In several pictures the same man occurred again—handsome, strong and good-naturedly smiling. Dorine's eyes picked him out from a group first of all, for his bearing was especially distinctive.

As she laid the last picture down, Dorine sighed enviously. "He's evidently someone's brother, but isn't he good-looking? Oh! those teeth, and eyes and hair." She tied the parcel up slowly and thoughtful. Her mental picture of a hero, represented in a real snap shot, was being sent on to another girl. "His name is Warren Forrester, and he lives in Mayville, Arizona. I really know quite a lot about him already." As she re-tied the string, the idea came to her—compelling and alluring. In it's very simplicity lay it's most dangerous charm. To write him a note telling him of the deviation of his package, would be nothing more than a civility. She could assure him, in closing, that it would eventually reach his sister all right. The idea started, grew in fascination. It certainly had its romantic side and Dorine's soul was starved for romance.

"Here is my one great opportunity," she said resolutely as she seized her pen—"though, of course, he won't answer it."

The beginning was difficult, as beginnings often are. The mean between informality and imprudence seemed so hard to strike.

"My dear Mr. Forrester," she finally began,

"You can have no idea of who I am or why I am writing to you, so that in two respects, at least, I must have a tremendous natural advantage over you. My knowledge of you is confined to your name and address. Together we must constitute an appalling mutual and reciprocal ignorance—but I have enjoyed looking at your pictures of Arizona life and scenery more than you know. They came to me quite by accident, through the fortunate instrumentality of a stupid post-

man (whose name I kindly refrain from bringing into the discussion). He seemed to think me a proper recipient for your pictures and delivered them to me with a misplaced, but flattering confidence in my worthiness. I opened them quite hurriedly before I had studied the exterior address,"—This lie seemed perfectly justified to Dorine in view of the mutilated condition of the envelope—" and didn't realize the mistake that had been made until I was already far out upon the plains of Arizona. Then the realization came across me that I was an intruder—that I had no friends to invite me into the desert country or to tolerate my intrusion there, and in a panic I fled to the enveloping paper. I hope that you can forgive me and the postman's mistake, when I tell you that tomorrow we will work together to get your package to your sister, aunt or cousin."

Dorine closed abruptly, as there seemed to be nothing further to say; but as soon as she had done so, a veritable inspiration came to her. Of course Warren Forrester was the man in the pictures, but it would disarm suspicion of her motives if she were to pretend to be ignorant of the fact. With flushed cheeks she hurriedly added the postscript:" Who is the good-looking man taken individually on horseback?"

As she slipped her letter defiantly into its envelope, an impulsive desire to mail it at once came to her superinduced by the subconscious realization that in the morning her usual sense of conventionality would have asserted itself and would forbid her sending it. Waiting until her father's slow footsteps had echoed down the hall, she slipped noiselessly down the long stairs, out the heavy door to the mail box at the corner. The letter fell to the bottom of the box heavily.

As she regained the porch a large automobile drew up at the curb and Marjorie laughing lightly from inside her white fur-trimmed cloak, jumped to the pavement. As her silvery laugh rang out again and yet again, her sister felt justified in her act. " It's the first unconventional thing I've ever done," she whispered, " and I have a right to one adventure at least. It may

not be a love affair, but it's experience." And with that she hurried to her room.

Results are always hard to wait for and especially results from so novel an "experiment" as Dorine's. Making generous allowances for mail service and unforeseen delays, a reply ought to arrive at the end of a fortnight, but two weeks came and went without any word from Mayville. At the end of the third week Dorine's attitude changed from eager anticipation to that of incipient hostility. " Of course he's not obliged to answer my letter at all," she thought; " if he chooses to be rude, but he needn't think he's disappointing me in not writing." As the fourth week went by her piqued pride gave way to indifference—almost to forgetfulness. The incident seemed fairly closed when suddenly without warning, her father handed her a letter at the breakfast table with the remark:

"Whom do you hear from in Mayville, Dorine? I thought I had the only friend there in Colonel Bradley."

Dorine's face flushed hotly as she took the large envelope, but fortunately her father was not insistent upon an answer, and she was spared the necessity of inventing one.

Alone in her room, she opened the envelope with trembling fingers.

"Dear Mutually and Reciprocally Ignorant," she read.

"I have just returned from a two weeks prospecting trip to the western part of the State, and I hurry at the first moment of my return, to thank you for your kind note, that I may not appear to you any more uncivil than I already must have. It was mighty nice of you to try to rectify the erring ways of the stupid postman, and I appreciate your telling me of your endeavors immensely. I am sure that my sister (for she is neither a cousin nor an aunt) cannot have appreciated the pictures as much as you did, and I should be glad to send you a similar set of them if you would care to have it. It is with a modest blush that I confess that I am the equestrian gentleman myself. There! you certainly have the advantage over me now, but it is in your power to give me an equal advantage." And then came two or three pages of half joking com-

mentary on the lonesomeness of Arizona life, concluding with "Please don't let's have our new correspondence stop here. There is one girl of whom I feel that I should like to know more—and she is Dorine Brooks."

Dorine's eyes were shining with excitement as she turned her letter to re-read it. "Oh, dear," she puzzled "I can't decide whether it's fresh or not. It doesn't sound so, but I probably wouldn't know if it were."

All through the day the fear worried her until just before she got into bed she made up her mind to appeal to the sophisticated Marjorie for advice. Young as she was she had had enough experience to know how to deal with such a doubtful situation. Marjorie, flattered that her opinion should be consulted, gave prompt and enthusiastic advice.

"He's good-looking, you say?" she reascertained, "Well! then I should most certainly answer his letter—and send him a picture, too. There can't be any harm in it, and you've never had any experience like this before—and it will be something interesting to tell your grandchildren. It's perfectly safe—just think of all the miles between Arizona and North Carolina."

"But I haven't any picture to send him," objected Dorine, only anxious to be urged the harder. Marjorie removed the difficulty with one breath.

"Well, then, send him that new one of me. It's old-enough looking and very flattering. Besides, everyone says we look quite a lot alike—except that you are darker."

Dorine consented to the proposition, half delighted, half afraid, and together she and Marjorie composed a reply to Warren Forrester's letter. Dorine's tendency was toward conventionality and conservatism, but impelled by Marjorie, the result was a letter of a very informal nature. Dorine was almost afraid to read the answer to it that came within the next two weeks. The fear that he should be too informal was more than offset by the fear that he might be too formal.

The letter was evidently entirely satisfactory, however, for Dorine's heart was beating fast with excitement as she laid it

down and she refused to let Marjorie read its contents. At last her desire for a real love affair was being fulfilled, and under the most romantic conditions imaginable. To love and be loved by one whom she had never seen! But her innate sense of propriety made her fearful of continuing the correspondence until she had found out more about Warren's character. And so the next letter addressed to Mayville, Arizona, had as its travelling companion a note of inquiry to Colonel Bradley.

Colonel Bradley's replies were entirely satisfactory, ratifying merely what Warren's letters had indirectly intimated—that his father was obliged to spend two years in Arizona for his health, but that he had found employment with a prospecting company in order that he might not be idle during that time. The conclusion of Colonel Bradley's note was a little disconcerting, nevertheless.

"I wasn't so surprised to get your letter, Miss Dorine, as I would have been if your friend hadn't kept asking me about you. I thought you were the older one, but from your picture I see I was mistaken."

For three exciting months the correspondence continued unabated until one morning Warren's fraternity pin arrived. Marjorie was present when the maid handed Dorine the little package so that it was inevitable that she should see it.

"Oh, Dorine," she breathed ecstatically, "isn't it lovely, "and isn't it all romantic though? But whatever would father say if he should find out about it? I just had to tell him the other day that all your letters from Mayville were from a friend visiting there. He seemed quite surprised and said he would have to get Colonel Bradley to look her up. Oh—how *do* you suppose it's all going to end?"

But Dorine, desperately pale, had already received an intimation of the probable end from the letter which had accompanied the pin.

"Here, read that," she whisperd weakly, thrusting the paper into Marjorie's hand.

"Dearest," the letter began, "My way may be circuitous, but eventually it leads to you, for I am even now en route to New Orleans to negotiate there some stupid and unintelligible business—and from there I go to Memphis for further negotiations. Father's health is so much improved that I feel justified in prolonging my journey a State or so, and in coming to see you. It may be a mistake for me to come—I hope that it won't be—for we have been such congenial correspondence sweethearts that it seems almost impossible that we could be the same in person. The ideal I have conceived of you, quiet, sympathetic, perhaps a little reserved, may not fit you at all—and I'm sure that I shall be a disappointment to you in many respects, but I feel that I must see you at any cost. I am sending you my pin in the presumptuous hope that you may be wearing it when I arrive."

Marjorie looked up from the letter in consternation almost equal to her sister's.

"Oh, whatever will you do?" she gasped. "There's no address to telegraph to, and—well, he might be perfectly *awful,* you know—and father will have to know—it can't be kept from him any longer." Then giggling nervously, she generalized broadly:

"Oh, aren't consequences terrible sometimes, but funny just the same."

The humor of the situation could not appeal to Dorine. It was far too tragic to be laughed over.

"Something has got to be done to keep him away," she reiterated desperately. "Father would never understand why I wrote to a perfect stranger—never—and at my age, too! It isn't as though I were just young and flighty like you."

But in spite of the obvious necessity for prompt and ready action, the day of Warren's arrival approached finding Dorine as helplessly unprepared as ever.

"He's coming tomorrow," she whispered nervously to Marjorie, "and here I am and here's father, too. If I could only go out of town for a week or so, but there's nowhere I could go, and anyway my being away wouldn't prevent *him* from coming here."

"Never mind, Dorine," consoled Marjorie as best she might, "I'll try to keep father away from the house in the afternoon, and Warren may be just as nice as he looks in the pictures."

But Marjorie's attempt to divert her father were frustrated from the start. At the breakfast table he announced his intention of spending the day in his study instead of going to the office. Dorine and Marjorie exchanged glances of commiseration, but dared not remonstrate. Dorine's nervousness, which was acutely visible at the breakfast table, increased as the long day wore slowly on. Warren was to arrive at four. At three she called desperately to Marjorie: "Oh, Marjorie, I just can't see him—I can't, I can't. I've got myself so horribly involved with him that I couldn't look at him. I've written him that I love him, and now how *can* I face him?"

Marjorie's ready sympathy was again inadequate to the situation.

"Father will disinherit me as soon as he finds out about it—he's so awfully strict—and he's bound to see. The very fact of any man coming to see me is suspicious enough—without his being a stranger. Now if it were you it would be different—he would never stop to ask." Her own words suggested the solution of her immediate difficulty, and quick as a flash she propounded it to Marjorie, with great volubility, if with little coherence.

"Oh, Marjorie, please dear, won't you do it just for my sake? You know how so much better than I—and it would seem much more natural, for he has your picture, you remember. Oh! I'll give you my diamond and sapphire ring, if you only will. Please, oh, please. You go down and pretend to be me. I've lost my nerve completely, and you know how to entertain men and I don't."

Marjorie objected just long enough to appear to be making a sacrifice and to secure the offered bribe, but in reality she did not at all dislike the idea of entertaining a good-looking man who must inevitably profess himself to be in love with her. As the arrangements were being concluded with satisfaction on both sides, the maid announced "Mr. Warren Forrester."

"Here, Marjorie, quick," called Dorine, "you almost forgot the pin," and then, breathless with excitement, she leaned over the banisters to catch the first glimpse of her artificially created hero.

Through the reception room door, she could just see the well-shaped yellow hair, the broad shoulders—and from her position upstairs, could faintly hear Marjorie's cordial greeting. She wondered what they might be saying. Again, and yet again, Marjorie's laugh rang out, followed by a low, but hearty accompaniment from him. It was obvious that they were enjoying themselves. Dorine's heart burned with a dull passionate jealousy which she realized was unjustifiable, but which she could not repress. Just before dinner Marjorie flew excitedly up the stairs.

"Quick, Dorine," she cried, "get all dressed up, for he's going to stay to dinner. Father asked him to."

Then in response to a look of inquiry from her sister, she burst into an enthusiastic description of Warren.

"Oh, Dorine, he's adorable—the best-looking man in the world, much better than his picture and he has such lovely manners. I'm half in love with him already and he seems to like me a lot. I introduced him to father as one of the men I met at the last dance—and father seems awfully impressed with him. I believe it's going to turn out all right after all." And with that she was off again.

Dorine dressed for dinner in a passionate conflict of emotions. She had begged Marjorie to take her place and now she was wildly jealous of her. "I can't just see," she thought to herself, "that he is going to fall in love with her—and he's mine. She shan't have him, too."

At dinner she was more than ordinarily quiet. To her mind Warren justified Marjorie's ecstatic description, but he and Marjorie seemed to be having such a merry time that she did not care to intrude. From his attitude, it was obvious that Warren was more than interested in Marjorie, and Dorine had not the heart to try to make herself entertaining.

After dinner, she tried to excuse herself at once, pleading a headache, but Marjorie peremporily overrode her excuses

and drew her into the library with Warren—and then adroitly excusing herself, left them alone together.

In a moment an embarrassing silence reigned and then Warren, turning to her, politely remarked:

"That's a sweet little sister you have, Miss Brooks. I feel as though I had known her all my life, though I never saw her before this afternoon."

The compliment, trite as it was, seemed to confirm Dorine's fears. She was unable to reply.

"You know I have always had the theory," he pursued slowly, "that the best index of the human character is the common, ordinary letter. Can you agree with me?"

Dorine shook her head miserably. She dared not look him in the face. The conclusion of her romance was tragic, past all imagining.

"And that is why I have felt that I could pick out my wife by mail even better than by actual presence—provided of course, that I had *some* idea of what she looked like. Now, I have been corresponding with Dorine for over four months, and during that time I have been able to comprehend her innermost nature, and to realize that it is perfectly congenial with mine."

Then dropping his voice reverently, he added:

"Moreover, I have grown to love her—and to hope that she can some day return my love."

Dorine's eyes filled with tears.

"But what has all this to do with me?" she managed to say, choking down a sob.

Warren's face clouded with disappointment, though Dorine could not see it.

"Nothing, perhaps," he answered briefly, "except that, as you know, I had begun to hope that you might some day be my wife. I thought I had written you that."

"But I'm not who you think I am," stammered Dorine. "I'm not me—I'm my sister, that is—I'm——"

"You're Dorine," interrupted Warren evenly, "I knew Marjorie the minute I saw her, even though she did have my pin on. Colonel Bradley told me all about you, and your father sent me a picture of the real you."

"Father?" gasped Dorine, incredulously.

"Why, yes. He's known all about it all the time. Colonel Bradley told him, and he thinks it a huge joke."

Dorine stood as though stunned, staring desperately as though to catch some meaning from the scene.

"Haven't you anything to say to me?" plead Warren as though to remind her of his presence.

"Why, yes—" answered Dorine, half laughing, half sobbing, "just that, just 'yes.'"

Constance Russell, '16.

Antiques

Your Ideals—can you remember them?
Bright shining jewels, you thought them in your youth!
You cherished them in secret. You recall?
And then one day, in blushing young confusion,
You brought them forth, to show them to your Friends.
They laughed—I see that you have not forgot!
They called your jewels cheap imitations—glass!
They slapped you on the back and poked your ribs,
And said, "Forget it! Come, have one on us!"
You went———
What trick of fate bade you to keep your jewels—
To lock them up and hide them far away?
You thought of them once—twice—and then no more,
Until years later, when you found the key.
It puzzled you—that key! Then you recalled,
And searching 'mongst the cobwebs of your attic
You found your jewels, at last, hid 'neath the filth.
They were quite black with dust and grime and age,
But you weren't shocked. Had you forgot their worth?
Laughing, you showed them once more to your Friends.
But they—they looked with reverence, now!
They worshipped them, almost, for their old age,
And called the scratches and the foul grime—Art!
They would not have you wash them clean again,
But urged you to sell them, as they were, to Man.

The case is empty now, except for dust.
You have much gold—
Do you remember your youth's shining jewels?

G. Elanette Sollitt.

'Tis said, "A Maiden Knows Not Her Heart"

"FIVE weeks more, Fritzy, and then we will say good-bye to this cramped little flat, and we won't ever have to come back, Ach, mein kindlein, be happy. Think of the green fields and of the home you have never seen. Yah, and all the aunties and uncles—and all the little cousins. Your old mother is so happy. Look, Fritzy, I'm a baby again with these tears. Twenty-five long year's have I been waiting to go back, and now the father is rich and we shall go home. Sh—here comes Marie."

"Mam, are you crying again about going back to the old country? I guess you've cried almost as much as I have, only I can't say my weeps are 'cause I'm that glad; I say I won't go, I don't care if you won't leave me have a cent to live on here. I ain't going to budge one step from New York City. I got a good enough job and can get along on my own wages. This is a fine situation that a girl seventeen can't look after herself without her mam and pa. Heiny is going to stay and a girl's brother can look out for her. We don't want to go to the Old Country and live and die farmers with a lot of *Dutchmen.*"

"Du—du—Marie, ach, I will not listen to such speeches from my own girl. We ain't Dutch. We're Germans. You ain't going to be left here with your brother, hear? Now you go and mix macaroni dough like I always tell you. Take off that silk skirt and put on the blue gingham apron hanging by the sink."

Marie angrily went to her room and slammed the door. She stood at her bureau slowly unfastening her skirt. She gazed down at a cheap, showy photograph of a young man on her bureau. Her eyes softened and her lips trembled. Perhaps—but the dreams of youth are so many and so like bubbles.

"Marie, did you put on that all-over gingham apron like I told you?" came her mother's harsh voice.

"Mam, you hush up, I know what I'm doing and don't you meddle."

That evening as the Bingswangers were sitting at dinner, Heiny glanced inquiringly at his sister. "Who are all these flosses for, kid? Is it the church sociable or is Al coming 'round?"

Marie nodded and her color deepened.

"Say, who's this new girl I saw him with at Dreamland last night? Some little girl!"

Marie gasped. Her half-formed suspicions must be true then.

"A friend of his, I guess. I can't keep track of all his girls."

"Better look spry there, kid, or you'll get cut out by her."

"Kinder, kinder," cried Mr. Bingswanger, "can't I eat one meal in peace without you quarreling? Mam, what you planning to do with all these dishes? You can't lug them all over home, can you? I seen Mr. Grossman today, already, and he says he will buy the sitting-room furniture even if it is light oak. Better ask him if he wants any dishes. Don't you tell him any less than thirty dollars, hear, mam? We can come down after awhile if he doesn't look interested. Twenty dollars is a fair price."

"Won't you shut up for once about going to Germany? You and mam set me crazy. There's the 'phone. Hush up while I answer." Marie hastily left the room. Soon she came back and took her place silently.

"What did Al want, Miss Huffy? Wanted to know if you'd prefer a bushel of roses to orchids?"

"Mam, make Heiny quit. Al's got to work late tonight, so he can't come."

When the Bingswangers had finished their meal, Marie slowly cleared away the dishes. With her head up and breathing fast she refused to be sorry about the spoiled evening. Very well, if Al wished to take out his new acquaintance, she

wouldn't waste a thought over him. A pity he couldn't find a better excuse than to work late. Slowly she put the kitchen to rights. She gathered some scraps and stepped out on the back porch to feed the old cat. The cool air fanned her flushed face.

"I bet she's little and talks baby-talk to him."

Spring was coming and soon she would leave New York, leave Al also.

"I wonder if they are going to Dreamland to dance."

Slowly she went inside, locked the back door, extinguished the gas and went to her room to read. Marie closed her door and took up the photograph of Al. The shavy cut of his cheap suit was conspicious and his tie was of the latest stripe. She looked only at his face which was good, not good looking, and his eyes were direct and sincere. Angrily she put the picture in a drawer and took up a magazine, intent on reading.

Later she heard her family go to bed, her little brother crying, then the low, comforting words of her mother.

Marie hastily crept into bed. The flat grew silent, but Marie tossed, and was sleepless. After a while she heard the soft step of her mother's slippered feet. Her door opened and Mrs. Bingswanger stole to Marie's bedside.

"Kind, mein liebes kindlein."

"Mam?"

"Yah, I wanted my girl." Her arms went about Marie. Her workworn hands caressed the girl's soft, rounded arms.

"Ach, mein kind, you ain't happy. Tell mam. Is it you don't want to go home with us? You must understand, I can't leave you to stay here alone. It is a beautiful country there, and if only just once you saw it, Ach, Marie, it is Heaven." The arms tightened.

"Mam, dear, I'm such a bad girl, and you are so good. I want to go now. Yes, I'm glad we're going."

The gates were opened now, and Marie sobbed on her mother's shoulder.

"Kindlein, tell mam, is it perhaps that you love Al? I think I understand a little now."

"Yes, but oh, mam, mam, I mustn't. He mustn't ever know."

"Baby, mein kindlein," crooned the woman. "Does all your heart love him? Is it the great big love?"

The girl and the woman held each other close. The years rolled backward. Marie was the little girl again, and Mrs. Bingswanger the comforter.

"Mam, I love him, but oh, he doesn't love me."

Late that night Marie fell asleep in her mother's arms.

The following days were busy ones. There was so much to do to get ready to go. There were so many things that the mother must tell about the Fatherland, the little house with the garden, the peach trees near the porch, about the little milk carts drawn by dogs, the mountains in the distance and then the blue, blue sky.

Marie listened patiently to the endless talk and thought of all the strange faces and the awful quietness of the country.

Several times Al wished to take Marie out but always she refused him. She was sure he did not care for her as she did for him, and she refused his friendship. She often heard about him from her brother and occasionally the other girl was mentioned.

The days were lessening now. The second-class steamer tickets had already been bought. The mother was singing constantly now and her songs were quaint ones in a foreign tongue.

After dinner one hot night in early June, Marie was at her usual duty of clearing away the dishes. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring and the gas jets seemed like furnaces. The door bell rang and Al climbed the two flights of stairs, breathlessly mopping his forehead. Mr. Bingswanger, shirt-sleeved and perspiring, ushered him into the cramped sitting-room, and then yelled to Marie. Marie came in hastily, not stopping to take off her apron. She stopped quickly at the sight of her caller.

She smiled coldly and looked inquiringly at him.

"Haven't seen you for a long time, Marie. Thought I'd step in and see if you'd like to go to the movies. Good show, I hear, around at the Liberty.

"Sorry, Al, but it's so hot, and then, I haven't nearly finished the dinner dishes."

"Marie," spoke up her mother, "you run along and I'll finish the work. Naw it ain't too hot, Mrs. Grossman said they had iced air in there, ain't they, pa? Think on it Marie, That sounds cool."

"Aw, mam, I guess I'd better not go."

"You go 'long," broke in Mr. Bingswanger. "Do what your mam says. Hear? Go on. Such a girl, Al, so contrary to what her mam and pa say."

When Marie and Al left the hot, little flat, they were both ill at ease with one another.

"Ain't seen you for a long time, Marie. It's good to be with you again."

"Is it, Al? I've been busy lately. Pretty hot night, ain't it? Did you know we sail right soon?"

"So your papa was telling me. Now that's a shame. He said you're sort of glad to go. Is that so?"

"Yes, I'm *very* glad to go. Why shouldn't I be?" she asked almost fiercely.

The streets were bright from the street lights, and people were thronging the sidewalks, trying to catch a breath of air. Children sat on the curbstones or playing on the walks. Every stoop was occupied by thinly clad people, who were fanning themselves and grumbling.

Marie thought of the long ocean voyage with the fresh salt breeze, and then of the open country where her new home was to be.

After the movies, Al was unwilling to let Marie go home.

"It's still early. Let's stroll down to the park and take a look at the pond. That'll look cool anyway. Some swell ice cream cones are sold at the park stand."

Marie silently nodded. Al had shown her more attention than ever before that night, and she no longer was cross with him. He was a dear boy and he really did care for her she

thought. The park was crowded as everywhere else in the open on that hot night.

"Hang these people. Where can we sit? Let's go on over to the other side of the pond."

Marie's heart beat fast. She detected the lover's note in his voice, and smiled to herself at his frank refusal to stay where the crowd was. The world was good after all. When one is just seventeen it is hard to stay sad long.

"Marie, come on and sit down on the grass over there. See, there is not a soul but that man who is asleep on the bench."

Marie was sure now. Her breath came fast.

"Ain't you the least bit sorry to go away?" said the boy. "I am."

"Yes, I guess I am some sorry now, but I wasn't before." "Marie, I can't think of you going. Who'll I have to go to the movies with then?"

"I guess there won't be no need of your staying home on account of not having company. Who's this friend of yours I've been hearing about?"

"Who, Dorothy? Good Heavens, Marie. Don't talk about her. She ain't a nice girl. I liked her right well at first but zero for her now. No, fooling aside, Marie, do you realize that perhaps you and me'll never see each other again when you leave?"

"Yes," she said softly, "I've been realizing it."

"Oh, little girl, I can't let you go away, and I won't. I love you, dear, you care some, don't you?"

She nodded and let him take her in his arms.

"Marie, honey, won't you marry me? We can be married next week and your mother and father can go and leave you with me."

"She felt his arms and heard his love. Was this the perfect love her mother had spoken about? Was she willing to live all the rest of her life with Al, and love him with every fibre of her heart? Mam and pa would leave her alone with Al?"

"Al, Al, leave me go. Don't you dare kiss me. I can't, oh, I can't. I'm sorry if I hurt you, Al dear, but this is not the great love. No, no, I thought this was, but—no, no. Take me home."

Silently they walked through the streets until they reached the flat. With a few words she bid him good-night. The little flat was dark and the air cool. Marie softly tip-toed to her room and undressed in the dark.

The door creaked, and Mrs. Bingswanger came in.

"I waited up for you; Ach, Marie, tell mam, did Al tell you he loved you? I'm sure he did. Yah, yah. Don't tell me about it now. I know. His love is in your heart and that can't be spoken about. Is mein kind happy?"

"Mam, oh, mam, you don't understand. Yes, he asked me to marry him, and I thought—I don't know what I did think, but, mam, I can't. All of a sudden I knew that he wasn't the right one, and I couldn't leave you all for him. I couldn't stay in this country without you. Mam, I love you alone and will never leave you."

She clung to her mother. "I'm happy now. Nothing can take the place of that love for you."

Mrs. Bingswanger smiled in the dark.

"There, there, kindlein, mam has her little girl back again. I thought I had almost lost her for good."

"No, mam, no."

"Some day, when you meet him, mein kleines kind, you will know in your heart, and there will be no doubts. I can keep my little Marie a little longer. Gott sei dankt."

Virginia Hatch, '16.

Undine

SIMON and Dick dug Peter's grave beneath a tall pine tree which stood straight and austere beside the rushing water—a worthy monument for the lonely hermit. There in a grave, far removed from man, he would rest even more solitary in death than he had been in life. Dick read a simple burial service from an old prayer book which Simon produced. Undine stood by, white and silent, not seeming to comprehend the reality of what had happened. After the rude coffin had been covered over with earth, she turned and fled to the brook-side, where she seemed to gain consolation.

It was not until then that Dick had an opportunity to make plans for the future. He searched, as Peter had directed him, for the money under the stones of the hearth. But there was no trace of it there, nor in any other part of the house. At first it occurred to Dick that Simon might have stolen it. But the honesty of his face coupled with his undoubted affection for his master dispelled the suspicion before it took definite form. He was then forced to conclude that the fortune was a creature of Peter's over-wrought imagination. There was now no time to speculate over the matter, however. He felt more strongly than ever his responsibility for Undine's future, and yet he did not know how to provide for her. She was too young and inexperienced to make her own way unassisted. But he knew, on the other hand, that any aid he might give would be misconstrued and might in the end do her more harm than good. He was puzzled for some time over the seemingly inextricable tangle. Then, suddenly a solution to the problem crossed his mind—one so simple that he wondered why it had not occurred to him before. The only way he could assist her was by marrying her. She could then have advantages which would be impossible under other circumstances. And her eagerness and spontaneity might renew his own enthusiasm which for a time had been wanning.

Having formed the resolution, Dick went immediately in search of Undine. He discovered her by the brook, gazing wistfully into a deep, quiet pool, cut off by the rocks from the tumultuous waters beyond. She was not aware of his presence until he had seated himself on the bank beside her. When he looked up, he saw that there was tears in her eyes.

"Poor little girl," he said, taking one of her hands and pressing it reassuringly. Then very gently and kindly he asked her to marry him. She agreed, as she did to everything he suggested, but without seeming to grasp the significance of his request. He tried to explain to her that she would always be free to do as she wished—to leave him if she ever so desired. But she only looked at him steadily, with large, uncomprehending eyes. So he left her, and went back to the cottage to make preparation for their departure early the following morning.

Two days later the party of four came in sight of a little mining town, enclosed on all sides by mountains. Undine, weary and listless, was not even aroused by the sight of the rough miners who occasionally passed them on the road. Simon and the old mountaineer, who had been Dick's guide, looked neither to right nor left, so engrossed were they in their own thoughts. Even Dick had given up his attempts at cheerfulness, and was allowing his mind to wander to the future, wondering whither his impulsive act would lead him.

The following day Undine and Dick were married. It was not a happy wedding party which assembled around the altar. Undine repeated the words like an obedient child, but without comprehending the meaning of what she said. Simon stood behind them like an oppressive spirit of gloom. The strange circumstances of his marriage caused a run of foreboding in Dick's mind. The charm of mountains and forests had disappeared in the unromantic realities of the town. He wondered for a moment whether his act was not after all too sudden and unconsidered. But when the ceremony was over he pulled himself together and resumed his customary optimism.

He had made preparations to leave immediately, so they went directly from the church to the station. Dick had expected Undine to evince some sign of fear or surprise at the first sight of the train. He had even begun to dread her display of emotion before the crowd of idlers who, he knew, would be lounging in the station. When the engine came puffing and roaring down the track, however, she gave no evidence of fright except in the dilation of her dark eyes and a slight quiver of her delicate nostrils. It was evident that she had resolved to control herself, realizing instinctively that Dick desired it.

As the train pulled out, they caught their last glimpse of Simon, who stood tall and silent on the platform. He had refused to leave the mountains which had sheltered him and his master for so many years. Although Dick had begged him to accompany them the old man had chosen to remain in the little cottage near his master's grave.

For the first day on the train Undine remained silent and unresponsive, too stunned by her new surroundings to feel curiosity about the people around her. In the dining car she scarcely touched her food but sat staring at her plate, not daring to look up. Dick did not disturb her, knowing that the first excess of shyness would soon pass away. As he had hoped, the next morning she seemed more cheerful, beginning to look around her with a keener interest. She shrank from several well-dressed ladies in the car who looked superciliously at the poorly clad little figure. One sweet faced woman, however, smiled at her, seeing beneath the ragged exterior the innate refinement of her nature. Mrs. Green had been interested the day before when the strangely matched couple had boarded the train—the shy little mountain girl in her home-made clothes, and the well-dressed young man who treated her with such gentle deference. Undine attracted by the lady's friendly smile and apparent interest, crossed the aisle and seated herself beside her. It was the first time she had ever had the opportunity to speak to another woman, and she could not resist the temptation, even though her shyness for a time had held her back. Mrs. Green noticing Undine's

timidity, hastened to put her at her ease. Encouraged by her new-found friend's attitude and unhampered by conventionality, Undine soon confided to her the events which had caused such a change in her hitherto monotonous life. Mrs. Green was greatly interested by the girl's unusual life, and promised to help her in any difficulties which might arise. Later she questioned Dick, and he, glad to talk with some one who could understand and advise him, told her everything. Together they planned the future of the young girl who had so quickly won a hold on them both. Mrs. Green begged that Undine be allowed to live with her for a few weeks until Dick should find an apartment to which to take her. As she was a wealthy widow with no children, she was delighted at the prospect of having a young girl with her for a time.

Three days later, they descended from the train in the New York station. Undine, bewildered by the noise and confusion, followed Mrs. Green to her waiting automobile. Dick accompanied them to her home, where he remained for luncheon, leaving immediately afterward, however, to attend to his business affairs which had been neglected during his long absence.

On that day Undine's new life began. Her sensitive nature was quick to perceive and profit by Mrs. Green's delicate hints in regard to dress and manners. As she grew more accustomed to her new surroundings, she lost the self-consciousness which had made her awkard and uncomfortable among strangers. After a few weeks Mrs. Green decided to introduce her charge to young people of her own age. She and Dick had altered their first plan, as Undine seemed contented in her new home. They decided that it would be just as well for her to remain there for a time. They considered it best for her happiness that her history should not be known. It was too strange to gain credence in prosaic New York. Mrs. Green therefore introduced her as the daughter of a western cousin who had just died leaving his only child unprovided for. It was arranged that after a few weeks she and Dick should become engaged. Thus their strange marriage need not be made public.

Once having decided on a definite course of action, Mrs. Green did not delay putting it into execution. Her first move was to plan a large dance at which she could introduce Undine to her friends. Undine, although a little frightened by her sudden prominence, was nevertheless excited and curious at the prospect of meeting so many new people. She wished it as much on Dick's account as on her own. Since her arrival in New York she had seen very little of the man who she found it difficult to believe was her husband. All the shyness which she had felt at first in his company crept over her with increased force whenever she saw him. Since she had learned more of the life which he had always known, she had begun to realize her own defects, which, she felt, must stand out prominently in his eyes. It never occurred to her that her own difference appealed strongly to his imagination. Instead she tried to model herself after the blasé debutantees whom she occasionally met. Dick noticed the change and smiled a little sadly at the thought of the fresh young child of the woods trying to model herself after the pattern of the vulgar, unintelligent girls of whom he had long ago grown weary. But he knew that the phase would pass. Her natural sweetness and refinement would overcome any false notions which she might acquire for a time.

The night of the dance finally arrived. Undine, dressed all in filmy white, stood by Mrs. Green's side, her large starry eyes bright with excitement, looking eagerly into the faces of the guests as they shook hands with her. She knew that Dick was watching her from the other side of the ballroom, and, although her heart pounded uneasily, she tried to appear perfectly unconscious of his gaze. She wished to prove to him that even though she had never been accustomed to this new life, she could upon occasion assume all the airs of as great a lady as Mrs. Green herself. So she smiled and chattered with the guests, hardly knowing what she said, but watching Dick out of the corner of her eye all the while.

He on his part could scarcely realize that this was the little girl whom he had met beside the brook only a few months before. Could this radiant vision who seemed to be charming

the entire company by her youth and gaiety, be the ragged little elf whom he had surprised perched on a rock in the midst of a mountain torrent? His face doubted as he watched her. The plans which he had been weaving for the past week were rapidly crumbling away. It suddenly crossed his mind that he had done Undine a great wrong by marrying her before she ever had the opportunity of meeting other men. What right had he to assume that she would some day grow to love him as he now realized that he loved her? The knowledge of his love came suddenly to him, all the more forcibly because he knew that it had long lain in his heart unsuspected.

Meanwhile Undine talked and danced with the men who constantly flocked around her, attracted by her winsome, unaffected manners. She enjoyed their admiration and attention, and yet what she had most hoped for did not happen. Dick remained far away, looking in her direction frequently, it is true, but without showing any desire to approach her. "He thinks I am a stupid little country girl, and he is sorry he ever saw me," she thought. "He married me because he felt it his duty. And now he thinks he is honor-bound to see that I behave myself. I'll show him that I'm not such a spineless little piece of flesh as he takes me for." So she danced and flirted all the more, but she had a heavy heart behind her bright smile.

That night she sat long beside the window gazing out into the deserted street. Her thoughts drifted back to the past regretfully. She thought of the peaceful solitude of the little cabin in the mountains. At the remembrance she sighed wearily, longing passionately for the quite days where she had spent long hours dreaming by the stream. Now her life was full to over-flowing, every minute occupied, until she no longer had time to enjoy the great fund of imagination's fancies which her own mind so easily conjured up. And was it worth the sacrifice? Were the little trivialities with which she now occupied her time of sufficient importance to warrant the loss of freedom and happiness? At first she had

been willing and eager to become like the girls whom she saw about her, because she thought that Dick desired it, but she now realized that she came no nearer his ideal than she had when she married him. At last she was weary, turned off her lights, and threw herself upon the bed. But sleep did not come. The thought of her mountain home had crept over her in an irrespressible wave of home-sickness. A tear trickled down on the pillow, then another, then—giving up all effort at self-control—she wept miserably until she fell asleep out of pure weariness.

The following evening Mrs. Green was surprised by Undine's extreme tardiness at dinner. Dick, who had dropped in for tea in the hope of seeing her, had been easily persuaded to remain. He had found the resolution to tell her of his love and to offer to have their marriage annulled if she could not return his affection. They waited for some time but she did not appear. Finally, Mrs. Green sent the butler to inquire for her. He returned after some time and handed a note to his mistress.

"Marie said she found this on Miss Undine's desk, ma'am."

Mrs. Green opened the note, read it through and then handed it to Dick.

"Dear Mrs. Green," it ran, "Please do not think me ungrateful when you learn that I have gone. You can never know how thankful I am for your kindness to a girl in whom you had no interest exeept that whieh your generous heart prompted. I cannot explain to you why I am leaving, but please do not try to follow me. Will you tell my husband that he is quite free and need feel no responsibility for my future?

"With a heart full of love and gratitude,

"UNDINE."

Dick laid the letter on the table with a shaking hand. His face had paled, but there was a light of resolution in his eyes.

"Roberts, find out when the next train for Chicago leaves," he said to the waiting butler. Then in response to the ques-

tion in Mrs. Green's eyes, "She must have gone back to the mountains. I will follow her and see that she is provided for. But it is only right that she should be allowed to live her own life."

Mrs. Green nodded in consent. "Yes, perhaps that would be best. Poor child! I now realize it that it must have been lonely for her here in busy, noisy New York."

When the midnight train for the west left that night, Dick was on it. He learned upon inquiry that a young girl answering to Undine's description had left that afternoon at three o'clock. Unfortunately he could not hope to overtake her, as his connections were poor. He would probably not arrive in the little town in which they had been married until over a day after she did.

Five days later, a weary horse and rider came in sight of the spot where Dick had first met Undine. He alighted, tied his horse and then made his way along the well remembered path through which Simon had lead him to the beside of the dying Peter.

After crossing the stream, Dick's eyes turned to the spot where he had first asked Undine to marry him. There beside the deep, quiet pool he spied a little figure wrapped in a long fur coat, stretched out on the ground, her whole form shaking with sobs.

With one bound, he came by her side. "Undine, Undine, dearest," he cried, "for heaven's sake, tell me what has happened."

She looked up, surprise and a dawning joy in her eyes.

"My darling," he continued, taking her into his arms, "can't you trust me? Don't you know that you are everything in the world to me? Tell me what it is that you want."

She raised her eyes to his, and answered, simply, " You."

Louise Bennett, '16.

A Sketch of Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams

[Editor's Note—This sketch of our founder was printed first in Sweet Briar Magazine of Nov., 1909. We think that every student here should know more about Mrs. Williams, and since November is our month to commemorate the founding of Sweet Briar, it is fitting that this sketch should be reprinted here at this time.]

Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams was born in Lynchburg, Va. Her parents were Elijah Fletcher and Maria Crawford Fletcher, who had four children—Sidney, Lucian, Indiana, and Elizabeth. Her paternal grandfather, who was a well-to-do farmer, lived at Burlington, Vt. He was very ambitious for his sons and gave them all excellent educations, but particularly Mr. Elijah Fletcher, who was graduated from Amherst College, Massachusetts.

As his health was not at all strong, Mr. Fletcher, when a young man just out of college, determined to go South to live. Fortunately, in Washington he was introduced by a Congressman from Vermont to the Hon. David Garland, who then represented this district in Virginia. Then it was that Mr. Garland, in helping Mr. Fletcher choose a home in Virginia, advised him to come to New Glasgow.

Mr. Fletcher, pleased with his suggestion, soon after arranged his affairs and set the day for his departure. As an evidence of his pluck and determination it is said that he even walked from Washington to New Glasgow in order to see and study the country. He carried only the bare necessities for the trip tied up in a large bandanna handkerchief, while his baggage followed him by wagon.

In New Glasgow he was offered the principalship of the Academy, which he accepted. As he was admirably adapted to the profession he had chosen by native taste and education, he taught for several years with great success.

It was in New Glasgow that he met the beautiful Miss Maria Crawford, whom he later married. Her family was very prominent in this part of Virginia. Her father, who was Clerk of Amherst County, was a wealthy and influential citizen. Many of the same Crawford family, who afterwards moved South, were also distinguished people.

Soon after Mr. Fletcher came South to live, one of his brothers moved West, and finally settled in Indiana, where as a banker he became a very wealthy man. He was the founder of the Fletcher National Bank, now one of the largest financial institutions in that State. This Western brother, in compliment to Mr. Fletcher's adopted State, called one of his daughters Virginia, and, in return, Mr. Elijah Fletcher named his daughter Indiana. However, Mrs. Williams never liked the name, and always softened it to " Indie."

Mr. Fletcher, a few years previous to this, had moved to Lynchburg. Here he established the *Lynchburg Virginian,* at that time the most influential Whig paper of this section of the State. He was a man of wide influence, a vestryman of St. Paul's church in Lynchburg, and at the same time, greatly interested in the church at Amherst.

He, too, gave his children the very finest opportunities for education to be had at that time. His sons, Sidney and Lucien, were sent to Yale; his daughters, Indiana and Elizabeth, first to a convent near Georgetown, then to St. Agnes, Bishop Doane's celebrated school in Albany. After this the girls, with their brother Sidney, went abroad to study in Paris. At the end of several years spent there, they took an extended tour through Italy, Egypt, Russia and England. They returned home probably reckoned among the most extensive tourists of their day.

Miss Indiana Fletcher was considered a wonderful performer on the harp, while her sister, Elizabeth, was equally proficient on the piano. Soon after their return to America a concert for charitable purposes was given in Lynchburg. Both girls took part and many people remember, even today, how wonderful their music was considered.

Mr. Fletcher's family, at this time lived alternately at Sweet Briar and at their town home in Lynchburg. When any social functions were given in the latter place the young ladies were driven into the city in their old family coach drawn by four handsome gray horses.

Scarcely had the young ladies been fairly launched into society, after their return from Europe, when the death of their mother occurred; and, only a few years later, that of their father. Before their mourning was laid aside the war came on; hence, even as a young girl, Mrs. Williams went into society very little. She, however, had some very dear friends in New York—the Misses Williams, whom she invited to visit her at Sweet Briar. It was here that she met their brother, a young minister, who had come down to escort his sisters home.

This brother fell deeply in love with Miss Indiana, and, for a time even, they were engaged to be married. Later, because of some misunderstanding, she discarded him, and accordingly Mr. Williams determined to sail for Europe. Repenting at the last moment, however, she not only ordered her florist to decorate his stateroom with emblematic flowers, but had a note delivered to him after the ship had gotten well under sail. Mr. Williams wrote a most appreciative letter from the other side and the matter was made up. Before he re-crossed the ocean, however, the Civil War had stopped communication, and thus during the long dreary years of war they knew nothing of each other.

In the early part of June, 1865, as soon as the cessation of hostilities made it possible, Mr. Williams made a most unexpected appearance at Sweet Briar. Their marriage was arranged to take place in August, by which time they expected that the railroad would be repaired, thereby making travel to the North possible. Accordingly they were married in Lynchburg early in the morning of a day late in August, 1865. The ceremony was a very quiet one with only a few people present.

As Mr. Williams retired from active ministry after their marriage, for a number of years they were able to divide their

time between their homes in Sweet Briar and New York. It was at Sweet Briar that their daughter, Daisy Williams, was born in 1867. As she grew older and her education required it, the family spent more and more time in New York. She was a remarkable bright, simple, and lovable little girl; and as she was their only child, in her was centered all the affection and hopes of her parents.

We can imagine how happy her life at Sweet Briar must have been, and how congenial her occupations. In writing to her mother, who was in New York several times while Daisy remained at Sweet Briar, we get little glimpses of her daily life. Her time seems to have been occupied indoors, chiefly with her tutors and music teachers, or in practising upon her much-loved harp. Out-of-doors she spent a great deal of her time among her flowers, in long rides around the country with her father, and in visits to her aunt, Mrs. Mosby, who lived at St. Angelo. The child's health, however, seems never to have been very good, which fact was a source of constant anxiety to her parents.

The life of the family at Sweet Briar seems to have been almost ideal. As they were all musical, their quiet life here gave them the opportunity to indulge their taste to the fullest extent. One of their greatest pleasures was to spend whole evenings playing together, Mr. Williams on the flute, Mrs. Williams at the harp, and Daisy at the piano.

Mrs. Williams, not only gifted by nature but also fitted by education and travel, was a fine conversationalist and a woman of finished manners. She was well equipped to enjoy society, but her anxiety for her daughter's health prevented her from taking an active part in it. This anxiety was unfortunately well founded, for her daughter's death occurred when she was only seventeen years old. This, followed closely by the death of her husband, was a blow from which she never recovered. Thus it is that the latter years of her life were such sad ones that she did not mingle in society, and saw very little of anyone other than her nearest friends. These latter years of her life, however, were not spent entirely at Sweet

Briar. She was not at all strong, hence needed care and attention, and lived for several years with a dear friend at Amherst. Here in the midst of a large family, several of whom were musicians, she lived a very congenial and comparatively happy life. In the early fall she had gone back to Sweet Briar, but was preparing to return to Amherst when her death occurred October 29, 1900.

To the last day of life, her every thought and action were directed towards one end, which was the founding of a school as a memorial to her daughter. This idea appeared in her will, the fulfillment of which has laid the foundations of our College.

L. M. Hooper.

[Author's Note—I am greatly indebted to Captain and Mrs. Payne, of Amherst, for the facts contained in this paper.]

Founder's Day

The date of November 17 is the day set apart in this year for the commemoration of the founder of the college. The celebration of the founder's day of any college is necessarily charged with significance, but as time goes on, its original significance tends to become submerged in more recent events, and the students of the college come to think of it in terms of the events which happen upon that day rather than of the events which it should commemorate.

Sweet Briar is still too young a college to justify such a fault in the conception of Founder's Day. In November we will celebrate our eleventh anniversary. Eleven years ago Sweet Briar was only a hope, a possibility. It was merely a little group of buildings, new and empty and bare, waiting for the life which was to fill them, and the growth that was to come. We, who are here now have seen the partial realization of that hope, the partial development of the growth. Ten years is a short period of time even in the life of a man or a woman; in the life of an institution, it is almost negligible; yet in eleven years Sweet Briar has grown into a small but compact college, its importance has increased, the original little group of buildings has been added to and the original number of students has doubled and tripled several times. The traditions of the college so wavering and unsteady during the first years of an institution, are gradually becoming crystallized into definite form. We have now a body of alumnæ and former students, still few in number but loyal and eager to help, and each year the college sends out a few more to join them.

Founder's Day should mean to us, therefore, not only a holiday; not only the time at which a big dance is given; but of public recognition and celebration of these facts, and the one time during the year which is officially dedicated to the memory of the woman to whom Sweet Briar owes her existence. We should not like to think that Founder's Day

would pass by without some thought being given on the part of every student here, to the lovely woman who gave all that she had that the memory of her daughter might live in the hearts of the girls of Virginia. Whatever Sweet Briar is or may be, whatever the college has given us individually or collectively, we owe originally to Mrs. Williams, and though years have passed since her death and many more since the death of Daisy Williams, though the college does not bear her name, it is a name which should always be kept alive here, and loved as that of the woman who gave us the college of our choice.

M. Banister. '16.

Riding With Caesar

There are two methods of traveling with Cæsar in Gaul; namely, on foot and on horseback. We shall take the latter. A steed, when following Cæsar, inspires us with courage, intrigue, and hostility alike, on the battlefields and on marches. When we first start out on this horse, it is with the idea of the Epicurean philosophy in mind. We care for immediate pleasure, not for the later effects. It is with surprise that I learn how very few of us ride in state on this animal with Cæsar. However easy riding as our horse may be, I wish to warn against him.

Our charger takes us through the three parts of Gaul, in the morning at an easy gait. At first we are not accustomed to the climate and new country, but our trustworthy and almost human bearer gives us new vigor, and a half-thorough understanding of the strange territory. About noon we reach Germania and meet red-haired Ariovastus, but now we again survey our horse. He hasn't the fresh, alert look of the early morning, but we shall be kind and gentle with him. By the time we are ready to cross the bridge over the Rhine, which our good friend Cæsar has prepared for us, the tired, worn pony is unable to tread on the rough logs, and it would be murder, in a sense, to leave the horse to die by the river. Now is the time for us to bear the horse. We cannot keep up with Cæsar, but blunder along in the approaching darkness with our burden. At eventide, with tears in our eyes, we are forced to give up the journey and the thrilling battles. Our steed lies beside us, worn and panting, and we hate him. We wish we had walked patiently beside Cæsar on his campaign, assisting in trench digging, and turret moving but all in vain.

We have taken a wrong course in our travels with this Latin of noble birth, and must suffer accordingly. We cannot blame our horse, for we chose him for ourselves. His appearance,

I admit, was a most enticing and pleasing one early in the day, but toward eventide, we find that unlike good wine, he has decayed rather than ripened with age.

FLORENCE V. DOWDEN, '20.

Freshman

"Fine folks," said Father Time,
On this year's class a-gazing.
"Real live ones, I should say!
They certainly are amazing.
Earnest must you be, nineteen-twenty,
Such children to be raising!
Such honors as they've won
Like shining stars are blazing."
"How nice!" then nineteen-twenty cried,
"My heart with joy is aching!
My children are a lively bunch,
And records they are breaking.
And when they entered dear S. B. C.
They would the next train home be taking!
Now they are glad they've come to stay,
And I'm sure 'twill be their making."

RORERTA KNAPP.

College Spirit and the Spirit of the College

Emilie Watts McVea

HIS beginning of a new year and of a new decade in the life of Sweet Briar encourages us all to retrospection and to anticipation. What have we attained? To what may we look forward? As I note the wide range of your varied activities, as I see your out-door sports—your tennis, boating, swimming, your basket-ball and hockey; as I listen to your spirited debates over current events, and hear the pleasant sounds of your ingenious college "stunts," I know that you have an abundance of what is known as "college spirit." Your songs, your cheers are hearty and enthusiastic. The name of Sweet Briar evokes an instant and vigorous response. You love the beautiful woodlands and hills about Sweet Briar, you take pride in your college buildings, commanding as they do a college campus of over three thousand acres. Is there any other such campus in the world? We think not. Your affection for Sweet Briar is the best evidence of what your college means to you.

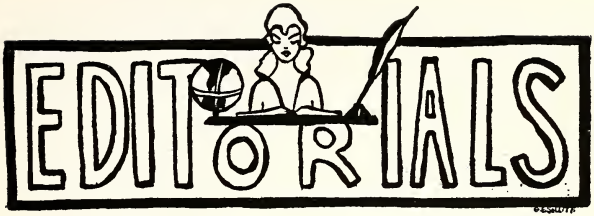
But in our friendly and enthusiastic rivalry in sports, we must be very sure that we do not limit college spirit merely to sports, to class dramatics or to that kind of affection which results in adoring the present and forgetting the ultimate aim. Our college sports, our college courses, even, are of small value in themselves. They are only means to an end; they are of real import only as we are able to interpret them in terms of life. This interpretation I would call the spirit of the college.

My ideal for Sweet Briar is that it may become an ever truer interpreter of the finest spirit of the American college. This spirit exalts sound learning because such learning develops in the student a reverence for truth in science, in art, in life; because it enables her to distinguish real from false

values, to show in her own life and character that the things of the mind and of the spirit are the eternal verities, that material possession are tawdry and false unless they are made to serve finer ends.

The spirit of the college should be the spirit of Democracy— First, a democracy of the mind, which, while it cherishes the learning of the past, welcomes the learning of the present, and is not afraid to test the new and unknown, conscious of its power to recognize the fundamental and vital in whatever guise it may be clad; Second, a social democracy, bred in common sports and common study, a democracy that abhors the snobbishness of wealth or of aloofness; that realizes that the springs of art must come from all the people and not from any one class; that is not afraid of life because both recreation and education have taught that life is varied and that life is wonderful. The spirit of the college should be a spirit of simplicity and of humility, for the ardent students know that what they have attained is small, indeed, compared with what they hope to learn, and they see the limitless horizons of knowledge ever enlarge before their eager eyes. Not until the college spirit is wedded to the spirit of the college will we have the perfect union of heart and mind, the union from which will spring the power and the intellectual breadth that should inform the true college student.

The possibilities of Sweet Briar are unlimited. With adequate endowment, with increased facilities, with an enlarged student body, she stands at the threshold of a new decade. In imagination I see her the true Alma Mater of the woman of the years to come, a woman clear-eyed, strong of body, vigorous in mind. Her head erect, with knowledge to guide her, she walks forth "to meet the shadowy future without fear," filled with reverence for truth and with zeal for service.



Editor-in-Chief—G. M. STEELE

We call your attention to a special feature of the Magazine this month, and this is the "Sketch of Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams," reprinted from an old number of the Magazine. We publish this in place of an essay for the reason that we think it will be more interesting, and very appropriate, at this time.

. . .

We have all been here long enough now to get adjusted to our new surroundings and wipe away our tears. The first weeks away from home, in a strange school, are hard on us all, especially the new girls. But we want to make a plea for the old girls, too. Lots of our friends have not returned and with so many new faces to take the places of old familiar ones, it is just as hard for old students to come back and take up the school life as for those who come for the first time. When an old girl passes you without speaking, don't think it is because she is a snob or a "priss," but remember she may be thinking of the French quiz she is hurrying to, or a letter from another old girl. Can't you new girls come half way in the friendship we want to establish here at Sweet Briar? All the timidity is not on your side. We old girls feel a slight or a snub by one of you, much harder than you realize.

From now on, let's all start in with the true Sweet Briar spirit, and when we come out on the campus at night to sing:

"Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
Always together in all sorts of weather,
Dear old pals, jolly old pals,
Dear old, jolly old pals."

Let us sing it lustily with cheer, then when we repeat it softly, let us feel that we have made true pals here at Sweet Briar, that will mean an abiding love for our Alma Mater.

Y. W. C. A.

There are two important aims of the Y. W. C. A. this year. The first of which is to instill the spirit of the organization in each member. It was last year that we celebrated our fiftieth anniversary. Those past fifty years were spent in founding and establishing our great organization. The spirit of the Young Woman's Christian Association was not emphasized, although this spirit was the very motive and basis of the good deeds done thereby. It seemed that the members alone were reaping the spiritual benefits in helping humanity in a materialistic way. Accordingly, the association has resolved to strive toward evangelization, and to take the spiritual rather than the material attitude in the ordinary business of life.

The second purpose of our association is to interest the girls in Blue Ridge, so that we can build a cottage for Sweet Briar there. Every one has heard of the pleasant country around Asheville, North Carolina. Blue Ridge is only a short distance from Ashevalle, located in the very heart of the mountains. Here the delegates from all of the Southern colleges convene under the guidance of the National Y. W. C. A., to plan and work together for the propagation of our society. The reasons for building this cottage are threefold.

In the first place it is a big thing for the National Y. W. C. A. conference, in that they can use it after our girls leave. They will keep it in repair, so that we will not have the expense of keeping it in good condition.

Secondly, it is good for Sweet Briar in the way of advertisement. There are five hundred girls from all parts of the South whose attention will be attracted to our college.

Finally, a cottage would put more enthusiasm in our own delegates, for it is much more agreeable for the girls to be

in one house rather than to be scattered throughout the various dormitories.

We appeal to the girls of our Y. W. C. A. to become interested in this, and in Blue Ridge. The expenses of the trip there are rather light, considering the benefits and good times derived therefrom. The railroad fare and twelve and a half dollars for ten days' board, are the only expenses for the delegate. For further information about Blue Ridge and its many attractions ask Mary Whitehead, Mariane Martin, Mary Bissell, Carrie Sharpe, Bertha Pfister, or Jane Henderson; for they spent ten delightful days there last summer.

ATHLETICS

Editor—Inez Skillern

Adopting the plan which student government has taken, we want to make this our banner year in athletics. The prospects are very promising, since we have all that could make a perfect organization. Sweet Briar is naturally endowed with resources for the development of physical abilities, and together with the splendid supervision of our new physical director, Miss Guin, and the careful management of Cornelia Carroll, we are going to surpass our former successful years.

We have not been disappointed in our anticipations, for the events of Lake Day were better than those of last year. The annual meet began on October 7, with the inter-class boat race. The winners of this race were the Freshmen, the Sophomores came in second, and the Specials third.

The next event was the beginners' race, in which Alice Babcock won first place, and Agnes Quinerly second. First place was tied in the dash to the first raft by Madeline Sacks and Flora Lewis, and Rosane Gilmore came in second; Henrietta Crump third. Catherine Coolridge took first place in the dash for the second raft, Madeline Sacks second, and Delia May Gilmore third.

The inter-class relay swimming race followed. The academy were victorious in this, the Sophomore and Junior classes took second and third places respectively. The swim to the dam took place the following Monday. About twenty-five girls entered this contest, all of whom reached the dam in a comparatively short time. The race was won by Madeline Sacks, Henrietta Crump was second, and Delia May Gilmore third.

The college won the meet by one point, having made thirty-three points.

The first game of the outdoor series of basket-ball was won by the Freshmen from the Sophomores, with a score of 17-10. The exceptional good feeling which was maintained throughout the game on the part of both teams is to be commended. The remaining games of the outdoor series have not been played. The winning team of the Junior-Senior contest will play the Freshmen team for the outdoor championship of basket-ball.

Golf is being practiced a little, but the course is not in good shape, and since we can boast only of three holes, the professional golf players have interested themselves in our other numerous attractions.

Hockey is to be started this week. As the magazine goes to press before any progress is made, we are unable to give much space to the subject.

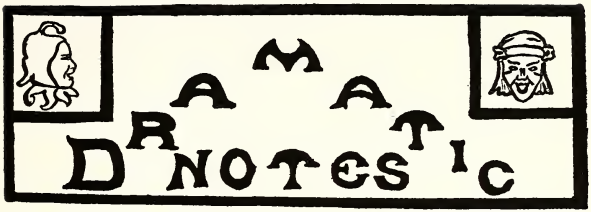
N. B.—The out-door series of basket-ball was won by the Freshmen.

Current Events Club

"Tros Tyriusque nobis nullo discrimine agetur"

The "currentiest" current event at present is the coming election of the President of the United States. Sweet Briar politicians are as busy and excited over this, as the New York bosses and the stump speakers are of the doubtful Western States. The Current Events Club is going to conduct an election on Monday, November 6, and it is the duty of every able-bodied student to cast her ballot. Vance McCormack Steele and Wilcox Freeman are equally confident that their respective candidates are headed straight for the White House.

Hardly will the election be over when the Club will have further excitement to offer in the form of the Senior-Junior debate which takes place early in December.



Editor—E. Sollitt

The Dramatic try-outs occurred early in the collegiate year, and aroused even more than the usual amount of interest and enthusiasm. There were so many talented applicants for membership in the society that it was rather difficult for the judges to make a selection. Those finally decided upon were as follows:

The Ripplers—Evelyn Redfield, Julianne Whithill, Esther Turk, Helen Guthrie, Dorothy Whitley, Elizabeth Lea, Marian Hicks, Marianne Martin, Pauline Shortess, Iloe Bowers, Berwyn Neal, Margaret Wensley.

The Merry Jesters—Doris Tietig, Olive Burton, Leila Sawyer, Mattie Walker, Mary Broughton, Eleanor Lynott, Mary Whitehead, Virginia Merrill, Mary Virginia Crabbe and Lucile Barrow.

Wizards—Elizabeth Hull, Mary Mitchell, Frances Parker, Katherine Nicolson, Ellen Maurice, Louise Peck, Stella Gwyn, Marie Hefley, Winifred Krause, Marie Dunham, Frances Carpenter, Frances Henderson, Ruth Sheldon, Flora Lewis, Byrnina Bangher, Dorothy Fisher, Nina Weiselbaum, Daisy Bullard, Catherine McClay.

The first play this year will be given by the old dramatic members, late in October, and shortly after the Seniors will give their play.

Alumni Notes

Editor—Isabell Wood

Alumnæ and former students!

Miss Sue Slaughter, '13, assisted by Miss Gladys Schumners, will send out the bills for association dues. The treasurer hopes to reach you effectually through the Sweet Briar Magazine, and desires you to do your part by paying dues immediately, for the alumnæ have agreed to raise two thousand dollars toward the Endowment Fund. The amount means work for each old girl, either as an individual or as a member of a chapter. Please mail contributions to Miss Slaughter.

. . .

The past summer Miss Mayo Thatch, '13, was dramatic counsellor at Camp Lohonea Pike, N. H.

. . .

Miss Margaret Grant, '15, is studying for her M. A. degree at Columbia University.

. . .

Miss Amy Elliot has entered her Junior year at Anne Arbor, Michigan.

. . .

The following engagements are announced:

Miss Mary Irvine to Mr. Raymond Massie.

Miss Fanny Miller to Dr. Carrington Williams.

. . .

Two Sweet Briar girls promise great success as teachers:

Miss Jean Stockdale, '16, is instructor of the difficult studies, mathematics, physics, and botany, at St. Mary's Seminary, St. May's City, Maryland.

Miss Alma Suisel, '18, holds graded classes in Sunnyside High School, Sunnyside, Idaho.

. . .

September 4—Miss Velma Armstead married Mr. Russell.

. . .

September 18—Miss Esta Nebenzahl married Mr. A. S. Lepper.

Exchanges

Editor—Dorothy Neal

"The Vassar Miscellany" for June, 1916, is far and away the best magazine received this Fall on our Exchange list. The monthly is brimful of enthusiasm and talent. Highly amusing are the humorous stories. "Sins of the Flesh," a tale of the Pennsylvania Dutch, well written, the quaint dialect of the section; and "The Way of the Transgressor," the account of a real boy told in much the some attractive style as Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories. The translation of the dramatic Icelandic saga " Helga the Fair," and " A Man's Job," the pitiful story of the life of a brave young Southern woman in bleak Alaska, are good enough for publication in any current magazine. The long essay, "The Woman of the Sixteenth Century" is intensely interesting to us, the women of the twentieth. We congratulate the author of this essay on her splendid grasp of the subject as shown in her apt quotations from writers of the period.

Mount Holyoke with almost as much field for material as Vassar, puts out a decidedly inferior magazine. In the whole number for June, 1916, the only article original or the least bit interesting is the poem " The Juggler." The choice of words, the metre and the thought of the poem are splendid. As far as we could discover, there was not another thing in the magazine worthy of publication in any paper but the "Christian Endeavor." The sweet old-fashioned attempt to paint a moral was evident on every page of the magazine. The time for that thing has passed, and now readable material is wanted which will treat the problems of the day in an enlightening, interesting manner, or at least give a humorous finish to an old situation. A joke department would decidedly improve the Sunday School atmosphere of your magazine.

"The Pharetra" of Wilson College for June, 1916, contains a good detective story, "Door Knobs." The Great Advent-

ure'' and ''Piper, A Song'' are beautiful poems, not so much worthy of note for their originality in thought, or metre, as for the splendid choice of words and appreciation of subject matter.

We are especially pleased to welcome to our Exchange department two weekly papers, published by Southern Woman's colleges. *''The Florida Flambeau''* from Tallahassee, Florida, and *''The Spectator''* from Columbus, Mississippi.

We also acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of *''The Record,'' '' Facets,'' '' The Scroll,'' '' The Oracle,'' '' The Kodak,'' and '' The Log.''*

Editor—Margaret McVey

Louise Case—"Well, did you know I am to row in the boat race this year? You remember my record last year. Well, this year my supper is already in the boat.

I. Skillern—"Really, I didn't know that rowing made you so hungry."

. . .

1st New Girl—"Some of these old girls have more nerve than we have."

2d New Girl—"What makes you think so?"

1st New Girl—"Well, this morning Cornelia Carrol and that little Senior who speaks to everyone (meaning M. D.) came by and spoke to me. Do you think I'd speak. Well, I guess not."

. . .

Gladys M. Lily—"Mrs. Hills, can't you change the school colors. Pink and Green, you know, don't suit the color scheme of my room at all."

. . .

V. Neidig—Well, this new way of hunting snipe with a bag and candle may be alright, but take if from me, I like the old fashioned way best."

. . .

The Student Government Association of the Academy—

President—Maria Adkins.

General Executive Committee—Gladys M. Lily, Marie Hefley, Marjorie Armstrong, Gertrude Clark.

Heads of Special Committees—*To Regulate the Actions of Men Visitors to S. B.*—Marie Schneider. *To See That All Girls Return to Campus at 6 p. m.*—Flora Lewis, Madeline Sacks. *To Regulate Quiet Hour in the Dormitories*—Sara Evans, Ethel Milne. *To See That the Girls Modulate Their Natural Speaking Voices*—Julia Cooks. *To Aid Miss Guion in the Dances for May Day*—Nina Weischelbaum.

This list is subject to change. Look out for changes which will be given in the December Magazine.

. . .

"Did you know that Flora Lewis had received her basket-ball letter?"

"No, I didn't know that the team had been chosen."

"The letter she received was from Mrs. Hills, saying that she wouldn't be allowed to play basket-ball this year."

. . .

A thoughtful new girl, on seeing Sandy and Ban standing at entrance of refectory, waiting for someone, said, "Please, let us ask those bashful new girls to eat with us; they look so frightened."

. . .

E. Eggleston (violently throwing her books on the table)—"I just hate him. I will never go to Mr. Goode's class again."

Her thoughtful roommate, pointing to a girl who was adorning the bed, "Elizabeth, I want you to meet Mrs. Goode."

College Calendar

SEPT. 19 and 20—Sweet Briar opens for the eleventh year.

SEPT. 21—Formal Convocation.

Then we begin work with a class or two.

SEPT. 23—The Y. W. C. A. "at home" to its new members. Eats, dancing and cabaret features.

SEPT. 26—Current Events organized for 1916-17.

SEPT. 27—We serenade Sweet Briar on her tenth birthday.

SEPT. 30—Violin Recital by Winston Wilkinson.

The Sophomores entertain Miss Benedict and the Seniors with a party across the lake.

OCT. 1—The "old" girls sing to the "new" on the Academic steps.

We find a few snipes but they really are not biting very well this evening.

OCT. 2—The Juniors give a Tacky Party in the gym.

OCT. 3-4—Dramatic try-outs.

OCT. 6—Rejoicings and tears for the dramatic invites are out!

OCT. 7—Lake Day.

The boat races. The Freshman crew wins.

The beginner's race, swim to first raft, swim to second raft and relay-race. The Sophs win more points than any other college class, the college defeats the academy.

The Merry Jesters give a party for their new "stars."

OCT. 9—Pay Day!

Swim to the dam completes the events of Lake Day. Madeline Sacks wins in 9′ 5″.

The fund for the Y. W. cottage at Blue Ridge begins to be realized by the sale of "hot dog" in the Domestic Science lab.

Oct. 13—Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist in Lynchburg. A special train takes us in to hear him.

Oct. 14—Sophomore-Freshman basket-ball game.
The Juniors give a dancing party in the refectory.

Oct. 16—Junior-Senior basket-ball game
A Matrimonial Party in the gym.

Oct. 19—Maude Adams plays "The Little Minister" in Lynchburg.

Oct. 21—Virginia vs. Georgia football game at Lambeth field, The University. Sweet Briar attends almost "en masse."

Oct. 23—The 'Varsity team plays the Academy.

Oct. 25—New girls' party for old girls.

Oct. 28—Senior-Sophomore vs. Junior-Freshman games.

Oct. 30—The College team plays the Academy team.
"The Russian Honeymoon" given by the "old" girls.

Nov. 4—"Quality Street," given by the Senior class.
Senior-Sophomore ivy planting.

College Directory

OFFICERS OF COLLEGE

President.....Miss Emilie McVea
Principal of Academy.....Mrs. A. A. Hills
Treasurer and Business Manager.....Mr. Wm. B. Dew

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

President.....Virginia Sandmeyer
House President of Carson.....Jane Henderson
House President of Gray.....Elizabeth Lowman
House President of Manson.....Janetta Fitz Hugh

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

President.....Jane Henderson
Vice-President.....Genie M. Steele
Secretary.....
Treasurer.....Louise Case

ATHLETICS

President.....Cornelia Carroll

DRAMATICS

President.....Jane Pratt

CLASS PRESIDENTS

Senior.....Mary Bissell
Junior.....Cornelia Carroll
Sophomore.....Caroline Sharpe
Freshman.....E. Pennypacker

PUBLICATIONS

BRIAR PATCH

Editor-in-Chief.....Charlotte Seaver
Business Manager.....V. Barkalow

MAGAZINE

Editor-in-Chief.....Genie M. Steele
Business Manager.....Eleanor Smith

CURRENT EVENTS

President.....M. R. Martin

List of College Students

SENIORS

Bissell, M.
Crump, H.
Darden, M.
Henderson, J.
Lloyd, R.
McIlravy, R.
Pfister, B.
Sandmeyer, V.
Skillern, I.
Steele, G.
Whitehead, M.

JUNIORS

Barkalow, V.
Bowers, I.
Carroll, C.
Case, L.
Fitz Hugh, J.
Gibbon, C.
Hicks, M.
Kintzing, G.
Lowman, E.
McVey, M.
Martin, M.
Pratt, J.
Raney, M.
Reed, Mary
Seaver, C.
Smith, Eleanor
Sollitt, E.
Turk, E.
Walker, I.

SOPHOMORES

Block, K.
Eggleston, E.
Freeman, F.
Gilmore, D. M.
Gilmore, R.
Guggenheimer, C.
Hammond, L.
Johnson, Doris
Luke, Isabel
McLaren, G.
Meek, M.
Neal, Dorothy
Payne, J.
Reed, Margaret
Sharpe, C.
Thomson, M.
Tietig, D.
Towne, C.
Valentine, D.
Wallace, D.
Wood, I.

FRESHMEN

Ball, G.
Barry, Myrel
Bigger, M.
Bishop, H.
Blanks, R.
Case, Helen
Cowan, Mary
Crabbs, M. V.
Dowden, F.
Freiberg, C.
Guthrie, H.
Guilbert, J.
Hammond, M.
Hanna, Isabel
Hanna, Nancy
Hatton, M.
Hicks, Alleine
Hogans, C.
Hogg, M. C.
Hulburd, R.
Johns, M. W.
Johnston, H.
Jones, Edna
Jones, Geraldine
Judge, M. E.
Kemp, K.
Kemper, K.
Kenney, F.
Knapp, R.
Lea, E.
Loney, E.
Lovell, V.
McGeorge, R.
Mason, H.
Massie, I.
Merrell, V.
Miller, H.
Neal, Berwyn
Neidig, Verna
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SPECIALS

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Contents

PAGE

Sheep (a poem)—*K. Kemp*, '20 63
On Christmas Night—*G. M. S.*, '17 64
Happiness—*G. E. Sollitt*, '18 69
A Cavalier Poet—*Dorothy Neal*, '19 70
The Development of Dancing in America, *M. Hicks*, '18 72
Competitors—*M. Bannister*, '16 76
Will the Spread of Women's Colleges Close the Doors of the Churches—*E. Sollitt*, '18 87
Class Songs 93
A Modern Love Rune—*E. Eggleston*, '19 96
The Lost Point—*N. Hanna*, '20 97
Editorials 98
Y. W. C. A. 99
Athletics 101
Dramatics 102
Exchanges 104
Alumnæ 106
Social Notes 107
Jokes 110
The Bitter With the Sweet—
Elizabeth C. Eggleston, '19 112
College Directory 113
List of Academy Students 114

Business Manager's Announcement

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The above is the statement of the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, November 2, 1916, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

Sheep

I wake to see a pink and golden sky
Of early morn, that, arched above the warm,
Brown-tinted fields of autumn, seems to lie
Upon the velvet summits of the hills.
Gaunt trees, black in the foreground, stretch an arm
To catch the rising, purple mist and rend it.
Of sudden, comes there from the dark and fills
With silent, moving life the vacant fields,
A flock of ghostly sheep and dogs that tend it.
It lingers here to nibble at the husk
Of former pasture that no longer yields
The rich repast of summer, 'till the grey
Dog shepherds urge it on into the dusk;
And as the final straggler goes his way—
I am in Barbizon, with you, Millet.

—K. KEMP, '20.

On Christmas Night

G. M. Steele, '17

T was Christmas night, and everywhere the spirit of the season had spread its happy glow over the hearts of men and reflected happy smiles upon their faces. It was the time when the new-fallen sheet of pure white snow had transformed a rushing money-mad thoroughfare into a dazzling canon filled with hurrying human beings. The blessed peace of God had come into the world again, and just as the angels two thousand years ago had sung, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men," so now from the open portals of the church on the corner came the organ peals and a chorus of sweet voices singing the words of peace and good will.

The only exception to the universal happiness and joy was an old man who sat before a huge open fire in the house across the street from the corner. No holly wreath hung in his window, no mysterious packages were under lock and key in the next room, and most of all, no childish voices could be heard in any part of the big old house.

The man himself sat in a big arm chair with his head sunk between his shoulders. His restless eyes under the beetling gray brows were for once fixed in a stare at the dropping embers of the wood fire. Before him was placed a foot-stool which he declined using, and crouched by his side, occasionally looking up at his master with intelligent eyes, was a great Dane. The dog had his nose resting on his paws and his eyes also were fixed on the glowing fire, except at the times when he raised his head and gazed at the man sitting before the fire. They both seemed troubled by the same thoughts, and from time to time silent communication seemed to pass from the human being to the dumb companion.

A servant came and was dismissed with a gruff order to leave the lights out and take himself away. The fellow ventured, however, to bid his master, " A pleasant Christmas night to you, sir," but received no other response than an unappreciative nod.

The two were alone, and no sound was to be heard except the cracking of the logs in the fire-place, and the dropping of the burning embers which glowed for a second and disappeared in the cold gray ashes on the hearth.

"Do you see those sparks that have burned out, Gustavus?" the man asked slowly, without turning his head. "Well, that is the way of this life, my friend. We are made into beings and a soul is put into us like that red heat that leaves the spark so suddenly. And that is the way our souls leave us. In an instant we are changed into such gray, dead matter as those ashes, and a god laughs at his work, and creates another soul to follow our paths."

The man spoke in a slow meditative tone of voice, without once taking his eyes from the fire. He might have been talking to himself, as old age is prone to do, but he had said, " my friend." At the first sound of the familiar voice, the dog had raised his head, and he remained looking at his master as if he understood every word uttered.

"When one of those red sparks touches another—see that one now falling from the middle log—see, now it is gray and is lost among the ashes below. Just so it is again with the human beings whom the gods create. They bring two together and for a second the two burn brighter—then, when they touch an andiron or a rock in this life, the soul goes out and leaves the empty body.

"Christmas!—what a word to conjure with—when the spark is red, and what laughs the gods must have over the poor fools who go around prattling of Christmas and 'peace on earth'! There is no peace so long as one red spark comes in contact with another. And what hell of churchly picturing can equal the hell of the emptiness and desolation of a soulless man?"

At these words, the speaker's voice trembled for the first time, and the dog stretched his head towards the hand hanging limp over the arm of the chair. But the speaker seemed to have forgotten everything except his own thoughts. When he again spoke it was in the same calm tone of a few minutes earlier.

"'Good will to men!' What cant for creatures who go out every day and spend their last breath in stealing other men's treasures, and in killing souls! Let one who really believes, or thinks he does, this rot, take into his home and treasure-house one of this tribe of vipers. He will pretty soon find out the truth of this 'Good will to men' business.

"If I were again a *glowing* spark instead of gray ash, I wonder if I should again cherish an affection for—for—for any one?"

He hesitated a moment, glanced at a vacant space on the wall where a large picture had once hung and then turned quickly around to see if there were not an observer in the dark room behind.

"Thirty years is a long time for a soulless spark to exist, and, it was thirty years ago tonight that the life went out of my heart. Thirty years * * * I did not then have only one friend in the world," with a glance at the Dane, in recognition of a long attachment. "But there was one, to whom I gave the fullest friendship and to whom I felt knit by all the ties of faith and love. And how well he answered it! A thief who came under the guise of a friend, a robber who used the masque of a guest, a murderer, who not content with stripping me of my treasure, must take my soul and leave me an empty—ash!"

The old man's gaze had again turned towards the wall space, and now it seemed as if through some trick of the dancing fire-light, a picture was hung there. From the heavy gilt frame there peered a fairylike face surrounded by a halo of golden curls. The gleaming shoulders were veiled in a rosy scarf and little curls peeped from behind a shell-like ear. But

the eyes and dimpled mouth seemed almost alive from the play of light and shadows.

"Amy!" the old man said, softly under his breath, and again, "Amy, my wife!"

With the sound of his own voice, soft as it had been, the speaker fell back in his chair from which he had leaned forward at the vision before him. He shaded his face with his hand, and spoke to the dog who had risen and now stood with his head on his master's knee.

"So, Gustavus, I have broken my vow. Thirty years ago I swore an oath, never to let her name pass my lips, and now, old friend, from the jugglery of those very sparks before us, I have broken my long silence, and called the name of my wife. She was like one of those crimson bits of fire—a living, sparkling creature of joy—I wonder why the sound of her name, and the thought of her presence in this room, does not fill me with great anger and leave me dead and cold? Instead, I can feel only a tender ache in my heart for her sin and the emptiness she left behind her.

"Thirty years ago today * * * and tonight is Christmas night! I have heard that the old Teutons had a belief that dumb animals could speak on Christmas night. Why can't you speak to me, and tell me that there remains a glimmer of life in my soul—that part of myself which I have believed no longer exists?"

He put his hand on the dog's head, and received a low whine in answer from the noble brute. Again all was silent in the room. The fire had long since died down to a dull glow, and now the face of the old man was in shadow. After another whine of sympathy, the dog drew closer to the dying fire and stretched himself out with his head turned toward the chair.

The lights were out in the church across the street and even the latest stragglers had sought shelter from the falling snow outside. In houses up and down the street there might still have been seen merry parties gathered around Christmas trees or seated in front of blazing fires engaged in cracking nuts and telling stories.

In the silent room the dying fire allowed a chill to creep into the room. Gustavus twitched the muscles of his back and drew himself nearer the grate. But the old man's busy thoughts were taking him back to other days, so that he was not conscious of the encroaching cold.

Memories of happy days were thronging fast upon him. The mere sound of his own voice calling the name of his once beloved wife seemingly had broken down the thirty years barrier of his heart, and all the old bitterness had given way to an aching tenderness. The ice was melting from around his heart, and the Indian summer was taking the place of the premature winter.

"My old life could yet spread a feeble glow like the dying fire, although the red spark is gone."

As he spoke the words, the chimes from the church rang out twelve times and the great Dane lifted his head from his paws.

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men!"

The air itself seemed to beget and repeat the sound. The old man fancied, as he looked at his true friend, that the old German myth of Christmas night had been fulfilled, not knowing that an angel of light had stood in the room and touched his heart once again to the springs of love.

Happiness

G. E. S., '18

I

In the far-away hills of the south lands,
Where the sun shines in heavens so blue,
Lies a wee little fairyland valley,
Known only to me and to you.

II

Each eve there, when the sun goes to rest,
And the moon smiles down on the scene,
All the fairy folk gather together
And gambol about on the green.

III

From the murmuring woods 'round about them
A sweet song floats on the breeze,
And the fairy folk all stop to listen,
To the words that are sung mid the trees!

IV

So with dancing and song through the night long,
They frolic, forgetting all care,
Never tiring nor noting Times' progress
'Til the sun takes them all unaware!

V

Then riding away on the bright rays,
They scatter about o'er the earth,
And carry to mortals that gladness
To which their nights' revel gave birth.

A Cavalier Poet

Dorothy Neal, '19

The light fantastic spirit of the Cavalier poets is best shown in Richard Lovelace, the most brilliant and handsome of the court parasites of Charles I. The petted and pampered young Adonis, a lad of eighteen, was created Master of Arts for his beauty alone. His loyal attachment to Charles caused his premature death in a squalid street of London.

"A radical tastelessness of fancy" showed itself in Lovelace, as in the other Cavalier poets in an elaborate use of "concetti." In "Ellindis Glove," Lovelace went far out of his way to discover comparisons to that common article, his lady's glove. He called it a "snowy farm with five tenements. He visited there to pay his daily rents to the white mistress of the farm, who had gone into the meadows to gather flowers and hearts." He then called the glove "an ermine cabinet" whose alabaster lady would soon come home, since any other tenant would eject himself by finding the rooms too narrow to contain him. The poet left his rent, five kisses, at the door, observing with another change of figure, that though the lute was too high for him, yet like a servant he was allowed to fiddle with the case. "This fashion of dealing with trivialities usually of an amorous nature, was introduced by John Donne and found its most "insipid extravagance" in Richard Lovelace.

The genius of Lovelace appears as a spark, rather than as a continuous fire. His little lyric, "To Lucaster, on Going to the Wars," is his best poem. Indeed, it is worthy of a far more illustrious poet. It contains these lines, which have become almost a part of the English language.

> " I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

"To Althea from Prison," a treasure of English verse, "breathes a spirit of old-fashioned chivalry of faithfulness to ideals and knightly honor." The last stanza is best known and best loved.

" Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

A life spent amid such vicissitudes as that of Lovelace gave little opportunity for the deep and serious study of the scholar, and in the general frivolous and licentious attitude of the courtiers of Charles, it is delightful to observe the charming melody and kindly spirit, though aristocratic ease, of the lyrics of Lovelace.

The Development of Dancing in America

Marion Hicks, '18

"THE term 'dancing' in its widest sense includes three things: (1) the spontaneous activity of the muscles under the influence of some strong emotion; (2) definite combinations of graceful movements performed for the sake of the pleasure which the exercise affords the dancer, or the spectator; (3) carefully trained movements which are meant to represent vividly the actions and passions of other people."

We shall see that dancing is influenced by the race, the environment and the epoch in which it originates.

The first of the only two original American dances is the Indian war dance. Like an atmosphere it envelopes every religious, tribal, and social ceremony as well as personal experiences. Indeed, there is not a phase of life that does not find expression in the Indian dance. So great was its value to the Indians that it was an object of purchase. Each tribe had dances characteristic of it. The Indian dances, however, are important only for their slight influence on the modern dances.

The arrival of different peoples in America brought new customs and entirely different forms of dances from those of the Indians. It is interesting to observe the effect of environment on the dance during this period. In the New England settlements we find from the first a strong disapproval of the dance which can be traced to the present time. The reels, jigs, and flings, characteristic of the English were popular in the Virginia settlements. The Minuet and Gavotte dances of France, were common in the vicinity of Louisinia, as were the Spanish Fandango and Bolero in Florida. Thus we see at the end of the Revolutionary War no national dance, but dances of most of the countries of Europe.

The pioneer in the colony found the struggle for existence severe, and little time for recreation. By his efforts, however, his sons were able to enjoy more of the pleasures of life. Finding dancing a means by which they could gratify this desire with the greatest facility, they made it one of their foremost forms of enjoyment. By the middle of the eighteenth century, many dreary evenings were brightened by dancing assemblies, lasting sometimes a fortnight. The feeling against dancing is manifested at this time by the impropriety of diversions of this kind being attended by young men under twenty and young women under eighteen. Dancing was a happy and popular pastime of all classes of people. Thomas Jefferson told of the colonial folks in which he and his dear Belinda danced the happy hours away.

In the nineteenth century, Mrs. Penden said, "Folks don't dance as much as they used to, when the country was just settled. When we first come, back in the forties, they used to be a dance somewhere every Sat-day night just as sure as Sat-day night come 'round." * * * "Yes," answers her friend, " and they wasn't so many people there either. Don't you remember how they used to come from miles and miles around?"*

During the nineteenth century, we find the appearance of the Virginia reel, the square dance, the opera reel, the money musk, and the second purely original American dance, the Cake Walk. It is during this period of the development of the dance that we find it most free from foreign influences. The dancers at this time may be divided into two classes: The prim and priggish dancers, approving only the dance games which were in the form of folk dances; and the freer dancers who learned the waltz and two-step with eagerness.

It is surprising to observe the rapidity with which a new dance scattered. Dancing at army posts was one of the chief amusements, and there many new dances were introduced. The young soldier at home on a furlough was a much sought after person, and by his aid, his circle of friends soon

*" The Dance," by Grant Showerman.

learned the latest dances. They practiced anywhere. A group of young men seen gesticulating and making absurd motions in a bakery, or any place where the floor was tiled, was a common sight.

The mania for dancing began to alarm the church. The social dancing so much in vogue, which in itself an indifferent act, moralists were inclined to place under a ban on account of the dangers associated with it. The movement of reform, to a great extent, culminated in 1916 through the ban put on dancing by the Pope, who forbade all dancing at church entertainments, which before had been an aid to the support of the church. The Methodists went further and forbade all dancing. The tendency in most Protestant churches is in the other direction.

Dancing is encouraged in colleges and even in social settlement work under wise guidance and direction in the belief that when so guided and directed it is an exercise mentally, socially, and physically beneficial.

In *Outlook*, June 28, 1916, under the head of "Church and Dancing" is found, "While our dancing is quite different from that in the time of Jesus, it must not be forgotten that Jesus never forbade dancing, and his occasional references to it imply approval. Regulation of dancing is better than prohibition, and it is more in accordance with the liberty which belonged to the disciples."

More interesting than the evils of dancing is its development as one of the fine arts. At the same time dancing declined in our form, it ascended in another. People gave up their lives to its development. Schools were established and work was begun. The school of Isodora Duncan is a remarkable illustration of a woman who gave up everything to further the development of the dance. She founded her dancing on natural movements of the body, taking her suggestions from classic Greece.

The influence of Russian ballet, which has become so popular in America, has not been felt except on the stage.

The development of the dance in America has been great. It has not, however, produced a national dance. It is a great pity, since dancing means so much to the people in this country, who realize that America is a great nation and should have a dance of her own.

Mr. Maurice, one of the greatest modern dancers, has promised not only to reform the objectional way in which the modern dances are performed—as Thomas Mott Osborne reformed Sing Sing—but also to produce a national dance. "This dance," he says, "will be simple, refined and lovely. It will include steps from America's two original dances—the Indian dances and the Cake Walk." Thus there is one more step in the development of the dance in America.

Competitors

Margaret Banister, '16

MARY MARSHALL was a capable young woman. No one in Dalesborough denied the character. That she was determined was also an acknowledged fact. She had evinced capability and determination since her earliest childhood, and according to the views of her somewhat irritated family, the two qualities had grown as she had grown.

Mary Marshall had been left an orphan at the age of two, and her rearing had been entrusted to her brother and her two sisters, who were severally a good deal older than she. She had spent her childhood with first one and then the other, but at the age of eighteen she had issued her declaration of independence, and ever since that time she had maintained the ultimatum. She had wanted to go to college, and she had gone, in spite of the protests of her family. Very few of the Dalesborough girls went to college, and to Mary's relatives it seemed a positive waste of time and money. There was nothing they could do, however. Mary was determined; obstinate her brother said, and as she came into her rather meagre inheritance at eighteen, she was free to do as she wished. So Mary went North to college and for four years she was in her element.

Her sisters waited patiently during the four years for the time when she would come home and make her debut. They were both lovers of society, and they rejoiced at the prospect of being surrounded by the social whirl of a young girl during her first season.

Dalesborough was a rich town for its size, and a very gay one, and there were as hard and fast rules regarding debutantes as prevailed in the larger cities. It had been a great disappointment to them that they had not been able to turn Mary out at the proper age of eighteen, but they considered

it only a delayed enjoyment, and had gradually become reconciled.

Mary had come home in June, healthy, athletic and very pretty, and she had set about enjoying herself and reinstating herself in the life of the community in her usual thorough and systematic manner. She was on the go constantly, she played golf and tennis at the club, she rode and danced and rejoiced the hearts of her sisters.

The first time Mary's prospective debut was mentioned, however, the cloud descended. Mrs. Renard, the oldest sister, with whom Mary usually made her home, introduced the subject by asking Mary whether she wanted her debut dance to be at the Country Club or the Weibach Hotel.

Mary's blue eyes opened wide.

"Debut! Heavens! Bess, I am not going to make a debut!"

Great disapproval appeared on the faces of Mrs. Renard and Mrs. Wilson, something of Mary's own determination, and from that moment, and for several days after, the subject was the cause of hot contention among the sisters. Finally, they called in Lennox Marshall, their brother, and he added the weight of his forty years, and great business success, to Mrs. Renard's argument.

"All the other girls make debuts, Mary," he said. "What do you expect to do if you don't? What is your objection to it?"

"I simply don't want to, Len. It isn't the kind of life that would suit me, I'd be miserable. I like people as much as anybody, and I like to dance and go to parties and all that, but I would be simply bored to death if I had nothing else to do. And you know that the girls who make debuts have to give themselves up entirely to society. They spend their time rushing madly from one thing to another. They don't dare decline anyone's invitation or stop for a minute to themselves. I would hate it, and I don't think you should insist upon my doing something that would make me unhappy. Besides, I am going into business."

"What!" ejaculated Lennox Marshall.

The sisters were too amazed to speak.

"Now listen to me," said Mary, "I have hesitated to tell you about my plans, because I knew how you would feel; but now I think it is time for you to understand my point of view. I am a good deal younger than any of you, and I have to arrange my life according to my ideas, not yours. I haven't enough money of my own to last me all my life, and I don't want to be dependent upon you. Oh, I know you would be glad to have me and all that, but I don't want to do it. I may marry and I may not, but either way I don't want to feel that I have to. Therefore, it seems necessary for me to make some money, and as I don't want to be a teacher or stenographer, I have decided to go into business."

There was a blank silence. Mary's sisters looked at her with stony disapproval. Lennox Marshall's shrewd grey eyes were fixed upon her thoughtfully.

"What do you mean by going into business?" he asked abruptly.

"I have thought a great deal about it," Mary answered. "I have enough capital to start a small business, and I want to get the thing that Dalesborough needs most and hasn't got. So I have decided to open a candy shop. There is nothing like that here, you know. You can get only Huylers, and standard candy like that at the drug stores. I believe the people would jump at the chance."

Mr. Marshall laughed ironically.

"What are you going to sell, sea-foam and fudge à la Vassar?"

"No, I am not!" returned Mary hotly. "I am going to sell all sorts of candy, both wholesale and home-made. And I am going into partnership with a girl who knows all there is to be known about candy making. Her two sisters supported themselves through college by their candy. After they graduated, they opened a shop in Boston, and now they have gone regularly into candy manufacturing. They have several shops in Boston and one in Springfield. Emily is about as good at it as they are. She graduated in my class and we

made all our plans months ago. She hasn't as much capital as I have, but she knows more about candy, so we are going into partnership. She is coming in September and * * * there is something else that I am afraid you won't like. I knew you wouldn't want a strange girl in the house, it wouldn't be pleasant either for you or for her, so we have arranged to take an apartment together at the Upham."

It was then that the storm broke. Mrs. Renard and Mrs. Wilcox expressed themselves volubly and uncompromisingly upon the subject. They would not think of allowing any such thing. It was preposterous, absurd, absolutely impossible. It was bad enough that she wouldn't make a debut, but if she insisted they would give up that point. But they would not hear of her opening that ridiculous candy shop, and living alone in an apartment with another young girl.

Mary sat quietly through it all, making no attempt to argue with them or overcome their protests.

Lennox Wilcox finally cut short the apparently never ending flow of words.

"You are a fool, Mary," he said, "but I suppose it will have to be proved to you. Let her alone, you two. There is no use arguing with her. She will have to go her own way, and find out her own mistakes. It won't do her any harm. Go on and start your little candy business, Mary. I am not going to help or hinder you, but when you have had enough, be sure to come to me. I will be glad to help you in any way possible as soon as you are willing to give up this nonsense."

His decisions carried weight in the family; so the sisters subsided. They did not stop expressing their disapproval, however, to their friends as well as to Mary, and the prospective business venture shortly became the subject of discussion throughout all Dalesborough. Some expressed admiration, but more disapproval. That Mary Marshall was individual was very well known, but the concensus of opinion was that she was carrying individuality to an extreme. It was too much for fashionably conservative Dalesborough

that she should open a shop and insist upon leaving the paternal roof.

Emily Long arrived on the first of September, and then began busy days for Mary. There was the apartment to be fixed and all the arrangements for the shop to be made, contracts to be drawn up and signed, and a thousand duties that left her no time for outside thoughts. By the middle of the month the shop was opened.

Right from the beginning the business showed signs of thriving. The people of Dalesborough came at first from curiosity, but as the interest and novelty died gradually, it became an established thing. There was no doubt that Emily Long knew how to make good candy, and she introduced forms and varieties hitherto unknown in Dalesborough. Mary had a good business head and sure judgment, and the partnership of the two made a happy combination. Soon they had several workers in the kitchens back of the shop, and by the end of the year they had moved into larger quarters. It became an established, prosperous business, and Dalesborough came to look upon Mary's entrance into the business world as a matter of course.

The second Christmas after Mary's graduation was the gayest that Dalesborough had ever known, and the ball on New Year's eve was the most brilliant event of the season. Mary was very happy that night. The accounts of the business had been balanced, and they had made more money than they had expected. She had the prospect of a new year before her, and even greater financial achievements. Besides, she had on a new gown that night and she knew she looked well.

The evening was well advanced before she met John Lacey. She had several times noticed a rather distinguished looking young man whom she instantly recognized as a stranger. He did not dance much and she noticed that his eyes were often upon her. Finally one of her friends brought him over and introduced him, and for the rest of the evening he gave her a decided rush. They had gone out on the porch of the club

for a breath of fresh air during an intermission, when she asked him if he were visiting Dalesborough or had come to stay.

"I have come to stay, for a while, at least," he answered. "I have come to open a branch of Kugler's."

"Kuglers!"

"Yes, Kugler's Candy Kitchens, you know."

"Oh, yes. I know."

"Mr. Kugler is my uncle. I have had charge of the business in Atlanta, but he has been wanting to establish a branch line here for some time, so he transferred me to Dalesborough until we should get it well on its feet. I didn't want to come at first, but now I am becoming reconciled."

Mary was not listening to him, and as the music had started again, she turned silently into the ballroom. She did not enjoy herself very much during the remainder of the evening. She could think of but one thing—Kugler's was coming to Dalesborough, and she could not compete with Kugler's. She longed to tell Emily and to talk it over with her. It was a great relief when the last dance was played, and she was very glad when the door of their apartment at last closed behind her.

There was little sleep for the two girls that night. They talked the situation over from every possible point of view, and they could see no chance for the survival of their business. Kugler's was too strong an opponent. It was a name well known throughout the State and the several adjoining States. The firm was an old and prosperous one, with branch stores in almost every city of any size in the country. And Kugler's had run smaller competitors out of business many times.

"There is just nothing we can do, Mary," said Emily despairingly.

"Well, we won't give up." There was the old determination written plainly upon Mary's face. "We will put up a fight anyhow, and maybe something will happen."

But they were two very depressed and discouraged girls as they went to work the next morning. The sympathy and advice of their friends did not add to their cheerfulness. The news that a branch of Kugler's was to be established spread quickly through Dalesborough, and it was generally conceded that Mary's business could not survive. Not a few of the individuals constituting Dalesborough society found themselves in the enviable position of being able to say, "I told you so," but most of them were genuinely sympathetic, and advised the two girls to the best of their ability. All of their advice, however, tended in the same direction—that the only thing for the firm to do was to sell out to the larger and stronger company.

Several nights later, Mary again met John Lacey at a dance. This time his manner showed a constraint which indicated to her that he now recognized her as his only competitor in the candy business. But they were two young people out for a good time and the difference soon wore off. They forgot the difficuty of their business relations in the pleasure of each other's company.

But those were worried and perplexed days for the two business women. Preparations were going busily forward in the building selected for the Kugler store. In less than two weeks the shop was opened, with spacious show-room, attractive windows and all of the touches which belong to an established business, and without hint of the amateurish about it.

On the day of the opening Lennox Marshall came to see Mary in her little office back of the store.

"Good morning, Mary," he said. "I have come to talk to you."

"All right, Len, come in."

He came in, laid aside his hat and stick, and settled himself comfortably in his chair.

"That young fellow Lacey has been to see me, Kugler's manager, you know. He is very much distressed about this whole affair, doesn't want to compete with you, and all that.

But he has orders to buy up all smaller competitors or run them out of business. He says you have refused the proposition he made to you, and he wants me to use my influence with you to get you to sell your business peacefully here at the beginning."

"We won't sell on his terms, Lennox. Both Emily and I are agreed upon that point. What he offers us does not cover the capital we put into it, and I have no intention of losing money on this business."

"You are a couple of young fools," stormed her brother. "Don't you realize what you are up against, Mary? Kugler's an old hand at the business. That store down the street has practicaly unlimited capital back of it, whereas you have almost no capital. They will undersell you, girl. They can afford to lose money for an indefinite length of time, and you can't afford to lose money at all. If you won't sell out for their original proposition they will lower prices and force you to sell for even less. You have a good business here, and your friends are backing you, but people won't continue very long buying candy at higher prices when they can get the same grade for less. If you don't want to lose everything, you will have to sell now."

Mary shook her head. "I realize the difficulty, Lennox, and we would be willing to sell out if they would give us anything like a decent price, but we won't sell for the purely nominal amount they have offered us. And I wish you would tell Mr. Lacey to make his proposition direct to me next time, without using you as an intermediary."

Mr. Marshall rose with dignity.

"This is the last time I am going to try to advise you, Mary. I told you once before that you could always come to me when you had had enough, but until then I am through." And he stalked out of the office, bristling with anger.

Mary felt very forlorn after his departure. It was all very well to display courage and determination on the outside, but she realized better than anyone else the precarious position of her little business, and the only grounds she had for her cour-

age was the blind belief that something must happen. It seemed to her that she must think of some way of holding her own against the big, bullying company which threatened.

The night after the interview with her brother, Mary called off her dinner engagement and stayed at home. She wanted to think, and think she did, far into the night. She had a vague idea in her mind, which she felt might mean something if she could form and elaborate it. The next morning there was a light in her eye and hope in her heart that had not been there for days. She and her partner were both late in arriving at the shop, owing to the fact that she was busy confiding her plan to Emily.

From that day forth there was a marked change in the policy of the company. Whereas its advertisements had formerly set forth a tempting array of candies of all sorts and prices, they now recommended to the public only a choice line of expensive candy. Whereas the shop windows had formerly been subdued and inconspicuous, they now blossomed forth with an amazing variety of decorative candy. Whereas they had formerly sent their products forth in plain white boxes or paper bags, there now issued only colored and beribboned boxes with the name of the firm gilded in the corner. And whereas the candy had formerly been sold at moderate prices, it was now decidedly expensive.

Mary knew Dalesborough and its people. They were rich and they were fashionable and they valued a thing according to the price they paid for it. An expensive shop of any kind was to them a fashionable shop, and therefore a shop to be patronized. She heightened the effect of the changed policy by circulating the report that she had entered into a contract with an expensive New York firm. Emily's oldest sister came down, and it was announced that a candy expert from Boston had come to take charge of the kitchens. Kugler's candies were neither expensive nor fashionable. They were of the wholesome, home-use variety, and Mary thought that by removing her candy from that class she would create a different demand, and as she would no longer be competing on the same

ground with Kugler's she would put herself beyond the reach of his underselling.

The first few weeks demonstrated the soundness of Mary's theory. The sales fell off only slightly, and the difference in prices more than made up the slight discrepancy. As time passed, it became more and more obvious that her position was strengthening and that there was little danger of her business being crushed by the big company.

During all the period of uncertainity and gradual triumph, Mary was meeting John Lacey everywhere she went, and he was becoming more and more a part of her life. There had never been any animosity between them, they either ignored their business rivalry or discussed it frankly. Lacey became even more attentive to her, and suddenly the realization came to Mary that he meant a great deal to her. The idea that she was in love with him came as a shock to her. She had never counted upon love as a factor in her life, and at first she resented it, for she felt that this new element would upset all her well arranged plans and ideas for the future. She could not deny its presence, however, and gradually she became reconciled. She did not doubt Lacey's love for her, he had manifested it too often to allow room for doubt.

One day at her sister's house Mary met Lennox Marshall. It was the first time she had talked to him since their interview in regard to Kugler's. He was inclined to be very affable and somewhat complimentary.

"I'll have to hand it to you, Mary," he said. "You are a clever girl. It looks to me as though you had pretty well outwitted Kugler's. Old Mr. Kugler came down here himself today, furious because his nephew can't run you out of business. You will probably see him at the club tonight." Mr. Marshall chucked delightedly at the prospect.

There was to be a dance that night, to which Mary was going with John. On the way out he confided to her that his uncle had come to investigate himself the cause of the younger man's inability to overcome such an obstinate little business. John had tried to persuade him to come to the club, but he had refused.

Later on in the evning the two young people went out on the porch to rest for a few minutes. They sat on the broad veranda, with the warm darkness of a spring night around them, and Mary felt the deep peace of perfect content steal through her. There was silence for a while and then Lacey turned to her.

"Mary," he said, "I have been trying to wait until this business complication was settled before I told you how I feel about you. But I can't do it. I love you, Mary, and I can't keep it back any longer. I know your heart is in your business, and you would hate to give it up, but if you care for me at all I could make it up to you. I know you would never regret it. Tell me, Mary, do you love me?"

"I don't care anything about the business, John" said Mary with blushing hesitation. "I thought I did, but I don't now that you have come."

It was much later before the formerly all-important subject of the future of the rival businesses came back to their minds.

"We will combine," said John, "and form a monopoly in Dalesborough. And having done what I came here to do, we can go back to Atlanta and live happily ever afterwards."

"But what about Emily?" cried Mary, solicitation on her face. "The business is half hers. But listen, John, we are in a position to ask our own price, aren't we? You haven't been able to run us out of business, have you? And we are interfering considerably with your trade, aren't we? Well, then, I will sell my half of the business to Emily, and she can demand her own price from the Kugler company, and everything will be settled."

They danced no more that night, but sat out on the veranda and were very happy. As Home, Sweet Home was being played inside, John arose.

"Come on, Mary. I want to tell my irate uncle that at last I have made you listen to reason, and that we have formed a combination."

Will the Spread of Women's Colleges Close the Doors of the Churches?

G. Elanette Sollitt

WILL the spread of the women's colleges close the doors of the churches? A few years ago—twenty or even less—the propounder of the question would have been considered "queer" and his question been dismissed as unworthy of serious thought. Today everyone who purports to have an active interest in the welfare of the church must recognize the extreme significiance of the query. There has been a great revolution going on in the realms of woman-kind within the last few years—in her way of living and in her attitude toward everything. It has affected every phase of her life and it is inconceivable that it would not be found to touch upon her religious life. Whether the spread of women's colleges is the cause or a result of the general revolution is a matter of conjecture, but it may be readily discerned that the connection between her religious and her educational life has been emphasized in the process. But has this association of two interests, formerly so entirely separate, tended to increase or diminish her connection with and belief in "the church"?

We learn that in the olden times woman was entirely dependent on some man—a father, a husband, or a guardian. She had absolutely no property rights or political privileges. Her position was little more than that of a slave. She was "the purchased property of her husband," and she was supposed to have no mind or will of her own, but was to be always acquiescent to his opinions and thoughts. We read of women who possessed great minds or were capable rulers, but they were the exceptions that prove the rule.

Gradually we find woman emerging somewhat from this lowly estate. She was granted property privileges and her

position was in every way bettered. The change came about, it is interesting to note, in the legislation of the Christian Emperors, especially Justinian, who prided himself on being a protector of woman. The influence of Christianity was responsible, then, for the very earliest development of women!

To come down to comparatively recent times in our own country, woman was quite different from what she is today. The old Roman slave attitude was entirely gone, it is true, but its evidence still remained. Woman was considered mentally inferior to man, and as such she was humored and privileged as one would treat a child, but she was not consulted on the problems of the day or expected to take any active part in the business of the country. She studied, but care was taken that she study only "lady-like" subjects. The idea that she was mentally inferior to man persisted, and while man attended the universities and became proficient in the sciences, woman attended the polite Seminaries for Young Ladies, and learned to sing a little and play a little and talk a little in some foreign tongue. She knew how to write a proper letter, but she did not know even the meaning of the words " Psychology " and " Economics." She could cook a good meal, but she had absolutely no knowledge of the chemical actions that were going on during the process. And she learned her Bible from cover to cover!

A woman had three principal duties in life—her home, her children and her church. These she accepted without question because her mind had not been developed to the questioning point. It seemed, indeed it was, perfectly natural for her to bury herself completely in the management of her home and the upbringing of her children. It is a matter of regret, to many, that more women of today are not as efficient in these things as were their sisters of yesterday!

The woman of yesterday, it was generally understood, took charge of the religious life of the family, as well. For some reason no one seemed to care to analyze, woman was generally supposed to be more religious than man. So she studied her Bible—if reading a verse every day, until the reading became

a mechanical process, can be called "studied"—and joined the church of her forbears, and shook with fear when the dreadful horrors of Hell were shouted out to her! She accepted all the doctrines of her church without question because she was supposed to do so. She believed firmly, because it was outside of her mental range to question.

Why was not man as ardent a church goer as woman? Why did he send his wife to church to hear stirring sermons of the wrath of God and the tortures of Hell? Why did he not go himself? It was not entirely because he had other things to attend to. It was not because he was less religious. It was because the sermons he heard did not reach and move him as they did woman. Briefly, it was because for generations man had been attending the universities and developing and broadening his mind while woman had passed her life within no such surroundings. She was religious because she was in a habit of being religious. But he was often really more religious, even while he questioned. An honest belief that has been evolved after much questioning is undeniably more sincere and more to be honored than a belief that has been accepted without any question or thought at all.

The United States is a comparatively new country, and the change in woman's estate has come about with much more rapidity than in other countries. It has much less of a past to overcome. From the beginning it was a Christian country, and so its women were never so held down and bound as were the women in the non-Christian countries or the countries which had gradually become Christian. Perhaps that is the reason why women began to realize, so soon, the oppressiveness of the narrow lives they were leading. In any event, they did recognize the fact, and began to demand more of life. They realized that many fields of intense interest had long been open to men alone, and they set about to change these conditions. In a breath-takingly short space of time, when the movement was once started, colleges for women sprang up all over the country, and women began studying the same subjects as men and proving that with the same training their minds were as capable of grasping knowledge as were the minds of men.

To day women are admitted into almost every profession. They are engaged in the business world. They are pushing a way for themselves with the same tools that men use. They are entering politics, and in many States they have the same voting privileges as men. They are broadening and expanding in every way. Of course, there was and is protest. Man is not readily willing to concede that woman, whom he has been accustomed to consider inferior in every way, because she is physically weaker than he, is in reality his equal mentally. Men are fighting—and some women who are remnants of the old school are fighting—but the change has irrevocably come and the consequences must be faced.

Today woman, with the same sort of educational privileges that man has, is beginning to question the doctrines of the churches. As more colleges are founded and more women receive higher education, the questioning will become more wide-spread. Is it not reasonable to suppose, then, that the movement will greatly affect the Christian churches? It is very rarely now that one hears the kind of sermon that was preached in the time of our grandmothers. The ministers are seeming to realize that they are talking to people who will think over what is told them. Already, in many places, the various Christian churches are dropping their separate creeds and merging into one. We read, in a recent number of the Literary Digest: "A novel example of church union comes to light in a small Ohio town where a Methodist, a Baptist and a Lutheran communion surrender all their old time denominational individuality and merge into one as Presbyterian." And again: "Church union recently effected in Canada brought to light the fact that doctrines held the least place in the program of unity. Not that men's convictions were less, but their charity had so broadened that they held these convictions less offensively to those with whom they differed."

Would this have happened if women had continued to fill the churches of their accustomed denomination, without thinking? It seems safe to believe that in time—perhaps a great deal of time—there will cease to be scores of different denom-

inations and the Christian church will be one. Statistics cannot show how much the women's colleges have affecetd the membership of women in the churches as yet, because such a vast majority of women are still afraid of public opinion. They join the church, not because they have implicit faith in its creeds, but because it is the thing to do. It is appalling to discover how many women are members of churches and yet willingly admit that they do not entirely believe its doctrines. No church can stand with such hypocrisy within its doors. And the women who make these admissions are not lacking in religion. They are far more religious than their sisters of yesterday, who accepted everything in an unquestioning manner. The time will come when these modern women—women with a knowledge of science, women who think—will have courage enough not to join the churches whose doctrine they cannot accept implicitly. Already we have some evidence of this effect in the great number of Independent churches that are spreading throughout the country.

The doors of the old denominational churches are closing, slowly! The disciples of the old school who yet remain are fighting to keep them open. They say that the modern woman lacks faith. They sometimes do her the injustice to believe her to be atheistical. Far from it! She has a faith, has the modern woman, just as strong as was the faith of the woman of yesterday, and far more sincere. She has merely become unwilling to adhere to set forms of worship and belief. To her God is a very living God, but it is her privilege to accept Him in her own way.

In a letter to the "Masses," Miss Vida D. Scudder, a Wellesley educator, socialist and church woman, asserts, "There are plenty of forward looking people who consider themselves not merely with you admirers of a dead martyr-hero, but disciples of a Living Lord."

Men and women are coming to a point where they can stand on the same religious basis, and the church is molding itself to fit the new conditions. Imagine the church of yesterday daring to tamper with the Ten Commandments! Yet there

is a proposal to make some of them easier of comprehension to the young, today, and a commission of bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church is entrusted with the act of revision. It is said that the commandments are too long for this busy age, and that children have not the time to learn them. Rather, is it not that the mothers of the children no longer have the time to drill them in the learning of the commandments? And if it had not been for the women's colleges opening a new field of vision for these mothers, and broadening their range of activities, would they not have considered it their chief duty in life still to drum the various verses of the Bible automatically into the recipient minds of their children?

So, to conclude, and, as far as we are able from little more than conjecture, to answer our question, the spread of women's colleges will close the doors of the hundreds of churches of today and cause them to band into one mighty church. As women realize more and more their independence and as they come to fear convention less, they will claim a right to entertain their own religious opinions. And they will have strong religious opinions, which will be proved the result of much thinking and study.

We can predict in the future a community much more religious than the community of today. Men and women will go together to church, for as men realize that women are assuming the same mental attitude as they, they will have a new interest in religion, and will enjoy going to a church, where they will not be preached at, but will hear, rather, their own individual ideas expounded and honored. The children of tomorrow will not learn the names of the books of the Bible backwards and forwards, perhaps, but they will learn how to interpret the contents of those books according to the truest law and reason. The disciples of the old school will fight against the event. Already we read protests in every periodical we pick up. But the new school will prevail as the final and natural result of the spread of higher education among women.

Class Songs

SENIOR

I

TUNE: *"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms"*

There's a vale in Virginia,
Where dear Sweet Briar stands;
And long may she stand and be true,
Is the wish of our class—
As we hold up our hands,
And pledge our allegiance to you.

Come Seniors all, when we call upon you,
In the name of our jolly old class.
When you see our dear colors, our green and our blue
We'll swear that none can surpass.

II

TUNE: *Miserere*

Come, ye Seniors, all! Come, ye Seniors, all!
Come, sing to Sweet Briar.
Come, give your college your best,
She needs your all—
Love, loyalty and courage true.

JUNIOR

TUNE: *Russian National Hymn*

Hail to the Juniors,
The class of nine eighteen,
Hail forever to the Black and Green,
Sweet Briar will ever be
Deep-graven on our hearts,
And we'll be unwavring true—
Though far apart.

All loyal Juniors,
This ever be your aim,
Each one strive to add to Sweet Briar's fame,
So that as years roll by
And classes go their way
We'll still be remembered
By our college days.

SOPHOMORE

TUNE: *"They call it Dixie Land"*

S-O-P-H-O-M-O-R-E-S, we are the class 1919
We're here to fight our best, with all our zest,
For all that our colors mean.
We've got the spirit and the "pep"
And you know we've got the rep.
We gain lots of knowledge, as we go through college,
And our peppy rep we've always kept.
And then as athletes we've won our fame,
So they call us " Husky Bunch,"
Now we have our aim to play the game,
And to win we have a hunch.
We work never to fail or get a "D"
For we're the lucky, plucky class of S. B. C.
S-O-P-H-O-M-O-R-E-S,
And they call us " Husky Bunch."

FRESHMAN

TUNE: *"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah"*

If you're looking for a class that's all a college could desire,
If you want a class with pep enough to set the world on fire,
If you're looking for the best class to be found in all Sweet Briar,
You'll take the Freshman class.

(Chorus)

We're the class of 1920,
We're the class of 1920,
And you'll find that that's a plenty,
For we're the Freshman class.

SPECIAL CLASS

I

Lectures, books, classes, labs and quizzes.
While I'm drowsing wearily,
Make me wonder why I ever
Came to this place—S. B. C.

II

Tennis, dances, feeds and friends,
Study, dreaming fitfully,
Keep me even as I wonder
At this dear place—S. B. C.

III

Sweet Briar, there's a deeper reason
Why we stay so happily,
For we 18 "Specials" love you
Dear old College—S. B. C.

A Modern Love Rune

Elizabeth Eggleston, '19

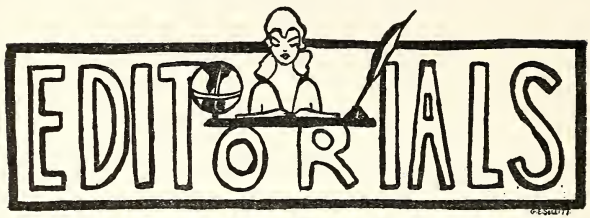
I think I love you,
  I'm not quite sure.
I'd have to know
  Your blood was pure.
I'd have to know
  Your teeth were straight.
I'd have to know
  Your average weight.
I'd have to learn
  Your mother's name.
I'd have to know
  Your father's fame.
I'd have to know
  You were efficient.
'N that your purse
  Was quite sufficient
  To keep us both.
And then if all
  Was quite O. K.
I'd say, " I'll marry
  You some day!"

The Lost Point

Nancy P. Hanna

(With apologies to the author of "The Lost Chord")

Seated one day in the class-room, I was weary, and ill at rest,
For hours I had worked there, vainly, although I had done my best.
I had found one point, but the other—oh, where on earth could it be—
That point of the chord of the circle whose center was P-sub-c?
As I sat there, I fell a-dreaming, and the scene of my dream seemed to lie
On a piece of coördinate paper, with the axis of x and y.
P-sub-c appeared there, plainly, and around it a circle of blue,
And a chord was drawn on the circle, through the points P-one and P-two.
Overjoyed, I searched for my pencil and paper to write it down;
But, alas, when I'd found them, the circle, chord, axis and paper were gone.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost point—P-two,
Which gave me the dream in the class-room—oh, would that that dream were true!
It may be that death's bright angel will show me that point again;
It may be that only in heaven I shall find its other end.



Editor-in-Chief—G. M. STEELE

Why is it that in this enlightened twentieth century of ours so many parents, and especially fathers, object strenuously to their daughters doing anything to earn a living outside of the "genteel" sphere of teaching? Teaching is, we admit, the natural work for women next to actual home-making. The maternal instinct inherent in every woman has its best outlet in the attention and care given to the children of other women. From the point of view of the child's welfare, also, it is best to have a woman teacher, at least for the first few years.

But are there not a multitude of professions open to women other than that of the school teacher? We are hearing every day of some new step taken by a woman in the world struggle for existence. In our article, "Will the spread of Women's Colleges Close the Doors of the Churches?" the writer has treated the change in the status of woman well. No longer put off with the excuse that women are mentally inferior to men, the "inferior sex" have shown that often times in the business world they are the superiors of men.

If our colleges are to fulfill the purpose of their establishment they must turn out into the world not merely good school teachers, but women trained in the science of sociology, women who can enter a business with the ultimate view of becoming an executive, and women who can build a home on lines as successful as her husband's office, and yet be the real old-fashioned home-maker. But since all college women do not expect to belong to the latter class, why are they withheld from the two former merely through the prejudice of an out-of-date male relative?

We take pleasure in announcing that the Sweet Briar Democratic Campaign resulted in the election of Woodrow Wilson. We won, but the Republicans showed their good spirit and used their fireworks for Thanksgiving.

. . .

We, the staff of editors and business manager, call your attention to the firms who advertise with us. They are the ones, who to a large extent, make our magazine possible. They have shown their interest in Sweet Briar by advertising with us, and we earnestly bespeak for them your patronage.

Y. W. C. A.

At the last biennial convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States of America in Los Angeles, the recommendation was made to the National Board to change the basis of membership. The proposed change would be from a Protestant Evangelical church membership basis to a personal pledge basis. For a long time nothing has aroused quite the interest and discussion in the Y. W. C. A. as this recommendation for so radical a change. Protests from hundreds of Associations have poured into National Headquarters and some College Associations have voted unanamously against such a change. For two years more, however, the basis will remain as at present, for such a change to the National Constitution has to be passed by two consecutive National Conventions held three years apart.

This question is just as important here as to the Association at large. We are quite representative of such a community as caused the necessity for a change. Here we have members of widely different denominations and sects. We have Catholics, Jewesses, Universalists, Unitarians, and even less widely known sects, besides the Protestant Evangelical church members. The former are all barred from active membership along with the girl who is a Protestant Christian in every sense but that of belonging to the church. On the other hand, the present basis admits girls merely on a church membership and not on the basis of its being a personal thing, separate and distinct from

the vows they took when they joined the church. In other words, it admits to active membership those girls who are only nominal members of a church. Instead of letting down the bars and meaning less, as some express it who are opposed, it is merely putting up stronger bars to keep those out who would not sign a personal pledge.

. . .

On November 6th, the Y. W. C. A. held its annual bazaar. The classes vied with one another in trying to make the most attractive booth. The Senior booth with its Japanese setting of bright cheery blossoms and girls dressed in kimonos was an effective contrast to that of the Juniors, an up-to-date Vogue shop. The uniqueness of the Sophomore booth, a kitchen corner, could not be excelled. There one was able to buy such useful articles as mouse traps and matches. The most satisfactory booth was the boot blacking establishment of the Freshmen, to which the girls were drawn because of its proximity to the most popular booth, the candy shop of the Academy.

Perhaps the contributors and workers for this bazaar will be interested to know that the proceeds therefrom are going to be used for the building of a Sweet Briar cottage at Blue Ridge.

. . .

Reverend Mayo, a frequent visitor to our college, and a man who has been doing some excellent work in the mountains near Charlottesville, lead our Y. W. C. A. evening service on Sunday, November 19th.

Mr. Mayo asked for help toward a scholarship fund for the Blue Ridge Industrial School, and we are glad to be able to announce that twenty-nine dollars was raised in an hour, and about fifteen more pledged. This sum enables two students to attend the school for an eight-month session.

. . .

Miss Myers from Saint Agnes School, in Kioto, Japan, who is now taking a six months leave of absence, gave a very interesting lecture December 3d on her work among our Eastern friends.

ATHLETICS

Editor—Inez Skillern

During the past month, basket-ball has been the most popular diversion in the way of athletics. Since there was not a college girl disqualified for deficiency in academic work, the teams had the advantage of practical players.

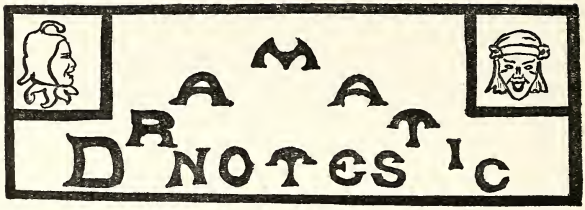
The two most enthusiastic games were the political games, the Republicans versus the Democrats. The first match was won by the Democrats, but the Republicans won the second on election day.

The Freshmen won the outdoor series from their sister class, the Juniors, with the score 8-7.

In the match games between the inter-classes there was a great deal of "pep" and class spirit. The final game, which was played on November 26, decided the contest in favor of the Junior-Freshman team.

The Varsity team was victorious in the series against the academy. For this reason the former team played the winners of the class games, the Freshmen, for the championship of the outdoor series. On account of the weather this game was played in the gymnasium on Thanksgiving Day. The outcome was a victory for the Varsity by a score of 18-9.

Our zeal for basket-ball has not taken away our interest in hockey. A game is planned between the college and the academy. This match, it is hoped, will be played before the Christmas holidays.



Editor—E. Sollitt

The old girls of Sweet Briar college presented Martha Darden in the "Russian Honeymoon" late in October. Miss Darden, who has hitherto been accustomed to enacting characters of a gentler nature, proved her versatility in this play. She undertook a part entirely strange to her temperament, and interpreted whole-heartedly the life of a petulant Russian girl who was experiencing great changes in social station. Margaret McVey clearly typified the independent, self-respecting working man of Russia. Evelyn Redfield, as hero, carried the audience with her especially in the love scenes. The other members of the caste were all worthy of mention: Katherine Block, as an intendant; Olive Burton, as proud sister of the Count; Jane Henderson, as peasant girl; finally, Caroline Freiburg and Grace Milne, attendants, caused much merriment whenever they appeared.

. . .

We wish to congratulate the Seniors upon the unusual success of "Quality Street." The characterization was spendid. The class of 1917 expresses its obligation to Lucile Barrow, leading man. She aided admirably in bringing out Martha Darden's best talent, for the sympathetic feeling of the two produced fine dramatic action. Character and situation were one. There was no detail which Jane Henderson did not treat naturally and typically. Ruth McIlravy and Rachel Lloyd, "Mere Worm," gave reality to that nest of old maids. Isabel Luke, Mary Bissell, Inez Skillern, Bertha Pfister, Mildred

Meek, Carrie Sharpe, Josephine Payne formed an attractive dancing class. *Phoebe's* girl friend was *Julia*, Mary Whitehead. The suitors at the ball, Henrietta Crump, Louise Hammond, Genie Steele and Florence Freeman, added to the atmosphere of the ridiculous. The servant girl, Delia May Gilmore, was loudly applauded for her humorous and ready representation of wit, and we do not blame *Miss Langweed* for being surprised at the Sergeant (Virginia Sandmeyer) "who shut one eye and opened it suddenly."

. . .

Two one-act plays were given Thanksgiving afternoon by the Junior class.

. . .

Katherine Marshall was the outstanding figure in "Rose o' Wind." Her presentation of an elf creature was excellent. Isabella Hanna worked up her part wonderfully well in a short time. Leading characters were Cornelia Carroll, who took a difficult role as a shoemaker, and Vivienne Barkalow, who danced charmingly. Artistic color arrangement added to the scenery.

" 'Op o' My Thumb," was the best of the two plays. It was interesting to the entire audience, while the first suited individual tastes. Margaret McClure introduced much of the pathos with which O'Henry handles the life of a New York shop girl. Marian Martin enlivened French wit as much as it was possible, and afforded good laughter. Also Virginia Lovell gave enjoyment to the crowd in general by her contagious bursts of laughter. However, back of the amusement, there was a thread of seriousness that helped extremely in the effect produced by " Op O' My Thumb." The success of this performance was due in a large measure to the efforts of Miss Charlotte Seaver, who was manager of the plays.

Exchanges

Editor—D. Neal

Stories—The standard college magazines for November contained few really good short stories. In reading the long list of Exchanges, the ordinary hackneyed plots, and the characters, which aren't really characters but mere types, weary one through and through until even a breath of originality is enough to stimulate great enthusiasm. There are not many geniuses like Alexander Pope to phrase exquisitely "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." A new thought, or an old one expressed well and in a new way, is what the average college magazine should strive for in its short stories.

"The Spy" in "*Davidson College Magazine*" is a gruesome war-story. It is so cleverly written and intensely interesting, and the conclusion is so striking that one is curiously reminded of "The Cask of Amontillado" by Edgar Allen Poe. In our opinion this is the best story in the list of exchanges for November.

"The Fiddler of Smoky Hollow," in "*The Wells College Chronicle*"; "Neighbor" and "The Voice: A Phantasy," in "*The Vassar Miscellany*," and "The Scab," in "*The Sibyl*," are all stories with good plots and human interest.

Essays—Many excellent pieces of criticism appear in the various college magazines. Two excellent essays on themes from Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" are to be found in "*The Sibyl*" and "*Davidson College Magazine.*" The first essay entitled "John Ruskin: His Book," shows how Ruskin gloriously accomplished his ideal of a true book in his own work and influences us to feel it worth our while to make Ruskin's book, in some small measure, our own." The latter essay attacks Ruskin's statement that "Shakespeare has no heroes, he has only heroines," and attempts to show that Ruskin set a false standard of comparisons, and that if Shakespeare, the

greatest exponent of human character, had no heroes, then the world itself has no heroes. Other essays worthy of notice are: "Love—An Educational Issue," in the "*Vassar Miscellany*"; "May Flies," in the "*Wells College Chronicle*"; "New Thoughts" and "New Ideas," in "*The Mount Holyoke*"; "Modern Facilities for Mental Over Feeding," in "*St. Mary's Chimes,*" and "The Plus Student," in the "*State Normal Magazine,*" of Greensboro, N. C.

Poetry—The little lyric, "Music Eternal Art," in "*St. Mary's Chimes,*" is written in charming diction. The theme is expressed in the final stanza:

> "The sculptor's art is like to Faith,
> The Poet's art is Hope. But Love
> Begun on earth, like Music, will
> Live on eternally, above."

"The silver Lining," in "*Davidson Magazine,*" is a beautiful poem of about a hundred lines written in blank verse. The conclusion is certainly worthy of quotation:

> "Nights comes, to conquer sunset with its blackness,
> Fall kills, to make more lovely Spring's revival,
> Life soars, then dies, to soar again ere courage
> Hath left the soul it aided, then oppressed.
> Fear not when all is darkness, but remember
> Each night marks but a prelude to the dawning
> Of a grander, better day, wherein doth lie
> The grip of old—the key of today—
> To greater, nobler, worthier achievements."

There is a strong touch of pathos in the short poem, "Homecoming," in "*The Sibyl*"; "A Vision," in "*Well's College Chronicle*"; "Moods," in "*The Sibyl*"; "Baby Heart," in "*The Limestone Star,*" all show fine poetic feeling and ability.

Alumnae Department

Editor—Isabell Wood

The Norfolk Chapter of the Alumnæ Association reports its first meeting with only a half dozen members able to attend. However, the few proved to be a group of enthusiastic girls, and they have aroused a great deal of interest in the chapter and hope for a successful year. Miss Della Page was elected president; Miss Jane Byrd Ruffin, vice-president and secretary, and Miss Edith Hyslop, treasurer. A card party was planned with the idea that each member was to get up at least one table. The Norfolk chapter will meet again after Christmas.

. . .

Miss Eleanor Sommerville, '14, married Mr. Raymond Hatch on Saturday the seventeenth of October, at Samoset, Morrisville, Vermont.

. . .

Miss Marian Yorkes and Mr. Edwin Barlow were married on October the twenty-fourth. Her address after January first will be 1240 Chriton Place, Elizabeth, N. J.

. . .

Miss Laura Woodbridge is teaching in the kindergarten of Miss Blake's School, Indiana.

. . .

Miss Edith Harper married Dr. Collier May tenth. They are at present living in Trenton, N. J.

. . .

Miss Helen Farear, '18, married Mr. Harold del Castillo, of New York, in June.

. . .

Miss Francis Wild expects to attend the University of Wisconsin the second semester.

. . .

Miss Jean Stockdale, '16, spent Thanksgiving holidays at Sweet Briar, the guest of Miss Morenus and Dorothy Neal.

Social Notes

Editor—R. Lloyd

Founder's Day of Sweet Briar College was celebrated on Friday, November 17, 1916. Exercises were held in the chapel at 10:30 A. M. The entire school marched into the chapel singing "Ancient of Days." The academic procession followed. Miss Carrie Sharpe and Miss Florence Freeman were ushers.

The program was as follows:

Invocation.....Reverend J. D. Paxton
The Significance of Founder's Day.....Miss Emilie W. McVea
Orpheus with His Lute.....The Glee Club
Address—The Influence of America on International Literature by Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, Ph. D., LL. D., L. H. D., President of Vassar College.
Benediction.....Reverend Thomas Lewis
Recessional.....''Against the Rose, Against the Green''

Among the guests were Dr. Lipscomb from Randolph-Macon, Dr. Ronthaler from Winston-Salem, Mr. Black from Lynchburg High School, Dr. Paxton, Mr. Brown from Amherst, President Cocke of Hollins College.

. . .

The annual college dance took place on Founder's Day, Friday, November 17. Miss Mildred Meek led the dance and opening figure. The rose-shaded lights, which were hung low, made most attractive and effective decorations. The Old Girl's figure was led by Miss Virginia Sandmeyer, president of the Student Government Association. Favors of Japanese parasols and lorgnettes were given to the girls and high hats and boutonieres to the men.

The committee for the dance consisted of Miss Mildred Meek, Miss Virginia Sandmeyer, Miss Catherine Marshall,

Miss Janetta Fitz Hugh, Miss Martha Darden, Miss Corinne Gibbon and Miss Olive Burton.

. . .

Miss Ellen Howison, '16, visited school over Founder's Day.

. . .

The Academy dance was given on Friday, November 24. The opening figure was led by Miss Maria Adkins. The favors for the first figure were shepherds' crooks wound in pale green for the girls, and sparklers for the men. Japanese lanterns suspended from the center of the room to the corners, and honeysuckle garlands along the walls made very pleasing decorations. The dance before the supper was again a favor dance, the girls receiving balloons, the men receiving clappers and confetti. The committee in charge of the dance was as follows: Misses Maria Adkins, Sophia Ezzell, Eleanor Steele, Marjorie Armstrong and Marie Dunham.

. . .

The New Girls' party was given on Saturday, November 25, in the Refectory. A circus, equalled by only the greatest of the world's circuses, was given that evening for the entertainment of the old girls and faculty. Miss Lucile Barrow was ringmaster and exhibited a well trained troupe. Misses Margaret Hunt, Lona Burton, Frances Parker and Dorothy Whitely were especially clever clowns. Margaret Hunt's gymnastic feats and Dorothy Whitely's "pep" certainly amused the crowd. Among other unusual features of the circus were the distribution of peanuts, ice cream, candy, and chewing gum free of charge. Cook's Band was greeted with prolonged applause. Flora Lewis, as the Strong Man, performed some remarkable feats. Cheers for favorities tore the air, when a three-legged race was put on. Little Jo Becker danced charmingly. Winnie Krause and Ernestine Hutter also danced well together. The Sweet Briar ballet as produced that evening caused quite a furor in the very patriotic audience. Dancing followed another selection by the band. "Hot dogs" and ice

cream cones were served throughout the remainder of the evening. Miss Eleanor Steele was the efficient chairman of this most delightful entertainment.

. . .

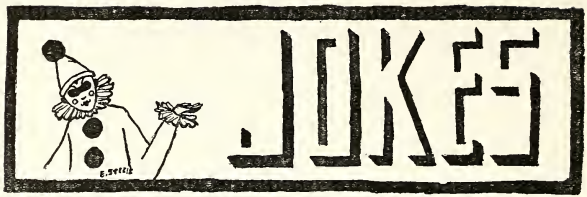
The Thanksgiving party took place this year in front of the Academic building. After the big bonfire was lighted, we marched around it singing, "Against the Rose, Against the Green." Then games, such as Drop the Handkerchief, Farmer in the Dell, and Three Deep, were played until Doctor Walker began to tell his story of the Kinder Cat. "Hot dogs" were served and following this fireworks were set off.

. . .

Miss Frances Richardson, '13, came on Monday, December 4, to visit her sister, Elizabeth, for a short time.

. . .

We congratulate the Academy upon its splendid choice of President of Student Government Association, and extend our best wishes to Miss Gwendolyn Barrett for a successful administration.



WHO'S WHO IN HER OWN EYES?

With the faculty—Esther Turk, Gladys M. Lily.
With the men—Loma Burton, Marjorie Armstrong.
On the basket-ball field—Vivienne Barkalow.
In the gym—Evelyn Redfield, Jane Pratt.
Most popular—Mildred Meek, Julia Cooke.
Most beautiful—Dorothy Smith, Berwyn Neale.

. . .

Assistant Editor—"Hey, Genie, we are to go to press tomorrow with the Christmas issue, and there hasn't been a thing done yet."

Genie—"That's easy. We will take that picture of Nina Weischelbaum in a bathing suit and put a wreath of holly around her, run a border of bills around the tea house ad. and I'll write a poem with heigho refrain."

. . .

M. D. (After the annual Thanksgiving gorge, pays Doctor Harley a visit)—"Please, doctor, fix my throat, because I can't swallow."

Doctor—"Really, it doesn't make much difference, as your capacity for swallowing was abnormal."

. . .

HEARD AT ACADEMY DANCE

He—"Go on and talk to me, you will only get a serious."

She—"Who wants to risk a serious on you?"

He—"Just step outside and I'll talk serious with you any time you want to."

Miss Sparrow (lecturing on the Italian city)—"Then all the little triburgs sprung up."

. . .

L. Case—"When is Marjorie Armstrong thinking of getting married?"

M. M.—"Constantly!"

. . .

Carrie S. (looking at her German paper marked up with red ink)—"Hey, this looks as if it had scarlet fever."

. . .

N. B.

The following notice was posted on Randoph Bulletin Board last week: "S. G. A. ACADEMY. All those who have not paid their dues by Friday will be fined five cents a day for all preceding days."

. . .

Elizabeth E.—"Miss McVea doesn't call a 'D' a tragedy, but when I got my report, I found I had two tragedies and a semi."

The Bitter With the Sweet

A
little
Snakie
ate
a
Cakie,
then—
he had
an awful
achie!
Snakie
ran to
get a
pill.
Dr. said,
"By gosh,
you're ill!"
Dr. gave
him oil
of castor.
Snakie wished
he hadn't
asked her!
Snakie died,
Mother cried,
But that
mean old
Dr. Fried!

Elizabeth C.
Eggleston, '19

College Directory

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Principal of Academy.....Mrs. A. A. Hills
Treasurer and Business Manager.....Mr. Wm. B. Dew

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President.....Cornelia Carroll

DRAMATICS

President.....Jane Pratt

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Junior.....Cornelia Carroll
Sophomore.....Caroline Sharpe
Freshman.....E. Pennypacker

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Business Manager.....V. Barkalow

MAGAZINE

Editor-in-Chief.....Genie M. Steele
Business Manager.....Eleanor Smith

CURRENT EVENTS

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List of Academy Students

Adams, Emma
Adkins, Maria
Armstrong, Marjorie
Babcock, Alice
Banks, Mildred
Baugher, Byrnina
Becker, Josephine
Bell, Minnie
Bennett, Jessie
Blair, Jean
Boone, Frances
Bullard, Daisy
Burton, Loma
Campbell, Marjorie
Carpenter, Frances
Chelf, Douglas
Clarke, Gertrude
Cofield, Elizabeth
Collins, Cordelia
Cooke, Julia
Coolidge, Catherine
Crawford, Maury
Dey, Phoebe
Dunham, Marie
Earnest, Frances
Embrey, Elizabeth
Evans, Sara
Ezzell, Sophia
Farrar, Ellen
Fawcus, Anna
Fisher, Dorothy
Ford, Agnes
Foster, Josephine
Gale, Mary
Gwynn, Stella
Hall, Mary Beverly
Heald, Alice
Henderson, Frances
Hilton, Dorothy
Hilton, Louise
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Holmes, Elizabeth
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Hutter, Earnestine
Jones, Virginia
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Keith, Hannah
Kohn, Marjorie
Kuykendall, Alva
Kuykendall, Frances
Lewis, Flora
Lilly, Gladys
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McClay, Katherine
McEwan, Virginia
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Mantor, Alcyone
Matthews, Marie
Maurice, Ellen
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Morse, Eleanor
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Neidig, Hope
Nes, Dorothy
Nicholson, Katherine
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Smith, Sara
Steele, Eleanor
Stone, Eleanor
Studley, Theda
The Losen, Marie
Thorsch, Elsa
Walker, Carol
Wallace, Dorothy
Warner, Virginia
Weichselbaum, Nina
Williams, Cardelle
Whitehill, Helen
Wright, Elizabeth

Contents

PAGE

THE MISSING SONG 115
BOBBY'S BLUFF—*Josephine P. Simrall* 116
HOME—*Elizabeth C. Eggleston*, '19 132
A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE—*G. Elanette Sollitt* 133
TO N. E.—A SONG OF "IF"—*E. Hull* 137
JACK LONDON—*Gwendolyn Barret* 138
THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF MEXICANS—*Evelyn Austin Redfield*, '20 141
DAISY'S VISION—*Maynette Rozelle*, '20 144
A FRUITLESS QUEST—*N. P. Hanna*, '20 146
EDITORIALS 147
IMAGINE 149
SWEET BRIAR HALL OF FAME 150
ATHLETICS 151
DRAMATIC NOTES 152
ALUMNÆ 156
EXCHANGES 157
SWEET REST 160
JOKES 163
COLLEGE CALENDAR 165
COLLEGE DIRECTORY 166

Business Manager's Announcement

The Sweet Briar Magazine, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published five times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, and especially of the students, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the Magazine. We hope that in return the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription, $1.50 per year. Our advertising rates are, per year:

One page	$20.00
Half page	15.00
Quarter page	8.00
Eighth page	5.00

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The Sweet Briar Magazine

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VOL. VIII SWEET BRIAR, VA., MARCH, 1917 No. 3

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The above is the statement of the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, November 2, 1916, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

The Missing Song

Singer, hear!
Lift your voice—silvery, clear—
Sing a song of joy and life!
Sing a song to make man cheer!
Such a song has not been sung
For many a year.
Men have groaned and women sighed,
Canons roared and children died.
All is gloom and black despair,
Singer!

Singer bold!
Man must smile or he will die,
Soon his heart will grow quite chill—
Yea, and old!
He is learning how to hate;
He is learning how to kill.
He must needs be taught to love!
Let your song ring out for him
And all his soul with gladness fill,
Singer!

Bobby's Bluff

Josephine P. Simrall

BOBBY was being personally conducted through Europe. Simultaneously she was personally conducting a very satisfactory flirtation with Mark Gordon.

"What are you doing it for?" Mark asked curiously one day. He referred to the personally conducted tour, not the flirtation. "Why do you throw in your lot with paupers when you ought to be making a Princess' Progress?"

"It's so dull to be a princess," Bobby answered wistfully. "I was so tired of the big steamers and the first-class carriages, where all the people look alike, and of the miles and miles of red velvet carpets in the Americanized hotels. And as for those English speaking couriers who won't let you think for yourself—do you know, Mr. Gordon, I got into such a state of nerves that I wanted to make faces at them all the time. Just imagine how shocked they would have been—and the uncles, too!" Bobby gave a delicious little chortle and Mark smiled down at her—his nice man-smile.

"You poor kid!" he said.

"Oh," she rattled on happily, "you don't know what a bore it is to be conveyed around like a bisque doll. I wanted to see sure enough life. I wanted to travel third class, and put up at pensions, and rub up against homey, everyday people. You can't guess how a princess longs for just folks."

"What did your uncles say?" querried Mark with interest. Rumor had it that Bobby's anxious, old-maid uncles had no easy job as the guardians of the erratic young heiress.

"They both threw a fit," Bobby confided slangily, "but it really was good for them. I did it partly on their account, because they need a little discipline occasionally."

"And you've liked it?" questioned Mark dubiously.

"I am adoring it," she responded, but she spoke carefully in the present tense. There was no use in confiding to him

the disillusionment of those first six weeks before he had joined them.

She had sailed early in June with Professor Jameson, his wife and their select party. Her uncles had refused to come down to the steamer to see her off, for which fact Bobby, when she had inspected the ship and her stateroom, was devoutly thankful. Bobby couldn't, in spite of her most cheerful endeavors, really like that stateroom, which she shared with a New England spinster who was addicted to writing verse, and a nice girl who taught school in Brooklyn. Neither did she like the narrow crowded decks of the small steamer, with their discouraging odors of boiled dinners, their clumsy, inefficient stewards, and their swarms of small children under everybody's feet. But above everything else Bobby hated the green deck rail, which, not contented, as the deck rail of a well regulated ship should be, with either inclining with the pitch of the ship or rising and falling with its roll, managed, by some intricate process, to achieve both movements at once, with an effect that made the stale odor of dead and gone dinners altogether unbearable. For the first time in her many crossings, Bobby was ignominiously seasick. So were the Poetess and the Nice Girl, which made the situation distinctly worse. Bobby was a pale and chastened little mortal when they landed at Liverpool.

"The trip across has been an experience of chills rather than thrills," she admitted in a letter to her college chum, "but now that I am on dry land, the most fascinating adventures are about to begin."

But again Bobby was doomed to disappointment. The third class carriages were horrid. There was an atmosphere of garlic and dirt about them that precluded romance. The pensions were dingy; the food was invariably poor; the people were hopelessly dull—they didn't seem to have a life-history among them. Bobby felt that even a background of red velvet carpets might have proved worth while to lend color to their drab and depressed existences.

The long, carefully planned days of sight-seeing were the most exhausting and wearisome experience of Bobby's hitherto

care-free life. Her only recourse during this trying period was the Nice Girl from Brooklyn, who possessed a delightful sense of humor, and was most useful in helping Bobby to evade the ubiquitious attentions and obvious intentions of the two mid-western youths, who also belonged to the party and both of whom had promptly fallen head over ears in love with the young heiress.

Bobby hated to confess herself beaten, but she was on the point of sending a telegram to her uncles acknowledging that she was an erring child and asking to be allowed to travel again with them in the accustomed manner, when Mark joined the party in Switzerland. After that Bobby's time was so fully occupied that she forgot to send the telegram.

Mark was a young American architect. He was poor, but he was not proud, since he had no ancestry to speak of. For all that he was the right sort—tall, straight, clean-looking, with broad shoulders and steady gray eyes, almost the color of Bobby's own. This was his first trip to Europe; it was also his first serious flirtation. He plunged into both with equal enthusiasm, displaying the same passionate ardor for Bobby that he did for the old cathedrals and the picture galleries. From the first he frankly appropriated her. They went together to all the out-of-the-way places of Bobby's dreams. Together they found color, romance and adventure, as one may find these things in Italy when one is young.

One golden day in Florence they wandered into the court yard where the youthful Dante had first beheld the little Beatrice. Love awaited them there as he had awaited Dante, and all that day they followed in the Poet's footsteps through Paradise. The cerulean sky of Florence, the peculiarly radiant quality of Florentine sunlight, the silver magic of the Arno slipping under her low arched bridges, the bird songs in the Boboli gardens where Mark quoted from the "Sonnets from the Portugese" while Bobby listened with shining eyes, the thrill of new life among old dreams and old romance, all were enough to create Paradise for anyone. Bobby and Mark forgot the world, forgot themselves, and were conscious only of each other. That evening they climbed the long flight of

pension steps on feet of air, and cared not a whit that the table-d'hote was over, that the two young mid-westerners were regarding them with lowering looks and that Mr. Jameson greeted them with words of reproach.

"My dear young friends," he protested, "this really will hardly do, you know. We have been extremely anxious concerning you———"

But Mrs. Jameson, who had a warm, broad smile and a twinkle in her brown eyes, interrupted him impatiently. "Oh, William," she sighed, "where is your sense of fitness? Don't you know that to be young in Florence on such a heavenly day as this is an excuse for anything?"

Bobby threw her a grateful look and slipped away to her room. When the Nice Girl came in a little later with some biscuit and a glass of wine she found her roommate staring starry-eyed into the gloaming. Bobby turned at her entrance and opened eager young arms. "Oh, she pleaded, "won't you hug me?—hug me real tight just once? You know my mother died when I was only five years old."

* * * * * * *

In Venice a week later came Bobby's awakening. It was a moonlight night, and she and Mark and the Nice Girl had, with Mrs. Jameson's connivance, slipped away from the rest of the party for a ride on the enchanted waters of the canal. The Nice Girl, perhaps because she really was tired after a long, hot day of sight-seeing, perhaps because she was exceptionally nice and understanding, had promptly curled up in the bottom of the gondola and gone to sleep. Mark and Bobby sat together in the stern, while Venice slipped by them like a poet's dream. They glided silently past rose-bowered doorways, under gray old bridges and beneath carven balconies all silvered into magic by the moonlight. Both were silent; only the splash! spash! of the gondolier's paddle broke the poignant stillness. Bobby's heart began to beat rapidly and her breath came in quick little sighs through her half-open lips. The long lashes drooped over her shining eyes. She was afraid to lift them, afraid of what she might see in

the face above her, and yet she was suddenly aware that it was the one thing in the world she most longed to see. With an effort she raised her head and looked at him, and then she gave a noiseless little gasp. He was not thinking of her at all. His eyes were fixed upon far distances; his lips were puckered and he began to whistle softly. Bobby recognized the air; she had had an old darkey mammy to care for her during her motherless childhood.

"I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie
An' I can't stay here no longer——"

The plaintive strain mingled with the moonlight and the flower fragrance and the rhythmical strokes of the gondolier. It held that undertone of sorrow which perfect beauty and perfect joy always contain. But for Bobby the joy had suddenly gone. Mark was not looking at her, not thinking of her, not *loving* her on this night that was made for love. He was far, far away, perhaps with some dark-eyed southern girl. Her heart gave a great passionate throb of jealousy, and then she turned cold all over. She had not realized before that she really cared.

"Don't you think we ought to be going in now?" she suggested a few minutes later in a quite voice. "Miss Denmore is sound asleep and I believe I am a little tired myself."

The man pulled himself together with a start. "Are you tired?" he asked wistfully. "It is all so beautiful—so wonderful! I had forgotten that we had bodies. It seemed as though we were two spirits, just drifting, drifting away into the Land of Moonlight." He shook his great shoulders with a little half-apologetic laugh for his sentimental mood; then noticing her white little face he exclaimed contritely, "What a brute I am! You are all tired out. We will go in at once."

That night Bobby tossed sleeplessly through the long hours, and the next morning there were dark circles under her eyes and her face had a drawn, tired look.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mark abruptly. They were crossing the Plaza, and the doves were circling through the air like white dreams. Bobby adored the doves, but today her eyes were heavy and she scarcely glanced at them. At Mark's question she gave a pale little smile.

"Nothing," she answered, "Nothing is really the matter. I'm homesick, I guess. You know I've never had a home, and I get dreadfully homesick for the home I've never had."

"You've never had a home?" questioned Mark, and there was a note of unwonted bitterness in his voice. "Why to my certain knowledge you have three, and I don't know how many more may be tucked away in odd corners of the universe. Your uncles are some class when it come to building homes for you, Miss Brown. Your Riverside drive home is one of the best examples of pure Renaissance we have on the other side. Your Newport house is a dandy old colonial; and there's that bungalow our firm put up for you in California last year. You're hard to satisfy. Three such homes would seem almost enough for one small person."

"They're not homes," said Bobby shortly, "they're just houses. I've never had a real home in my life. That's why I wanted to travel this way this summer. I thought maybe pensions would seem sort of home-like, but they don't."

Mark laughed that big, boyish laugh of his. "No," he said, "no, pensions are not strong on the home atmosphere. What is your idea of a home?"

A bit of the sparkle came back to Bobby's face. "Oh," she said, "do you really want to hear? It is my favorite fairy tale. It's a little house," she began soberly, "gray, trimmed with white, and it has shutters so you can shut out the world when you want to. There's a big living room, with a roomy porch off somewhere for the summer time, for you never leave your home if you can help it, even in summer. Then there's a cosy chimney place for a wood fire, and lots of windows with white muslin curtains, that you hemstitch and put up yourself. Don't you love white muslin curtains?" she questioned and Mark nodded, a queer look on his face.

"The furniture is rather shabby, "she continued, "used-up looking, you know, but liveable, like old friends. You don't mind its being a bit scratched and battered any more than you mind the wrinkles in your friend's face. Sometimes you have to tack new chintz on to cover up the shabbiness, and you cover the sofa cushions with the same kind of chintz and hang some over the muslin curtains at the windows and it looks just beautiful. Don't it look beautiful?" she demanded with a swift side-glance at Mark's face. Seeing his expresion she hurried on rather quickly, without waiting for an answer.

"There are bookcases, of course, just filled with all kind of books that look as if they were everlastingly being hauled out and stuck in again. I hate a formal bookcase worse than I hate formal people. "She glanced up again and then stopped short. "I don't believe you like my story," she said.

"I like it immensely," he assured her in rather a grim voice. "Go on."

She smiled as she continued. "There's a garden outside, but no gardener. You've got to get up and work in that garden yourself if you want the flowers to grow. And there's a bird bath, and the children scatter fresh crumbs every morning———." She stopped again abruptly, her face suddenly scarlet. Mark groaned.

"So that's the sort of thing you want, is it?" he asked in a smothered sort of voice. "You poor little thing! Don't you know that with all your millions you can't make fairy tales come true?"

Bobby's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"I hate you," she said, "I hate you. Why do you talk to me that way? They mean nothing to you—my homesickness and the fairy tales that I make up to comfort myself?"

"No," answered Mark bitterly, "of course they mean nothing to me. How could they? *I* can't build for you the home of your dreams," and turning abruptly he left her there alone in the square with the doves circling about her like little white ghosts.

Bobby hurried back to the pension blindly. When she entered her room, she found the Nice Girl sitting in a deep chair by the window darning stockings. Bobby threw herself on the floor beside her and buried her burning face in the older girl's lap. She lay there very quietly for a little while and then she spoke in a rather still voice.

"Kathleen," she said, "it is horrible to be rich. It makes people pity you instead of loving you. It sets you apart, so that you don't know how to get close to folks, or how to make them care for you in the dear, poor, human way."

Kathleen made a wry little face above the bowed head, but when she sopke her voice was full of tenderness.

"It's even harder to be poor, dear," she answered. "Poverty brings you too close to people. It makes them hate you. It doesn't leave room for sweetness and growth and love."

"But it all seems so stupid," protested Bobby. "Why don't the rich people and the poor people get together and work it out someway?"

A glint of laughter came into the older girl's face. "They might," she conceded, "but their success would depend on so many things?"

"What, for instance?" demanded Bobby with deep interest.

"Well," answered Kathleen, still smiling, "I should say in a specific instance upon the rich person's determination and the poor person's pride."

But Bobby shook her head drearily, "No," she said, "you are all wrong. He doesn't care for me that way a bit. He is only sorry for me."

"Are you quite sure you care for him?" questioned Kathleen seriously.

But Bobby only buried her head again and refused to answer. There are some things you can't tell even the nicest of girls.

That evening Bobby flirted half-heartedly and quite impartially with the two mid-western youths, while Mark disappeared immediately after table d'hote and was not seen again until lunch time next day. Then he was in a silent mood. An air of general depression seemed, indeed, to have

settled over the entire party with the exception of the two boys who were in such uproarious spirits that they irritated everybody else beyond endurance. Bobby did not come down to lunch, but she appeared later in her walking suit, her golden curls surmounted by the beguiling little brown toque that sat so bewitchingly upon them. She approached Mark rather timidly.

"I want to get off a telegram," she said, "and I haven't an idea how to go about it. Would you help me?"

"Sure thing," answered Mark, but the glad, boyish note was lacking from his voice. It sounded tired. "Give it to me. I'll get it off for you."

She handed him the slip of paper. "Is it all right?" she questioned, "I never did know how to write a telegram."

He glanced over it. "So you are going to leave us?" he asked with a strained note in his voice.

"I must," explained Bobby rather elaborately. "You see I promised them, or I almost promised them, that I would join them in Austria. They would be dreadfully disappointed if I didn't come. They *are* fond of me, the dears, even though they do disapprove of me so frightfully. And I find, too, that I am getting a bit tired. I'm not used to quite such strenuous sightseeing———," her voice trailed off.

"I see," said the man quietly. "I'll get this right off—and then, Miss Brown, I wonder if you would go with me to choose those beads for my sister? If you are leaving so soon, we might not have another chance, and I do want your help."

"Of course I'll go," answered Bobby eagerly. "I'll wait for you in the square with the doves. I—I shall hate to tell the doves goodbye."

The doves fluttered down about Bobby, alighting on her shoulders and picking crumbs daintily from her hand. She made a beguiling picture as she stood there in the golden light of the Venetian sun, with the many-colored facade of San Marco as a background. Mark stopped a moment to look and drew his breath sharply, but he joined her the next moment quite casually.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "but there was some delay about getting the message off. They are so stupid. I didn't quite catch on to the clerk's gibberish. He seemed to be trying to put over something about war messages, but Mexico's the only country at war just now and that couldn't affect them over here; I must have misunderstood. But I made him take it at last, and I guess he'll put it through."

"Thank you so much." Bobby had a sudden wild hope, which her voice did not betray, that the message wouldn't get through. "Shall we go now and look at the beads?"

It was delightfully intimate to choose beads for Mark's sister. When the two modest strings had seen selected with much discussion and comparing of merits, Bobby bought a dozen elaborate strings on her own account with no discussion at all.

"I haven't any money," she said while the man was wrapping them, "I'll have to make out an express check."

She pulled out her little green book and with the aid of Mark's fountain pen filled in the check. She loitered over the task. It was so dear to be buying things with Mark, to have him standing there beside her unscrewing his pen for her to use. In a few days her uncles would come for her, and she would go away with them to the luxuries of the big hotels and first class carriages, and Mark would go on with the funny, dull, draggled little party. He would talk to Kathleen on the moonlit balconies, and he would listen to the spinster's verses, and laugh with Mrs. Jameson and smoke with Mr. Jameson and jolly the young mid-westerners, who adored him in spite of their jealousy, and she wouldn't be there! A sob came into her throat.

"Won't it write?" asked Mark.

"Yes," she answered with a little catch in her voice. "It's all right. I just couldn't see very well."

She tore out the check and handed it to him and he passed it over to the obsequious clerk, who was rubbing his hands over the excellent sales he had made. He regarded the check, however, with a look of childish disappointment.

"But I cannot taik 'eem," he protested, "I cannot taik de paiper. I can taik onlee de gol'."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Mark impatiently. "You know very well that this is just the same as gold. Everybody takes American Express checks. See here." He pointed out to the man the value of Italian money printed on the face of the check. But the clerk shook his head.

"I am vairree sorree," he deprecated, "but today, non, I cannot taik 'eem. I do not dare. All pay mus' be in gol'."

"Come, man, don't be an idiot," exclaimed Mark impatiently. "Why can't you take the check today as well as any other day?"

The little Italian threw out his arms dramatically, " 'Count the war, cannot taik 'eem! 'Count the terrible war!"

"The war!" Bobby and Mark looked at each other blankly. "What war are you talking about?" demanded Mark.

"The great war—the world-war," answered the man suddenly ablaze. "All the nations but only your America—they all go to war! Austria, Germany, Russia, France—perhaps even England, too—by and by our Italy, I theenk. They all fight in the great war! It is declared!" Then suddenly dropping to the practical aspect of the situation, "And the mon, it is vairree tight. Only gol' can I taik!"

The two Americans gasped. The thing was unbelievable. They had heard vague rumors, it is true—a word here, a half-expressed fear there. In their absorbed days they had had little time for news-gathering. A world-war!

"It isn't true," said Mark. "Come, let's go to Cook's and get this thing straightened out."

But at Cook's they found that the unbelievable was true. The Austrian armies were in the field; Germany was mobilizing with incredible rapidity—already her soldiers were marching into Belgium. Russia was gathering her forces together; France was ablaze; England was waiting only for Germany's reply to her protest. The world was at war; grim, earnest, terrible, the nations were marshalling their fighting men.

Bobby and Mark hurried breathlessly back to the pension to find everyone in a state of tense excitement. Mrs. Jameson met them, her face white.

"Heavens, I'm glad to see you!" she greeted them. "We are leaving at once. Mr. Jameson has been fortunate enough to secure money and to engage passage for us all on a ship that sails from Genoa tomorrow. It is the purest luck. People are so bewildered they don't know what to do, and he acted quickly. We leave at four, so hurry with your packing."

Bobby had turned rather white. "But I can't go," she said in a small, quiet voice. "I cannot possibly go until I have communicated with my uncles."

"My dear child," remonstrated Mrs. Jameson, "your uncles were in Austria when you last heard from them. Austria is already in the thick of the war; you can't get a message through, now. It may be weeks before you could make connections with them. You must come with us, of course, and cable from the other side."

"I must wait here for them," replied Bobby firmly, "they know that I am in Venice. They will come straight here to look for me. Italy isn't at war yet. I'll be quite safe."

"But, my dear Miss Brown." Mrs. Jameson was becoming exasperated. The past two hours had been nerve-racking ones. "You are nothing but a child; you have never taken care of yourself in your life. It is quite impossible for a young and pretty girl to stay in Venice alone. It's not even to be considered. You must go back to the rest of your family and wait there to hear from your uncles."

"There isn't any rest," Bobby spoke wistfully. "My uncles are all the family I have. They would be frantic with anxiety about me; and Uncle William isn't very well. It isn't good for him to be worried. I must stay right here until I can hear from them."

Mrs. Jameson gave her a despairing look. "Who will stay with you?" she demanded shortly.

"I don't know," answered Bobby sweetly. "Of course the rest of you must go on—but, perhaps, the Madame———."

"The Madame," exploded Mrs. Jameson, "I wouldn't trust the Madame with a kitten. I'll go speak to Mr. Jameson." She hurried out, and Bobby sinking into the big chair by the window, looked dejectedly out across the Lagoon. Mark paced up and down the long salon with a troubled face. Then he stopped before her.

"See here, Bobby." He had never used her Christian name before and she looked up with a sudden light in her eyes. "Mrs. Jameson is dead right," he continued, seemingly oblivious of the slip, "you can't possibly stay here alone. The situation is really serious. We may be bottled up over here for months, if we don't get out now. You'd better come."

Bobby lifted a white little face to his. "I can't come," she said soberly. "I'm sorry. I know it's beastly of me to block things this way, but I've just got to stay here until the uncles come. I promised. They said, 'If any difficulties of any sort occur promise that you will telegraph for us and stay still until we come,' and I gave them my word. Suppose they should hurry here and find no trace of me. They would be wild."

"You could leave word for them at Cook's," suggested Mark.

"At Cook's!" echoed Bobby scornfully. "How many hundred and hundreds of confused messages do you suppose will be tangled up at Cook's? It's no use, I wish you all wouldn't worry so, for *I am going to stay.*"

Mark had only met Bobby six weeks before, but he already knew her well enough to realize that when she made a statement with that particular note of determination in her voice, arguments were a waste of time. He took to pacing the floor again as Mr. Jameson bustled in, much irritated by the complications which Bobby was causing. The Professor took fifteen precious minutes to argue, expostuate and finally appeal.

"I am sorry," Bobby reiterated, "and I feel dreadful to cause you so much trouble—but I must stay."

"But what do you expect us to do?" questioned Mr. Jameson wearily. "You are under our care. You must see that

under the circumstances neither Mrs. Jameson nor I can remain here to look after you. And we cannot possibly leave you alone in Italy." Mr. Jameson looked as if he wanted to add, "You little fool!" but restrained himself with difficulty.

"I'm sorry," Bobby repeated "but, indeed, I think I can get along all right until my uncles come."

Mr. Jameson gave her a look of utter exasperation, and then left the room to consult again with his worried wife. Bobby returned to her view of the Lagoon and Mark continued his restless pacing. In a few minutes the door opened again and Kathleen entered. She went straight to Bobby and perched on the arm of her chair.

"Bobby," she said, "you've got to come with us, you know. I'd stay with you if I could, but I can't. I don't dare run the risk of not being at home when the schools open."

Bobby reached up loving arms, but said nothing.

"Not one of the others could stay," continued Kathleen, "except our poetess and she wouldn't, she's scared to death. And the boys—but, of course, they couldn't help out in this situation."

"I might marry one of them," suggested Bobby in a reckless little voice. "That would make it all right. I might marry Tim. I don't believe he would mind, do you? Or, if he did, I'm almost sure Tom wouldn't."

The Nice Girl gave a gasp, and then she laughed. Stooping over Bobby she kissed her very tenderly on the forehead, and then, without another word, she left the room. Bobby turned again to the Lagoon and Mark continued his pacing to and fro. The silence became oppressive.

Finally Bobby spoke. "You must have walked five miles since we came in," she exclaimed irritably. "Aren't you getting tired?"

Mark pulled out his watch and looked at it without replying; then he hauled a chair up to Bobby and sat down facing her.

"It's three o'clock," he said, "and we must leave in just an hour. You are behaving rather childishly, you know, and you're causing other people a lot of trouble. If you *must*

communicate with your uncles there is only one way that I can see of accomplishing it. You will have to go on with the Jamesons, of course, but if it will relieve your mind I'll stay over here, look your uncles up and report to them. Will that satisfy you?"

"No," answered Bobby promptly, "it won't. You are very, very good; but I couldn't think of letting you go to so much trouble—just for me."

"But, good heavens, girl, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Mark blankly.

"I'm going to stay here myself," answered Bobby serenely, "just stay quietly here until my uncles come."

"But you can't stay here alone," Mark began all over again patiently. "You are far too young and far too beautiful to remain alone in Italy. The Americans are all leaving—even the consul's family has gone, as I happen to know. You see it is impossible."

"Perhaps Tim would be willing to stay with me," suggested Bobby casually. "If he would rather not, I'm sure that Tom would."

"Alone in Venice, with one of those boys! What a kid you are! Don't you know any better than that?" Mark tried to speak lightly, but there was a keen edge of exasperation in his voice.

"I'd marry him, of course, whichever one was willing. It would be better than deserting my uncles, and I would have it understood that a divorce was to be arranged for afterwards. I don't believe either of them would mind doing it for me."

"Mind!" exploded Mark, "Mind!" He jumped up and began pacing the floor again and Bobby turned with a weary little sigh to her contemplation of the Lagoon. Suddenly Mark stood over her.

"Look here, Bobby," he said in a hard voice, "you know, you must know that I love you! I love you with my whole body and mind and soul, all there is of me! There isn't anything that a man can do that I wouldn't do for you. I can't ask you to be my wife. I haven't got enough money to keep

you in pocket-handkerchiefs. I would never have said a word under ordinary circumstances. But these aren't ordinary circumstances, and I'm yours to use in any way you may choose to use me, and when you are through with me, I'll disappear out of your world forever. Just to serve you, just to be near you for a little while, would be far more than I've dared to dream of. And you could trust me. You are the heart and soul of me, dear. I love you too much ever to hurt or trouble you." He paused abruptly. When he spoke again his voice was full of troubled doubt. "Perhaps I am a cad for telling you this," he said like an anxious boy, "I never meant to, but I thought maybe it might make things a bit easier for you just now." He stopped again.

Bobby sat very still for a minute, then she lifted her face to the anxious face above her. Her eyes were shining.

"You stupid man!" she said, "I've been trying for the last hour to *make* you tell me. I wanted so dreadfully to find out if you really cared. Now let's get married at once and go and look for the uncles."

Home

Elizabeth Carrington Eggleston, '19

Beyond the Blue Ridge ranges,
In a vale mid mountains high,
Where low-lying peaks are bluest,
And bluer still the sky,
Where the streams flow swiftest, clearest,
And the wind moans anew its old song,
'Tis there, when my heart is a-weary,
I go, and again am made strong.

But 'tis not the calm of the mountains,
Nor the blue of the skies far above
That renews me when, broken in spirit,
'Tis the soul-healing power of Love.
And it is not the streams that murmur,
Or the soft whispering winds which roam,
That make me long for, adore it—
'Tis that Mother is there—it is Home.

A Universal Language

G. Elanette Sollitt

THERE was once a universal language. It was very simple, and was most easily learned. It consisted mainly of motions and gestures of various sorts. The voice was used, too, but in only two ways, to scream or holler in pain, fright, or disappointment, or to laugh to express joy or satisfaction. These were the primary sounds, and they, with the gestures, composed the language that was known and spoken by all mankind. Man's desires and possessions were few, so this simple language was quite adequate for all his needs. Man was a man—not a German or an Englishman or a Frenchman. There was no lack of intercourse between men, because they failed to understand each other's language. There was no national prejudice. Man should have thought the world a most perfect place to live in. He should have been supremely happy, but he was not.

Why, amid all these blessings, was man unhappy? Because into his life had crept knowledge, bringing with her desire and dissatisfaction. Man found that he could not express his new emotions and feelings in the simple language that had been evolved. He discovered at the same time, that his voice was capable of making a great many noises that had hitherto been overlooked. Desire for some mode of expression made him resort to grunts as the most appropriate method to employ. So started the grunt language which is at the base of all the hundreds of tongues that are spoken today. By various vocal noises man began to communicate his thoughts to his fellow men. This mode of conversation was more difficult than the first kind, but since it covered so much larger field of knowledge than the first, it pleased man well. That is to say, it pleased the individual man or certain small groups of men well, but it did not please other groups at all.

"Why," said these several groups, among themselves, "should we let one group make a language for us all? Are

we not just as capable of making a language of our own? Then let us make one." Of course, they did not say it in just that way. They said it by stamping their feet and shaking their fists and grunting and hollowing in a most distressing manner. Then they put their heads together and evolved a lot of brand new, perfectly good language which nobody understood outside of his particular group. No longer was there a universal language and a universal calm. Men could no longer understand each other. Friendship among the several groups became almost impossible, since misunderstanding and petty rivalries were constantly occurring. The world began to show active signs of movement and progress among its inhabitants.

Then Dame Nature, a fun-loving, though motherly body, decided she would have a little amusement, too. She saw desire drive men from their native groups or tribes into new lands. She saw them go far away from the main groups that spoke their tongue, and then she began her mischief. She made the men in the southern climes drawl their words, and change them. She made the men of the colder northern climes make their words crisper and shorter. Briefly, she broke up the already numerous tongues into a great many more. She multiplied and remultiplied the languages of men, until finally all the tongues that are spoken today, and many that have long since been forgotten, were evolved.

We are wandering far away from the subject of the universal language, but as surely as man's mind has turned to the idea for solace and possible relief from the troubles of today, just so surely shall this trend of thought lead us back to the universal language. Today the number of modern languages is so great and the languages are so difficult to learn, that the very circumstances hold up inter-national commerce and requires an enormous proportion of every student's time just for the learning of two or three of them, to say nothing of the misunderstandings and bad feelings that are provoked among the people of the different nations. Today there are thousands of tongues. There is no man alive who can converse with all of his fellowmen. Just as long as there

are so many languages, there are bound to be international prejudices and quarrels. And the average man does not like quarrels. They disturb his peace of mind, and force him to exert himself to an unusual degree. Man is naturally a little lazy. He works hard, often, but he works just to gain comfort and ease for himself. It is not strange, then, that he should desire a universal language.

A universal language. It *would* be a convenient thing to have, wouldn't it? One could tell one's Swedish maid to bring in the cake, and be sure of *getting* the cake instead of some more potatoes, for instance. One could go to Grand Opera and enjoy it almost as much as one enjoys any other musical show. Yes, anyone can see that it would be most convenient. Why, then, does not some clever person start a universal language?

Unfortunately, there are difficulties in the way of composing a universal language, or rather, in the way of launching such a scheme for the relief of mankind. Anyone could compose the language, but who could make it universal? As we remarked before, man is lazy, and he rebels at any unnecessary labor, mental or physical. "What?" he says, "another language to learn? No thank you. If my grandson wants a universal language he may have it. I am quite content with the world the way it is."

Even supposing that man were not lazy—a most audacious supposition—and that all the civilized races pledged themselves to learn a universal language, what about the poor savages? It would be too bad to exclude them, because they too are men, but how could the language be taught to them?

It has been suggested that one of the modern tongues be adapted for the universal language (or nearly universal language, if we except the savage.)

"Ach, ja!" says the German, "Deutsche!"

"Oui, oui," says the Frenchman, "Français!"

"Oh, yes!" says the Englishman, "English!"

Personally, we are in favor of English, but since the Germans and the Frenchmen and all the men of other nations are so stupid that they cannot see the inferiority of their

languages to ours, what are we going to do about it?'' There is only one way in which a universal language can be established. That way is so simple that we marvel it has not been attempted before. Man has only to forget all he knows and revert to his primorial simplicity of living and of intercourse once more.

''But,'' says the rich man, ''must I give up my motor?''

''Well,'' says the educated man, ''I must give up all I know?''

''Nay,'' says the common laborer, ''I must still have occasionally my lay-out.''

So even this admirable plan fails. Man has pampered himself too long. There can be no universal language.

To N. E.—A Song of "If"

E. Hull.

If you can come to Sweet Briar as a freshman
And go through all a freshman's cares and woes,
And make yourself a universal favorite
And be the girl who justly wears the rose:
If you can bear your own and other's trouble
And always take life's hardships as they come:
If you can keep up hope and never grumble
Though very often life seems on the bum:
If you can conquer all of your temptations,
If you can play and not neglect your work,
If you can sit and dream of past flirtations
And still while dreaming not your duty shirk:
If, while in basket ball you play your hardest
And find you've lost it when the game is done,
And yet can cheer the other team the longest
And try to seem content that they have won:
If you can go through four long years of college
And carry honors off with your degree,
And feel that you've acquired much hard-earned knowledge
And are prepared for trials that are yet to be:
Then, after you have left your Alma Mater
And found that you in all things have been true,
Your name and memory will be cherished ever
And what is greater—you'll be a woman, too!

Jack London

Gwendolyn Barret

THE most popular story-teller in recent American Annals disappears with the premature death of Jack London. He was born and reared in the West and represents the type of the outdoor man. The influence of that great and boundless section of the country has given a rich inheritance to its inhabitants. The result of freedom independence, and clean living has moulded a type of man, rough and unpolished, but embodying traits of honor and hospitality. Jack London is a type of this kind of man.

His parents were people of limited means and early in life he began to make his own living. At the age of twelve he became an oyster pirate in San Francisco. This venture instilled in him a love of the sea which he never lost. Afterwards he went abroad. He took passage on a seal hunting vessel, and had many rich experiences among the icebergs of the Behring Sea. He returned home a hardened sailor, and without any money. He secured work as a coal shoveler, longshoreman, and factory hand. He lived the things he later wrote about in his books. He had very little schooling, and what he had was interspersed with work in a laundry. His heart was never in his books, and his college education ended with a wild search for gold in the Klondike. His associates were hard-working, hard-swearing, and hard-drinking men, and his stories are rich with scenes describing the vigor and vitality of the strenuous life he led. The Pacific and the Yukon were to him what the West and the Mississippi were to Mark Twain.

He has been called the cave man of literature. His stories are primitive in that they are often savage and brutal, but they are tremendously powerful in expressing human emotions and passions. He was to a certain extent an idealist. We picture him living in the open, hunting and fishing, and liv-

ing a carefree life away from the restrictions of society. It is not surprising to find him taking a trip with his wife, on the South Pacific, in a little boat forty-two feet on the water line. The story of this voyage was told both by himself and by his wife. Some say his wife's account was the better of the two. But if hers was the more interesting, his was the more picturesque. It tells of a happiness and a freedom that are the outcome of a perfect understanding and congeniality existing between a man and his wife.

He had the rare gift of reproducing his emotions on paper. The winning personality and abounding vitality of the man characterize his works. The stimulating environment in which he was reared and his cleverness and adaptability mark him as the founder of a school of red-blooded men of letters. Whether true or exaggerated their painted pictures are a strong appeal to the imagination and fancy of the reader. His heroes are prone to address the object of their affections as "my mate" or "my woman." This implies a regard for woman as the equal of man, and as his inspiration and helper. The woman is a part of the man's whole life. We find her by his side, whether in the home, or on the desert.

His works are often marred with brutal thoughts and rough scenes. It is the influence of early environment cropping out in him. Yet, the influence never touched his heart. He was born human, and as he grew he became broad-minded and more human. His socialism expresses a love of justice and a generous sympathy for the weak and unfortunate.

It seems unbelievable that Jack London could have written so much in such a short space of time. He was a voluminous writer. "The Call of the Wild" and the "White Fang" are recognized as his best books. In the former he enters into the nature of a dog which was part wolf and which returns to the wild life. The latter tells of a wolf which was part dog and which under the training of love and affection became a faithful guardian of the house. The setting of both books was laid in Alaska. A love of adventure and life in the open are pictured in both stories. "Virile" is the word commonly applied in describing all his works. He affected a great scorn for

gentle sentiment and grace in writing, but some of his passages show that he was not always rough and violent in his feelings. His heroes are powerful characters, men of strength and ability. When he attempted to describe woman he failed. His heroines are not real but are manufactured characters.

An article on "A Typhoon Off the Coast of Japan" was his first work, and took a newspaper prize. Oddly enough the "Atlantic Monthly" published his next story. Later he became a newspaper correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War.

All his works are confined to the new century. "The Song of the Wolf," his first book, was published in 1900. The "Call of the Wild" appeared in 1903. "Jerry," another dog story, has been announced by the Macmillan Company to come out in April of the present year. He was a rapid writer until the day of his death.

His works possess power, originality, force and color. He was at his best in the storm, and the contest of man with man. At times his pictures are the work of a genius. Abroad his writings are better known than those of greater authors. This is due to the foreigner's idea of a "breezy" American as a typical American. Russia has felt his influence, and in recent years has showed signs of developing a London cult. The strenuous living depicted by London has made a strong appeal to the imagination of the foreigners, and his stories are read abroad with a great deal of interest.

It is too soon to attempt to say what London's place will be in the literary world. We do know that some of his books will carry his name on for decades to come. His works may not have the approval of literary critics, but he has the reputation for being the most popular story teller in recent American annals. The wonders of the vast and boundless north have been opened to us through the mastery of his hand. As an outcome of his efforts the majesty and unspeakable beauty of Alaska, our own North land, as portrayed by his pen, have awakened in us a desire to know this land whose peaks of ice and snow awe us, and whose marvelous beauties are to all an inspiration.

The National Character of Mexicans

Evelyn Austin Redfield, '20

EVERY nation has its own particular characteristics. It is true that the population of a country is made up of individuals, but those individuals have the same climate, the same environment and the same general habits and conditions of life. They are gradually moulded together until they develop the same characteristics which go to make up their national character.

The Mexicans are not an exception to the rule. Their country has been in existence a long time and their national character has been formed. The most startling trait in the Mexican make-up is the innate tendency to steal. Few people who have visited Mexico have escaped without gleaming some inside information on the subject. In that country no movable property is at all safe. Watches, chains, handkerchiefs and even buttons disappear mysteriously. The natives have become such adepts at this gentle art that these minor trinkets can be acquired directly beneath the victim's nose and yet without his knowledge. They are not at all ashamed of their thievishness. On the contrary, they seem quite proud of it. In the City of Mexico there has been a building erected which is called the Thieves' Market. This roomy building is divided into small stalls, in each of which sits a thief who sells his stolen property at a very small price. This market is a most interesting place. In it can be purchased anything from a collar button to a stiletto.

A second prominent characteristic of the Mexicans is their laziness. Their middle class is not a working class. In place of busy farmers and tradesmen, Mexico has idlers, beggars, and soldiers. If she had a class of good sturdy, frugal hard-working people, she would not be as she is now—literally torn to pieces with internal strife and warfare. The idlers, beggars and soldiers—who are such from sheer slothfullness—

hang about the streets of the towns and drowse or else spend their time creating trouble. Every corner has a beggar who slouches in the dust with his big sombero and ragged blankets. The towns are full of rowdy, drunken soldiers who quarrel and fight from place to place until some new commander comes into prominence. The new commander, perchance, offers them money for their military services, for which they follow his standards until he is killed, after which they return to their homes and idle about the streets until the next commander comes their way.

The Mexicans are very crafty and deceitful. They are so treacherous that they can never be relied upon. For instance, not many months ago, some American miners were granted a safe passage through Mexico. On the way they were stopped, lined up, and shot down. The man who puts any faith in a Mexican's word usually realizes the error too late.

The Mexicans look up to and respect the strong and mighty, but they have no use for anyone who lacks backbone. Old Diaz ruled them with an iron hand for many years. During his reign Mexico had peace, strange as it may seem. After he was killed no man could be found who was stern and cruel enough to control the country. The United States has been very lenient toward Mexicans. The government demanded that Mexico salute the American flag. Mexico refused to comply with the demand and the United States did not enforce it. Mexico received the impression that the United States had no backbone, and has treated us in an insulting and scornful way ever since.

The Mexicans are one of the dirtiest races in the world. They live in filthy adobe houses which are built around an open space called the corral. In the corral are the horses and chickens, and all the other animals of the establishment. Man and beast live in the closest proximity and filth. They are as uncleanly in every respect as they are in their habitations, and their filthiness causes much disease and suffering. Nearly every Mexican has had smallpox or lives in anticipation of having it in the near future.

The Mexicans are very picturesque in many ways. Their mode of dressing is most artistic. The men with their sombreros, studded belts, velvet trousers and high boots, and the women with their sashes, plumed fans and spangles have created the idea that Mexico is a romantic nation. The gay people on the palmed promenades, the lover serenading his senorita on her balcony, are all blended together in one's mind. There is a spirit of romance firmly moulded into the national character of the Mexican.

One of the best traits of the Mexican is his hospitality. This does not mean that he is always hospitable. He may harbor a man for the night and cut his throat in the morning. A Mexican's hospitality is determined by his attitude toward his guest. If he likes his guest, he will give him anything and will do everything for him. He is always most generous and hospitable towards his friends, but it is often difficult to know whether he *is* your friend.

The Mexicans do not attempt to conceal their sins. They may be deceitful in order to commit a new sin, but they never hide their sins unless it is expedient to do so. The fact that they have a market of thieves shows this truth very clearly. The fact that they make no attempts to hide their sins shows that they either have an inclination to be candid or that they are so wicked that they can no longer distinguish right from wrong.

The national character of the Mexicans is anything but admirable. They have created it against much foreign effort and influence to the contrary, so they have no one to reproach for its low quality but themselves.

Daisy's Vision

Maynette Rozelle, '20

SPRING had come to Sweet Briar House. Everything proclaimed it, from the birds singing in the boxwood and the hazy blue of the sky, to the song of the darkies as they gave the stately old house a thorough, if unnecessary cleaning.

Daisy knew it was spring, too, for had not the little squirrel intimated as much to her from the top of the old oak? How long the winter had been! But now the air was soft and balmy, and even anxious Mother Williams could feel no fear of its effect upon Daisy's delicate constitution. At last she could play in her boxwood play-house again. What changes had taken place! With eager eyes she scanned the entrance, which had become overgrown during the winter's neglect, and pushing her way in, she reached the inside, with only the impregnable walls of the boxwood and the blue of the sky to watch her. She sat down on an old moss-grown stump and thought and thought, as young girls of thirteen are apt to do.

A little squirrel gazed at her from the top of the tree and chattered his complaint over her intrusion into what he considered his private property. The noise grew and grew until Daisy was not at all certain whether it was the squirrel's chattering or—that was it, the sound of many voices raised in talking! The boxwood gradually lost its form and in its place appeared a row of wonderful buildings, the like of which Daisy had never seen before. Girls clad in white walked arm in arm over the green sward, formed little groups and broke away laughing, when the tinkle of a bell sounded on the clear morning air. Daisy leaned forward attentively to watch a procession of the same girls enter a building two by two.

The scene changed and Daisy saw the inside of the building. She noted with wonder the happy and rapt expression of the girls as they entered singing. Entranced by this sight, she

did not listen to what was taking place on the platform, until the words "Founder's Day" reached her ears. She listened attentively to learn the meaning of the ceremony, but she could hear no more of the spoken words. Then sweet and clear the words of a melodius song came to her—

"Sweet Briar, Sweet Briar, flower fair,
The rose that on your crest you wear,
Shall never fade, but always bear
Thy beauty, oh, Sweet Briar."

A great peace enveloped Daisy and she felt a more than ordinary knowledge of what she had seen and heard. She dreamed of the days of the future, of the happiness and contentment that was to be gained, through her influence, by hundreds of other girls. And then she wondered why she had been permitted to have such a dream. But was it a dream?

*A Fruitless Quest

N. P. Hanna, '20

I spied my victim from afar, and after her I sped
Alas! she saw me coming, and quickly turned and fled;
I followed her through Manson and I followed her through Gray,
And then on into Carson, as she hurried on her way.
Two flights of stairs I followed her, she ran into a room
And slammed the door behind her, it resounded with a boom!
"At last," I thought, as there I stood," I'll have to run no more!"
I raised my hand to knock, and found a "busy" on the door.
I turned aside defeated, all my thoughts of luck were wrecked,
I'd fondly hoped her "systematic giving" to collect!
So now, dear reader, let me point the moral of my tale—
Bear poor "collectors" in your mind, and pay up without fail.

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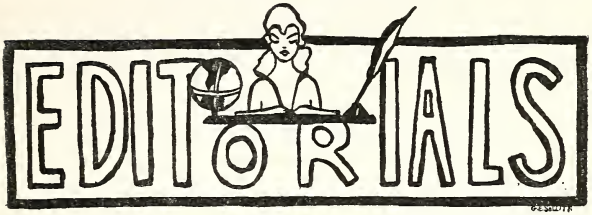
*In sympathy for those unfortunates—of whom, thank goodness, I am *not* one—who have to collect "systematic giving."

Editor's Note—We thought at first that our contributor was picturing ourselves trying to collect poems. Our "quest" is usually as "fruitless" and our "victims" are as fleet.



Editor—G. M. Steele

We might substitute "Where, oh, where has the Endowment Fund gone?" for the words of the well-known song. Really, what has become of our Endowment Fund, that talisman which loosened our purse strings two years ago and in whose name Sweet Briar has established itself as a rival to Belasco and Cohen? When last heard of, the Fund was to be increased by two thousand dollars, but the addition must have proved too formidable for we have not heard of it since. This magazine published an editorial last year on endowment funds in general and Our Pet in particular, and if the former board of editors had only left it in their valued collection of old manuscripts, the present board would be glad to republish it. The editors, however, feel that our knowledge, especially among that of the class of 1920 now is above the average. Since the other classes have the advantage of being familiar with the Endowment Fund through former efforts to revive and bolster up the "necessary evil," we ask that the Freshmen apply their able intellects to the problem and help to bring the Endowment Fund to life again.

May we give you a suggestion, dear ones? Search the community for a book called "Frenzied Finance." You need not look in the S. B. Library, needless to say. After perusing the pages of this thrilling and instructive work on how to make money quickly, go and attend one of Miss Sparrow's economic classes and learn the laws of "diminishing utility," "supply and demand," or some equally fascinating

little triangular shaped law, and then hand in your plans for helping the Endowment Fund to the editors, who will give prizes for the three which in their judgment seem best.

Our first impressions are usually received from appearances and we shall even run the risk of appearing trite and say "Our first appearances are lasting ones." With this as an introduction to the subject of our comment, let us pass to the true purpose. It's this: Do we owe it to ourselves and Sweet Briar to dress neater and make a better appearance than we are doing now?

Where there is no faculty supervision of dress or even a reminder from some one to take the place of mother's gentle query, "Have you a clean handkerchief, dear?" it is extremely easy to grow lax about our appearance. Only five or ten minutes more in the morning would give plenty of time to make ourselves more neat. Visitors are here every day, looking around. Do we care at all what they think of us? Some of us say, "Oh, they don't know who I am and probably will never see me again." They do not know who you are, but they know you as a part of Sweet Briar, and the impression which you make is a part of the impression which Sweet Briar makes.

Even at the risk of being trite once more, we say that it is the little things which count. Think what a change can be made here at school by more careful attention to the little things in dress. We do not want to do ourselves such an injustice as to take advantage of the free life we are allowed to live out here in the country. Let us each try to dress more carefully. Be a little vain, it will not harm you. Let us prove we have respect for ourselves and for Sweet Briar by "doing our bit" in the matter of personal appearance.

Imagine

ANONYMOUS

Imagine Martha without a friend.
Imagine S. B. with plenty of men.
Imagine Janetta without a hush.
Imagine Sandy without a crush.
Imagine Ruth Hurlburd with a curl.
Imagine Red dressed as a girl.
Imagine Olive without an ear-ring.
Imagine Mag McVey learning to sing.
Imagine Juliana without her smock.
Imagine Frances Carpenter with nothing to hock.
Imagine Bobs without any pep.
Imagine Jane without any "rep."
Imagine Lucile not knowing how to act.
Imagine Cornelia without any tact.
Imagine Turk without her toys.
Imagine the dining-room without any noise.
Imagine Lily quiet and staid.
Imagine the book-shop bill always paid.
Imagine Lynott not talking much.
Imagine Jo Becker stiff as a crutch.
Imagine, dear reader, these items as true,
And you will have done what we can't do.

Sweet Briar Hall of Fame

There a girl at S. B. whom one sees everywhere and whom one is always glad to see. Now why is it that all like to meet her? Is it because of her pleasant manner? Well, it may be partly her manner, but at most it is her charming smile that wins the girls. As our friend Mr. Abby says, "It's the smile that made Sweet Briar famous." Now this favor is not bestowed on a chosen few but on the whole school from Ed. to the faculty. The new girls at first thought her exceedingly fresh but a bet would be safe that most of them have changed their opinions. What can she do besides grin? Why, anything she wishes. She stars at basket-ball, in dramatics, and in her studies. Why, it makes the rest of us rage to see the way our friend gets 5 A's on her report card while we members of the common herd rejoice when we find no D's. Although so very successful in everything she attempts, she has never begun to realize her ability. To those who know her best, certain peculiarities are very evident. She is never idle a minute, and thinking it a disgrace to walk in an ordinary gait, she fairly runs all the time. Her chief expression is "I am sorry." It is quite pitiful the number of things she has to feel sorry about. Now for fear you might think this heroine of mine is wholly perfect, I'll tell you a good piece of "dope" if you will promise to keep it dark. Just get her to pronounce our plain old English word A-s-k, and see the funny word she makes of it—Ah-s-t! Now if you can keep this secret, I'll see what can be done for you another time by way of the "Sweet Briar Hall of Fame."

ATHLETICS

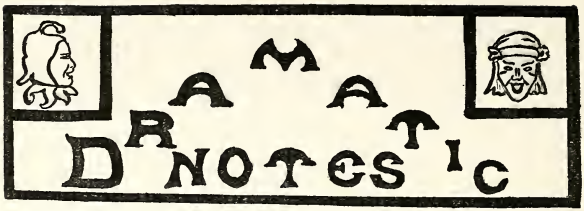
Editor—Inez Skillern

Shortly before the Christmas holidays a very important meeting of the Athletic Association was held for the purpose of awarding the college and academy basket-ball letters, the class numerals and the cups. The winners of the S. B. C. letters were Mildred Meek and Inez Skillern. For every additional year that a girl plays on the Varsity team, she is awarded a sleeve bar. Those who already had letters and received bars were Cornelia Caroll, Louise Case, and Martha Darden. A silver loving cup was presented by the association to Virginia Sandmeyer, the captain of the Varsity team. The girls awarded the S. B. A. letters were Elizabeth Richardson, Gladys Lynn, Berninna Baugher and Stella Gynn. Corinne Lowney and Ruth Hubbard were given the "1920" numerals which they had won on Lake Day. Madeline Sacks of the Academy received the large cup for winning the most points in the Lake Day contest.

The Academy student body has recently elected Stella Gynn to fill the vacancy made by Elizabeth Richardson as former captain of the basket-ball team.

The indoor series of basket-ball began February 10 in the gymnasium. The match game was between the Juniors and the Freshmen, the latter coming off victorious by a score of 20—7.

In addition to basket-ball, Miss Gion has been conducting the mid-winter classes in physical exercise. These classes have been very popular and it is to be hoped that they will continue to be attended fully and regularly until the tennis season. The new apparatus is to be used exclusively in the "gym" classes, so that those who want to do "stunts" must join the class.



Editor—E. SOLLITT

"MISS HOBBS"

On Saturday evening, February 19, the Faculty presented "Miss Hobbs." Miss Timberlake, in the title role, was charming. She wore some very attractive costumes, and interpreted her part in a way that did not permit the interest of her audience to lag for a moment while she was on the stage. Miss Kutzner and Miss Pryor, as a newly married couple, did some splendid acting. The unfortunate disagreements which disturbed their happiness were very interestingly portrayed. Mrs. Hills played the part of the old maid aunt, not surprising the audience perhaps, but pleasing it certainly. Miss Hutter, as "Charles," although in a minor part, showed some splendid character interpretation. Miss Morenus, as "Wolff Kingsearl," played the part of the leading man, pleasingly as usual. Miss Nueffer and Miss Fiske as lovers; Dr. Harley as the "skipper," and Miss Hadley as a maid, all played to the full enjoyment of the audience.

The play was full of clever scenes and comical predicaments. As stage manager, Miss Guion surely deserves credit for the attractive stage settings, and especially for the yacht scene.

What shall we say of Sweet Briar's initial step in the field of musical comedy? We can say this much: Lucile Barrow has established beyond dispute the fact that she is the most versatile girl in school. It is seldom that we find an author

as pleasing an actor as is Lucile. We are just a little sorry that she did not direct the entire performance to more purpose. There were one or two features that were "according to Cohen," we admit, but were unnecessary to the artistic whole.

"The Butterfly" was full of new songs, by a well-trained chorus and possessed one or two specialties that were more than ordinarily enjoyed. Josephine Becker repeated her triumph of the New Girls' Party and was recalled twice in her dancing specialty. Dorothy Whitley as "Flossie" scored a hit in the first act, and as the "chef in the kitchen" in the second act caused no less than a sensation. The list would not be complete without mention of Martha Darden as "Butterfly." Her portrayal of the place was lovely and the scene indeed a fitting one for the dainty Japanese maiden whose American lover, we are happy to state, returned to his " poor Butterfly."

THE ROMAN SCHOOL

The ups and downs of an ordinary school teacher with a room full of tumbling, noisy boys well depicted in this picture-play of a Roman school. It opens with the boys drawing pictures on the black-boards, playing ball, rolling hoops, and spinning tops. The advent of the Magister puts a speedy end to their fun. The routine of the day begins as customary with the calling of the roll. The sentence, "The Gods rule all things," is written by the school-master on the black-board and the little pupils are required to parse the words in it. work is made more interesting by timely interruptions, the tardy appearance of Catiline who receives a sound thrashing, the incident of little Guæus Pompeius who must be coaxed with a sweet-cake to recite his lesson, the sound rating of Quintus Cicero, the conventional boy who never cares a "whoop" about his lessons. Little Appius Cæcus arrives late, accompanied by his paedogogus who reports that the boy has been ill. Strangely different from Catiline, the Magister allots as his punishment the recitation "Twinkle,

Twinkle, Little Star." The boys applaud and beg the master to let them recite also. After a number of "Mother Goose" rhymes in Latin, the Magister takes the boys through their "setting-up" exercises. These are made more ridiculous by their long togas and their mischievous pranks. Geography, the boundaries and conditions of Gaul is discussed. The boys are just ready to sing "Gaudeamus Igitur" when two illustrious Roman citizens, Paulies Licinius Crassus and Anlus Licinius Archius come to visit the school and judge an oratorical contest. They listen to the "Gaudeamus" and then more attentively to the eloquent orations of young Cæsar and Cicero. By chance, the prize, a laurel wreath, is awarded to Cicero. Gaius Crassus, the son of Publius bursts in most unexpectedly and is prevailed upon by his father and the children to recite at length "The Pome of a Possume." The boys rise to express to Gaius their appreciation and gratitude and then depart for home with cries, "Vale, Magister," Vale, Magister."

THE ROMAN WEDDING

Poor Mrs. Cicero bewails her unhappy fate as the wife of an orator. Her old love-letters cannot compensate for the loss of her husband's attentions. When little Cicero brings from school a report, "Writing D," "Oratory A," her cup of bitterness is full. Since Cicero's political ambitions have kept the family resources in a rather strained condition, when Lucius Piso asks the hand of her daughter Tullia in marriage with his son Gaius, Mrs. Cicero hastens to seal the nuptials. Little Tullia begs to remain a little longer in her home with her father and mother and little brother. Cicero's great love for Tullia makes him hesitate about her marriage. However, before the close of the first act, Mrs. Cicero's highest wishes are fulfilled, Tullia is happily betrothed to a young man of wealth and position. The second act shows the wedding ceremony at which the Pontifex Maximus and Flameen officiate. After the ceremony proper, the groom takes Tullia

as if by force, from her mother's arms and carries her at the head of a procession to his home. She winds the portals of his house with woolen bands and anoints them with oil to signify health and plenty. Two boys lift her over the threshold to avoid her possible stumbling, an unlucky omen. After the groom has handed her a dish on which incense is burning and a bowl of water, Tullia kindles a fire on the door-step and throws her bridal bouquet to one of her attendants, who catching it, rejoices, for 'tis said, she will be the next bride. The curtain falls with the little bride offering a prayer to Juno at her home's altar.

Alumnae Department

Editor—Isabel Wood

On Monday, January 8, the New York chapter of the College Alumnæ Association held its annual meeting at San Reno Hotel, home of Dorys McConnell. The officers elected, were Julia Barber, President; Ruth Maurice, Recording Secretary; Mildred Waite, Corresponding Secretary, and Rebecca Bullard, Treasurer. The chapter decided to arrange the annual bridge card party during the spring vacation. Mildred Waite has suggested that a concert be given in her home for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. Individual members have discussed the possibilities of the entertainment and have agreed upon some day in the month of February. With the help of five musicians, they are confident of success. Hereafter, regular meetings are to be held at the home of Ruth Maurice, 200 West 58th Street.

Anne Schutte has had a great deal of trouble with the Old Girls' Handbook, because of the election printing. Circumstances over which she has had no control have forced her to delay the last edition. In case the booklets are not out before the next issue of the magazine, this explanation may be of value to those who wonder where their Handbooks are.

The Norfolk Chapter of the Sweet Briar Association reports a subscription bridge party, given for the Endowment Fund, January 24.

Marie Mahone was married to Harry Bridgers Finch in Norfolk November 22.

Many Sweet Briar girls will be interested to hear of Alma Booth. After graduating in 1911, she left college for two years study in Philadelphia at the Episcopal Church Training School." She then went to Japan as missionary. On January 31, she was married to Harry Taylor, a medical missionary at Anking, China. She and her husband are now on their way to America on furlough.

Exchanges

Editor—Dorothy Neal

A spirit for criticism and the spirit of criticism ought to be equally emphasized and displayed in the modern college magazine. The spirit for criticism requires that every college be prepared to meet favorable and unfavorable comment from the reviews of other college magazines. No board of editors enjoys an adverse criticism of the work on which it has spent hours and hours of patient, arduous endeavor. Yet every board of editors feels the necessity of improving its publication and realizes that the only way to secure this betterment to any marked degree is through the advice of other boards which have passed through similar difficulties successfully. Very possibly the board which offers advice is itself encountering the obstacles already surmounted by the publication it advises. Any criticism unfair in the opinion of an editorial board is not necessarily a "blow" from another college; it may be the blow which will revive and strengthen the publication. Observed from an impartial point of view, virtues and vices appear in their true light. The spirit of criticism asks that the reviewing board treat kindly and fairly the publication of another institution. A criticism which points out admirable qualities more often achieves real good than the criticism which aims only to dissect and tear to pieces.

Good short stories for the month of December and January occur in *Davidson College Magazine, D'Youville Magazine, The Mount Holyoke, The Aurora, The Western Oxford, The Lesbian Herald, The Richmond College Messenger*, and *Hampden-Sydney Magazine*. The outlook of the short story in the average college magazine has brightened somewhat when as many colleges as those listed can publish really good stories. "The Lunatic" in the *Davidson Magazine* is exceedingly well written, has excellent plot development and character-drawing, and though published in serial form, interest in it is excited to such a pitch that one wishes a month did not

have to intervene before the story could be carried to its completion. "The Duel" and "The Path of Glory" have as the editor himself remarks in his "Editorial Comment," the power of gripping the "attention in a very marked way." "Ginger Bread," with apologies to Booth Tarkington, in *The Aurora* might have been copied or rather quoted from Tarkington's own book, so full is the story of the charm, mischievousness and genuine boyishness of Penrod. Grim, cruel, fiendish, we involuntarily hope, impossible, is the story "Out of the Dark Ages" from *The Richmond College Messenger.* Grim again, yet fascinating is "The Twisted Man" in the January issue of *The Mount Holyoke.* "Brother Stephen" in *The Western Oxford* is an appealing sort of story of a young novitiate brother who found the great peace, which his soul longed for, in meeting the needs of the outside world. "The Soul of Dan King" in *The Lesbian Herald,* though an old theme, is well handled. In the *D'Youville Magazine,* an attractive little love-story appears in "Marriage a Failure."

Poetry always comes to the front in the college magazine. Of especially high quality is the poetry in the December issue of *St. Mary's Chimes.* Although the subject matter is almost wholly religious, it is presented in a delightful style, and if we are not devout at the Christmas season when can our hearts be touched? Particularly beautiful are the opening poem "There Is No Room," and the shorter one later "Foreshadowings," which closes with this stanza:

> "Mother Mary, mother mine,
> Couldst thou in Jesus' Infant form
> See One who died on shameful cross?
> But ah! in one divine caress
> Was infinite reward for bitter dross."

"The Idiot" in the *Wells College Chronicle* is another of those weird, gruesome, yet interesting articles with which our college magazines seem filled. We congratulate the author on the impression which she has been able to create.

"Daddy" in *The Limestone Star,* "Alma Mater" in *King's College Record,* "A Machine" in the *Libyl,* "To Puck" in

Mary Baldwin Miscellany, "The Grandmother" in the *Western Oxford,* "Haline Khwate" in the *Richmond College Messenger,* all are creditable, enjoyable, and interesting poems. The brief poem "Ye Winds of December from *The Focus,* we feel privileged to quote at length.

"Blow, ye winds of December!
Blow wild, blow free,
Tell to the nations
Far over the sea,
Of peace on earth,
The bright Christmas star.
Blow, ye winds of December,
Blow wide, blow far."

Essays especially worthy of note are "The New Bohemianism" in the *D'Youville Magazine,* "The Folklore of the South" in the *Greensboro State Normal Magazine,* "Islane: A Challenge" in the *Leshian Herald,* and "Islane in the Great War" in the *Davidson College Magazine.* The essay in the *D'Youville Magazine* caricatures in a delightfully amusing style "the most amazing product of the twentieth century, a product unique in history, . . . the young female highbrow, and artistic bohemian." The subject of Southern folk lore offers a wide and important field of material. The author of the article quoted above could not do more than touch upon the subject, and we are bold enough to state that some of that touching was not entirely correct. What child in the North as well as the South does not cry in his game hide-and-seek,

"Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye!
All not ready, holler I!"

And then,

"Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' clover!
All not hidden can't hide over!"

The articles on Islam are especially noteworthy, since "Islam in the Great War" seems to answer, "Islam: A Challenge" and both are well written and possess current interest.

Sweet Rest

(With Apologies to Poe)

Once upon a morning dreary, while I slept from labors weary
Caused by burning midnight oil late into the night before,
While I snored on almost singing, suddenly there came a ringing
As of fire-bells all a-bringing, bringing noise outside my door.
" 'Tis the seven bell," I muttered, "ringing at my chamber door,
Only seven and no more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And the warmness and the softness of the bed allured me more
Than all the dreams of meat and bread, by which alone one can't be led
To breakfast from a comfy bed, and a warm and sleepy snore,
That good sound which my room-mate harshly dubs a snore.
Let me sleep forevermore!

Over on my side a-flopping with the sheet my other ear a-stopping,
Soon again I heard a ringing somewhat like the one before.
"Surely," thought I, "surely, that is only seven bell.
And I still have thirty minutes' time and then some more,
Let me take another nap and then I will get dressed before
That plagued bell rings anymore."

Thus I settled snugly, till strange phantoms weird and ugly
Flitted through my dreams about the closing of the door,
Then I heard the people tramping, heard the breakfast crowd come stamping,
Running to their bacon and their toast, fly by my door.
Up I hastened, flung my clothes on, seized a coat and out the door,
Will I make it? Nevermore!

Needless more to tell in story the sad tale so old and hoary
Of a girl too late for breakfast being shut outside the door.
And of Blanche inside presiding, and I must confess now
smiling
At the poor unfortunate who gets locked outside the door,
And who stands there pleading even for a slip to pass the door,
But Blanche answers, "Nevermore!"

Editor—Margaret McVey

M. W.—"Is Katherine in her room? Let's go get an orange."

G. S.—"You ought to be ashamed to take food like that."

M. W.—"Aw, I'm going to get one."

G. S.—"Well, bring me one, too."

. . .

Va. M.—"Dorothy, is Marianne a "B. F. V.'?"

D. N.—"I don't know, what is a 'B. F. V.'?"

Va. M.—"Why *everybody* knows what a 'B. F. V.' is. It means 'Best Families of Virginia.'"

. . .

C. G.—"Please be quite, Libby. I sometimes forget that I am proctor."

Libby—"Oh no, you mean you sometimes remember."

. . .

Miss N. T.—"Phoebe, do you ever think?"

Phoebe—"Yes."

Miss N. T.—"Well, what do you think about?"

Phoebe—"Nothing."

. . .

Lilly reading—Nun geht die Mutter in die Küche und holt eine fleisch schüssel.

Miss K.—"Was bedeutet fleisch schüssel."

Lilly (frantically—"Coal shovel."

Miss K.—"No."

Lilly (making final effort)—"Fly-swatter."

He—"Why don't you ever wear earrings?"

V. B.—"Because I haven't had my ears pierced."

He—"I'll bore them for you."

V. B.—"Thanks you, you have done that enough already."

. . .

Dr. H.—"Did you follow my prescription?"

P. P.—"No, Doctor, I would have had to go out in the trash with it."

. . .

M. S.—"My object was to express all the horrors of war in that picture. How do you like it?"

Miss Mc.—"I have never seen anything more horrible."

. . .

M. M.—"Why Martha, that hat makes your face look awfully short."

M. D.—"That's funny, because it will make father's look awfully long."

College Calendar

DEC. 9—Germaine Schnitzer gave a pianoforte recital.
16—Junior-Senior debate. Resolved: That the United States should give the Philippines their independence within the next four years. Decision in favor of the Juniors.
17—Christmas Carol service at 7:30 in the chapel.
18—Christmas tree for the Sunday School children.
20—Christmas carols to waken us.
We leave for home.

JAN. 8—We return to the grind.
18—Roast chicken on a week-day! Whoops, my deah!!
19—Paderewski at the Academy of Music in Lynchburg.
22—Horrors begin.
25—Chicken salad for dinner. More whoops!
27—The end of our tortures for a while.
29—"Roll on, Little Dogies! Roll on!" Professor Lomax of the University of Texas teaches us some of the "songs of the cowboys."

FEB. 5—Sweet Briar presents its first musical comedy—*The Butterfly* under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.
6—Mr. Chandler, of New York, addresses the Current Events Club on the Single Tax.
10—Grades out! Weepings and wailings and only a few rejoicings.
The Faculty Play, *Miss Hobbs.*
11—Mr. Thurber tells of mission work in the Mountains.

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Contents

PAGE

Galatea (Poem) 169
Bonnets. *G. Elanette Sollitt*, '18 170
Spring (Poem). *J. F. S.*, '16 175
Recent Chemistry and Religion. *Dorothy Neal*, '19 176
April Rain (Poem) 180
Islam. *Evelyn Austin Redfield*, '20 181
In the Twilight. *G. E. S.* 183
Timepieces (Poem). *Nancy P. Hanna*, '20 184
Phantoms. *E. C. T.* 185
Love (Poem) 186
"The Echo." *Martha Estelle Stevenson* 187
"Watermillions" (Poem). *E. C. Eggleston*, '19 196
Fulfillment. *Elizabeth Hull* 197
My Mind? *Esther Lurk*, '18 198
My Conscience. *Esther Turk*, '18 199
Editorials 200
A. S. B. Directory 203
Y. W. C. A. *Dorothy Neal* 204
Social Notes 207
Athletics 209
Dramatic Notes 211
Alumnæ Notes 213
Exchanges 215
Jokes 218

Business Manager's Announcement

The SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published five times annually.

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The above is the statement of the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, November 2, 1916, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

Galatea

Thou Galatea, that hast stirred with life
And not yet tested that half nascent power,
Called into being by a people's strife,
Wooed by thy Maker in their needy hour,
Awake from that cold sleep of lifeless stone
In which the ages chiseled thee, and seize
Thy destiny. 'Tis thine, and thine alone,
To cope with age-long tyranny, to ease
A nation's woe, drive out the invading Hun,
To strike a blow for Freedom and recall,
From bleak Siberia, an exiled son.
Shake from those limbs that ancient marble pall,
Clear-eyed, impassioned one, nor think to fail;
Spirit of Democratic Russia, Hail!

Bonnets

G. Elanette Sollitt, '18

"HELLO! Hello!" Pretty Mrs. Masters banged the telephone receiver on its hook several times in quick succession and then placed it again to her ear. "Hello! What is the matter, Central? What number? Oh, Main—it is Main, Alice?—Main 9-1-2. No, no, no! 9-1-2! Yes, that't it!"

She relaxed with a sigh. "I never did see anything so stupid as those telephone operators! I wonder why the company doesn't do something about it?—Oh, hello! That you Jack? Well, dear, I just wanted to say—Who am I? How many ladies are you in the habit of having call you, Jack Masters? O-o-h! I beg your pardon. I thought you were my husband. What must you think of me! I—

"Well, did you ever, Alice! That man rang off on me! He is the rudest thing I've ever heard of. I wish I knew his number. Jack would show him how to treat me! Oh yes, Central! Give me Main 9-1-2, and please get it right this time! 9-1-2.

"Hello! Main 9-1-2? Is Mr. Masters there? Mr. Masters! What number is this? Oh, I'm so sorry. Central has given me the wrong number again! Alice, what is Jack's number? Manors—Martin—Marvin—Mast—oh, here it is! Central, Main 9-2-1. No, not 9-1-2. I said Main 9-2-1. Hello, Jack! Oh, Mr. Knapp! Is my husband there, Mr. Knapp? Thank you so much.

"Hello, Jack! I certainly am relieved to get you at last. I've been having the hardest time! Something ought to be said about the Central on our line. She's the limit! Listen, Jack, are you very busy? Oh, I don't mean right now! Well, you see—What? Oh, very well, John Masters, if you prefer the conversation of a business acquaintance to your wife's, I shall hang up!"

The telephone was banged down and a look of stony fortitude settled over Mrs. Masters' face. She remained seated at the 'phone desk. In a moment the bell began to ring furiously. After a short hesitation she lifted the receiver. Her voice could have frozen a lake as she answered: "Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Masters. Oh, is that you, John? I believed we had terminated our conversation. Of course I fully realize just how important I don't seem to you! Mr. Arnold? Well, why, didn't you say so before? Of course, if it was he! Did he give you that raise? He did? How much? Oh, you dear! I wish I could kiss you!—Get it?—Jack, let's celebrate this afternoon! Yes, you can get off? Mm— Oh, I have it! Let's go and buy me a new hat and—What? Yes, but I got that last month. It's a winter hat. I mean, buy me a spring hat! Oh, stupid, what if it is snowing? Everybody is wearing them now! Oh, very well, if you want your wife to look like a scrub woman! I knew you'd be sweet and say 'Yes.' When shall I meet you? Twelve? Oh, twelve-thirty! Yes, I'll be on time. Aren't I always? Good-bye—Oh!—

"Well if he isn't the most impatient mortal! Alice, what color do you think I'd better get? But you do have the most abominable taste. What is May Tinker's—she's at Mrs. Fulton's, now—number? Are you sure? Douglas 2-4-6-5? Thanks!

"Hello, Central! Give me Douglas 2-4-6-5. Marvel of marvels, that girl actually repeated the right number!—Oh, hello! Is Miss Tinker there? This is Mrs. Masters. All right, I'll wait—Oh, 'howdy,' May! Your voice sounds tired, dear. Were you reading to your aunt late last night?—Oh, was he? My dear, this is news! I had no idea he was one of your suitors. Tell me about it. How long has this been going on? Last night the first? My dear, you must try to keep him! Mme. Qui Vive is a wonder! I've—that is, I have a friend who's tried her and she says she makes you look almost young. Oh, of course, dear, I didn't mean to insinuate that you're not young! How could you imagine such a thing? But about Duane—Isn't that his first name, dear? Awfully distingué, don't you think? I thought he was crazy about one of the

Smythe girls, though they do say she turned him down because he hadn't enough money or something. Has he? Well then he is quite a catch! Wish you luck, Hon! Why, I am not silly! It's only natural to wish a girl of thirty—oh, are you? Why I certainly thought you were older! It's your chin, I suppose. Oh, of course, I forgot those lessons! Well you won't have to give them any more if you land Duane! Dear, haven't you any humor! Oh, I won't keep you one minute, and I want to ask your advice on a very important question. I was just saying to Alice what wonderful taste you have—Wasn't I, Alice? —You know her taste! Well! No, I'm not flattering you. I don't believe in doing that at all, but you have good taste! Well, you see, Jack has made a little money in—ah—speculation—and we decided to celebrate by buying me a new hat this afternoon. Yes, a spring hat. Oh, my dear, every one has them. Just because you haven't is no sign—Aren't you? But really, my dear, that thing you had last year was a fright. You don't mind my saying so, do you? Of course I wouldn't think of saying that, if I dreamed that you did! Well, what shade would you advise me to get? No, I don't know what my suit will be—that really doesn't matter much. Blue? Oh, blue is all right for old maids, though of course your blue winter hat is awfully becoming—I didn't mean that! But, honestly, I don't think I'd like that very much. Rose? Oh, everyone wore that to death last year. No, brown makes me look sallow —Not that I am! May, what are you thinking of to suggest black? That would make a debutante look old! My dear, that is impossible—

"Oh, must you go? Well, thank you so much. You have been the greatest help to me. No, I was not trying to be sarcastic. You know that! And you did help me to decide what colors I don't want! Oh dear, I'll have to hurry, too! I promised Jack I'd meet him at one-thirty, and it's nearly twelve now. I always make it a point not to be late, don't you? Well, good-bye, dear! I'll 'phone you to-night and let you know how I came out."

That evening Mrs. Masters was again at the telephone desk. Her forehead was drawn and there were slightly visible circles

under her eyes, but her mouth had the expression of a woman who has got what she wanted.

"Hello! Give me Douglas 2-4-6-5, Central. Yes, that's right. Is Miss Tinker there?—Oh, that you, May? Listen dear, if I'm taking you away from Him I'll ring off. Oh, isn't he? That's right, I believe I did see him down town today with some perfectly strange girl—a blonde. His sister? No, I have never seen her. It might have been. I really didn't notice her very carefully. But I wouldn't worry, dear! Just get Mme. Qui Vive to fix you up, and you're sure to win, with your brains, and all!—

"Well, I got it! Yes, a dream! It was the funniest thing—You know, I told you that I was to meet Jack at one-thirty? Well, I just did make it and when I got to his office he was simply fuming because—what do you think?—he expected me at twelve-thirty. We had both had lunch so we went out for the hat right away. Jack wanted me to look at something in Warren's window, but you know what their hats are! And imagine what sort of a thing it would be to catch a man's eye! He is such an amusing old dear—aren't you, Jack?—well, I decided I'd try Madam Belle—on Michigan, you know. Oh yes, you must know! She's quite the most exclusive milliner in town. I wish you could have seen Jack in that shop. He sat on the very edge of his chair and just stared holes through the models. Oh yes, the customers never try on the hats. The models always display them. Well, I just couldn't decide what to choose and, at last I decided on two and had them sent up on approval. One is purple with the darlingest little cerise bow, and the other a yellow lined with green. They are both dreams! I'm just dying to have them come so that I can try them on! And they're so inexpensive, too—only forty and forty-five dollars. Do you know, Jack thought I ought to pay about five dollars for a hat! Aren't men ridiculous? But he changed his mind when he looked at some of Madame Belle's hundred and two hundred dollar creations. It's just painful to be poor, isn't it? But I shall try to enjoy my little hat, anyway!

"Oh, there's the bell! I expect it's the Mortons. They are coming over for bridge tonight—awful players! But they're worth while keeping in touch with, don't you think? She's a—ah—most attractive, don't you think? I really must go, dear. Here is Mrs. Morton with her husband now. Most curious coincidence, isn't it, just as we were speaking of her? Good-bye!"

The next afternoon Mrs. Masters was once more seated by the 'phone desk. All worry was erased from her face. She was a picture of supreme content.

"Main 9-1-2—no, I mean 9-2-1, Central. Main! Hello! Is Mr. Masters there? Tell him Mrs. Masters is calling—it's most important! Hello, Jack! No, nothing has happened. Why? Oh, it is something important, but not an accident! Jack, I've decided to send back both those hats. They looked awful on me—really! No, of course you don't have to go through another buying agony—silly! Listen! You know, today there was that luncheon for Mrs. Tyler in honor of her birthday. Mrs. Albright Tyler, the one you don't like! Yes! Well, every single woman there had on a black straw hat. It really didn't make them look old, after all. And they're so smart. I went into Warren's on the way home—I just happened to go by—and bought the duckiest little black thing with pom-poms on it! You'll love it! Is that like the one you mentioned yesterday? Well, I never! I didn't think you had that much taste, Jack! It looks awfully well on me—the clerk said. No, it did not cost a million dollars. It was reasonable. Yes, it was! I don't think it's right, in these days of hard times and misery, to spend so much on a single hat. That's like what Mrs. Tyler said. She spoke for a few minutes, today. No, the hat was five seventy-five. Honestly! Why, yes! I suppose so. But why? Oh, all right dear, good-bye. Don't forget to come home early tonight. 'By!

"Alice, aren't men funny? Jack said he'd order a dozen American beauties sent to Mrs. Tyler, as a birthday gift from us! I always thought he didn't like her, too!"

Spring

J. F. S., '16

A mystic maid, a fairy robed in green,
With magic wand and eyes of lustrous sheen,
Once met a moonbeam while she was at play,
And hand in hand, with joy, they danced away.
They came into a land where all was dead,
Where Winter ruled, with bare and hoary head.
Him they dethroned, and kissed each slumbering thing,
And lo! next morn the lovely world was Spring.

Recent Chemistry and Religion

Dorothy Neal, '19

THAT life is chemism is one of the most interesting theories put forth by scientists of America and Europe. According to them life and non-life are one and inseparable. This theory appears to us so preposterous that we refuse to accept it on the terms with which it is presented. We are perfectly right in not making a final acceptance, for after all, that life is merely a mechanical chemical process has not been definitely proved. Other things just as wonderful and seemingly as impossible, however, have been accomplished by recent experimental chemistry.

"That the universe must be harmonious, is a fundamental demand of our human nature." The vast number of physical phenomena, if considered comprehensively, may all be grouped under three entities—matter, ether, and energy—outside of which there is nothing and "into which the universal content of the mind of man, so far as it concerns things outside itself, may be stored away." Matter occupies space and possesses weight. We cannot create or destroy matter, but to say that no man can ever do so, is to run the risk of a great error. Ether is the vast circumambuit medium of which light waves are made, which broods from corner to corner of the universe, in interstellar spaces, in the world and through our own bodies. There is no such thing as emptiness. Energy is the great worker of the universe, the power or cause of change of the state or position of a body. Energy is transformable and transferable, but, as with matter, we have no power either to create or to destroy it. If we believe in the essential "oneness" of the universe, we must assume with Professor Duncan that these three entities, matter, energy, and ether, "are after all but forms or phases of one underlying and unknowable reality, or that separate and distinct as they appear they are themselves

One, in some mysterious way altogether beyond the power of human reason to grasp."

The number of different weighable, space-filling things in the world, reaches a total of more than two hundred and fifty thousand. Compounds, individual in their properties, are not simple in their composition. Every one of them may be decomposed or separated into other substances. The simple substances, into which the compound breaks down and which at present defy all attempts to decompose them, are called elements. A molecule is the smallest part of a compound or an element that can exist in a free state. An atom is the smallest particle of an element that exists in a molecule.

"Men and women, mice and elephants, the red belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn are one and all but ever shifting, ever varying swarms of atoms. Every mechanical work of earth, air, fire and water, every criminal act, every human deed of love or valor; what is it all pray, but the relation of one swarm of atoms to another?" What affects the atom affects us. Is it any wonder then that we are so intensely interested in atoms?

The atoms, "the bricks of the universe," "God's little servants or the devil's agents," as they dance eternally, everchangingly, have a story to tell, a story with tragic interest for us. We have discovered there is a definite relation and a real harmony between these little foundation stones of the universe. Prout suggested that atoms of the different elements were condensations of the hydrogen atom. Then Dobereiner arranged them in Triads, and Newlands in Octaves. The Periodic System of the Elements, as we now know it, was discovered independently and almost simultaneously by the Russian, Meudelieff and the German, Lothar Meyer. The law states that, "The properties of the elements are periodic functions of their atomic weights.

"The periodic law of the atoms is God's alphabet of the universe. By means of it, and by means of it only, can we ever hope to spell out the history and the future of creation. It lies here before us lacking only the master word—the open sesame to creation; and, who knows, to the Creator, too?"

If the weight of an element is known, its properties are fixed. Chemistry can do what astrology cannot do. It can predict the elements that are missing out of the seventy-eight odd substances of which God has made the universe. Since the atomic families show relationships as clearly defined as any found in biology, we conclude that the atoms are products of an inorganic evolution.

Even the smallest atom is divisable into bodies one thousand times smaller than itself which constitute an actual part of it. When these particles conduct electricity they are known as ions or corpuscles. In the corpuscle we have the fulcrum for the lever of thought, the philosopher's desire for which alchemy sought and for which chemistry, the logical development of alchemy, has felt the need to make herself consistent in the periodic law.

The marvellous discovery of the radio-active elements—radium, theorium, uranium, palonium, and activium—has proved the transmutability of matter. Faraday said, "To decompose the metals, to reform them and to realize that once absurd notion of transmutation are the problems now given to the chemist for solution." If radium is a disintegration product of uranium, and helium of radium, then perhaps all elements are disintegration products of some radio-active element. From the alchemist came the chemist. Will the chemist become the alchemist again?

"The great law of continuity forces us to assume that life suddenly made its appearance out of nothing and tells us to look for the element of life in the very elements of matter, for the potentiality of life should exist in every atom." The elements constituting living beings are the elements of sea-water and air. The nine simple substances, hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, calcium, magnesium, iron, sodium, and silicon are the first-born elements of the hottest stars, the result of intra-atomic radio-activity. More and more must we come to the conclusion that we are akin to the stars, the result of a series of consecutive changes running back without any sudden break in continuity to a time when the stars were young. Organic evolution is the last stage in inorganic evolution.

Since with the process of evolution of the stars, there is also devolution, the question is raised whether or no the universe is a clock running down? If elements have in them the power of synthesis, of perpetual growth as well as perpetual evolution, the universe is immortal and eternal both in the future and in the past.

"If the old conception is true, it is necessary to say, 'God made it and started it at a definite time to run it's course.' If the new conception is true, we may say: 'The Universe is God in one phase of Him and it possesses His attributes of eternal duration!' "

If we accept these theories of evolution and devolution, of the extent and power of radio-activity, our established ideas are overthrown. The atom is no longer the smallest particle of an element existing in a molecule but it is a congeries of corpuscles surrounded and balanced by a sphere of positive electricity. The absolute validity of the law of the conservation of mass, that matter may not be created nor destroyed, is seriously challenged. " Ether is the medium of extreme tenuity and elasticity diffused throughout all space, the medium for the transmission of radiant energy."

We believe that the universe is eventually determinable thousands upon thousand of years hence into some one system which will have perfect harmony, which will account for everything and which will be the truth. In the next two centuries the work of the world must lie in the determination of the transmutability of the elements and in an understanding and grasp of the vast stores of inter-elemental energy. Creation means something and its meaning must be a result in the world that is worth all the world. "In the beginning God created," and he set down man with a tiny spark of the Godhead in him to make him strive to know. He gave him a work-

ing equipment and left him to progress by means of this equipment to some great worthy, unknown end in the world.

"Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe
And to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

. . .

April Rain

'18

Pitter—pat, swish—swash,
Lazy, hazy April rain!
Falling—just so—
Droning sleepily!
Empires clash, worlds may change,
But I wish to sleep.
Pitter—pat, swish—swash,
April rain!

"Islam"

Evelyn Austin Redfield, '20

THE all powerful father of the gods, who knows all things, was looking down from the clouds upon the rolling earth. His gaze and thoughts were upon the Mother, the Father and the Son who sat within a neat little cottage.

"The Mother and Father," said the Deity, "are God-fearing people. They have lived good lives and deserve a kind fate. I will plan it so."

It was dusk. The Father was seated contentedly upon the kitchen doorstep while clouds of smoke rolled out of his huge pipe and circled about his hoary head. The Mother was singing merrily at her work in the spotless, shiny kitchen. She was preparing the evening meal for her Husband, her Son and herself. They were perfectly happy, these two old people, for they had a fine, strong Son who was the pride and joy of their lives. He was all that a Son should be and everyone had predicted a great future for him.

Suddenly the gate latch clicked. Both looked in that direction. They had hoped that it was their Son who had been down the river after fish. What was their surprise to behold a white-faced neighbor who was hurrying toward them up the gravel walk. His mission was soon revealed. He had come to tell them that their Son had been drowned while trying to save one of his friends.

The Mother and Father were wild with grief. They reviled the gods whom they had been worshiping for so long a time and they cried out bitterly against fate.

"It is not right," they wailed, "that our Son should be taken away from us. There are no good gods to plan our fates or it would not have been so."

The omnipotent God looked down sorrowfully upon the scene. The Father and Mother had failed to stand the test.

"They do not deserve so kind a fate," said the God, "I will arrange their destiny otherwise."

In the midst of their wild lamentations another messenger brought news to the Mother and Father. The Son who had been supposedly drowned had later been revived. The joy of the parents was unbounded. Their Son having been restored to them, they continued "the even tenor of their way."

As time went on the Son grew into young manhood and went out into the nearby town to obtain a knowledge of books. He had a fine mind and his masters were very proud of him.

The boy had a great craving for strong wines. He struggled bravely against this desire but it finally overcame his will power. Then it was that he lost control of himself. His Mother and Father were in despair as he wandered about over the country doing many violent things. One time while on one of his drunken sprees he killed a man. He was caught and proven guilty.

The heart-broken Mother and Father stood at the foot of the gallows and watched their son die a shameful and terrible death. The parents were crushed by the overwhelming calamity. It seemed a hard fate that their Son who had started out so well should have died a miserable death and should have brought down disgrace upon them all. Little did they suspect that they themselves, as the authors of their destinies, had brought about the tragedy.

In the Twilight

G. E. S.

In the west the last soft rays of day are fading out of sight. The mountains loom up big and black against the gray-rose background. The air has grown quite chill. I am glad, today, I live!

The eternity of space is there before me. In the multitude of sounds there reigns a mighty quiet. My heart is weeping—God knows why, for Life is God and this is Life, this bigness, this solitude of self. My heart is weeping because I am so small. But it is laughing because I am so large. Life is what we make it—large or small. Sometimes it is both. It is then we cry out with the joy of pain.

The twilight hour is here.

Timepieces

Nancy P. Hanna, '20

Put not your trust in watches—they deceive,
And likewise clocks, for they make you believe
The hour is what it is not, and you waste
The precious time you might have spent in haste.
'Tis so with any timepiece you may choose—
Staid grandfathers and frisky young cuckoos,
"Big Ben" with all his little screws and notches,
And Ingersoll, the Ford among the watches,
And many others, reckoned by the score,—
I'm sure there are at least a hundred more,—
All serve you thus; they make you use your speed
When you have really all the time you need.
And when you are belated, then they say
You've time to loiter all along the way.
And when, with faith that passes all belief
You trust them, you are sure to come to grief.
But if you think you have decided quite,
How fast, how slow, that is, how far from right
Your timepiece is, and if by that you've reckoned,
Your watch you'll find correct, down to the second.
So if you would be prompt, just let me state:
"Trust not the timepiece, or you'll be too late."

Phantoms

E. C. T.

WHEN I have read a gruesome story on a windy winter night, I love to put it away and go upstairs in the dark. Gleefully I picture all the things that may be under the bed as I steal in. The street-lamps flicker and flare, and can create innumerable ghosts in the uncertain shadows they cast upon the walls. An auto flashes by and by the speeding lights I can discern burning eyes that stare at me from corners. I shiver delightedly. The willow-rocker whispers faintly in the night stillness. Perhaps it shivers under the pressure of an astral body. The floors creak under the weight of spectral feet. Nothing is too ghostly for my fertile brain to conjure up and revel in. I fill the closet with as many skeletons as it could possibly hold without bursting. What matter if, in my heart of hearts, I know that the only skeleton it contains is a button-lacking dress? I can shiver deliciously at the thought of what may be concealed under the bed. Yes, I can do so, tho the little voice of common sense whispers insidiously that nothing thicker than a disembodied spirit or a mouse could get under it. Perish The Thought! A disembodied spirit I should not mind at all, but a mouse—I suspect I'd best stop thinking about such an unpleasant subject. I might get really scared. There's nothing imaginary in thinking you hear a mouse in the room. *Revenons a nos revenants!* And so on until—

I am afraid, hideously afraid, but I cannot turn and face the inconceivable danger that threatens me. I can feel the presence of it so close at hand that I can feel the calm, diabolical scorn it has for my ridiculous efforts to free myself from its power. Yet, so all compelling is this fear, I cannot cease my futile struggle while one faint ray of hope remains.

Behind me stands the gray old building from which I have been so ironically allowed to escape. There is nothing grim or threatening about it, only a terrible conviction, that chills and

suffocates me, that its peaceful walls hide some incalculable evil, meant to overwhelm and engulf the world. I hasten from it down the steeply terraced garden to the sea. I know that only I can save the world and that I must get away and warn it of the imminent peril. But is all so hopeless?

On one side a sheer cliff rises touching the side wall of the building. On the other a dense, impenetrable mass of forest and undergrowth deceives and lures with its endlessly unfulfilled promise of paths that lead nowhere. It reaches nearly to the sea; but, unlike the cliff, it offers one uncertain chance, for at the foot is a narrow path, rocky and almost impassable. Yet it leads to safety, if only I can get to it. I fight my way down—a breathless interminable struggle, slipping and sliding down the terraces, guided by some strange knowledge of my surroundings. And then I reach the path and force my way along it through tough bushes that stretch out malignant, tearing arms to retard me, while salt spray drenches me. The rocks slip beneath my feet and shifting sand slides and crumbles, pulling me deeper in at every step. One more desperate rush and I will attain safety. Then over everything falls the stillness that presages the coming of that great, dominant, evil force that rules here. All the breath is drawn out of my body as if by some huge vacuum. I force myself to look up and—

I think I had best not imagine such ghastly things again.

. . .

Love

'18

A breath of perfume—sweet, but not too sweet;
A fragile flower—yet one that does not wilt;
A thunderstorm—and then a bright rainbow;
A tender smile and understanding tear;
A pain one look from someone soon will cure;
A pain there is no cure for—You don't mind!
And, after all the stress of Life itself,
A rest that makes Earth Heaven for all time!

"The Echo"

Martha Estelle Stevenson

"TOM JACKSON, I have told you a dozen times that I will be ready in a minute. I have"— "That makes twelve minutes then, all in all the time it takes you to tell me. Let's see, that makes twenty-four minutes, and the time it takes you to walk"—

"You're perfectly horrid. If you had lost your gloves you"—

"Gloves?"

"Yes, that is what I said. Gloves."

"Well, why didn't you say so long ago? I have them in my pocket—that is—er—at least, I had them. Let me see—no, I had them.

Finally after a frantic search through his pockets the missing articles were discovered.

"Here they are, my dear. Anything else you wish?"

But she was out of hearing, searching for something else, so he settled himself comfortably and began to wonder what it was this time. She was away only a moment.

"I suppose you do get tired waiting for me, but I never seem to be able to find anything."

Her conciliatory effort was lost in his further banter.

"And now, if you are ready, Your Highness, we will go to inquire about the horses."

"Horses? What is wrong with them?"

"I was just afraid they had become stiff-kneed from waiting, that's all."

"Oh dear, won't you ever give me any peace?"

"Piece? Piece of what? Aren't you satisfied with my whole heart and"—

"Come," she called with a grimace, "I'll race you to the drive."

With much laughter and clatter they were off down the shadeless street of the dusty little Idaho town.

Arriving at the main cross roads, they halted as if by mutual consent.

"And now which way shall it be?"

"Oh, for a change let's go down over the river toward the foothills. We haven't been that way since"—

"A change? If I remember correctly we haven't been that way since day before yesterday. A nice change, but variety is the spice of life."

But she had not heard, for spurring her horse, she was off down the road at a gallop.

He lingered behind, admiring the ease with which she sat in her saddle, the boyish hat with the wisps of brown hair clinging to it, the proud set of the head, and he marveled to himself how he had been able to win from the fair creature a promise to be his own. How glad he would be to take her back East with him to "Civilization," as she called it! With a smile he touched his horse and rode up beside her.

A couple of hours riding brought them into the rolling buttes. Another hour found them among the tall boulder-strewn foot-hills.

"Where shall we eat lunch this time?" he asked, pulling out his watch. "Methinks by the feeling of the inner man it is far past noon. Heigho, it is only eleven-thirty, and we have gone as far as we have ever been this way before."

"It is earlier than we have ever stopped before, so let's go until twelve-thirty and then rest. It is so much fun to explore and see and wonder at the formations. Geology is"—

"Yes, Geology is a most delightful science," he laughed, quoting her favorite words. "But dear, it is not so useful to you as domestic science will be three months from today. I wonder if you had thought of that?"

"Tom, three months?" She grew solemn with the thought. "Three months!"

"You don't regret it, dear? I will try to make you happy."

"Oh, of course I don't regret it and of course I'll be most happy. Don't be afraid of that, dear. It is just the thought."

Here she broke off, flushed adorably and again set her horse at a gallop.

The next hour was rapidly ticked off as they wound their way through the paths, over and around boulders, under trees and across the dashing little mountain streams. They were indeed glad to stop when the time came.

"While you tie the horses I'll look around for a nice spot to make camp."

"While you are at it, start the fire, put on the coffee pot, fry the bacon, and in general get the whole meal, my adorable little squaw."

"Huh, you young savage," she laughed. "Do that yourself."

In a few moments she had selected the right place and then she began to look around to pass away the time until his return. Immediately behind her rose a large imposing bluff, hollowed out at the bottom as if washed by waves at some far off time. This was quite possible, she knew, because at one time the whole territory had been covered by the waters of Salt Lake.

Going up a rough path-like way that led around and around through a bewildering mass of boulders and rocks she came to a halt in front of a stone door-like affair in the side of the mountain. She pushed futilily upon it. Finally, her curiosity getting the best of her, she called to Tom to come up and help her.

With much puffing and blowing he finally gained a footing beside her. With his assistance the rock was pushed aside and they entered only to draw back at sight of a ghastly object that lay inside. Again prompted by curiosity Esmell pushed forward and peered down at the huge skeleton of a man that lay before her.

Together the two examined and measured the remains of an extinct race and found it to be full nine feet in length. They then turned their attention to the room they had entered. It was a bare cave, no larger than an ordinary room, with another opening, similar to the one they had just forced, on the other side of the wall. This, two, they pushed open and found

a similar sight to greet their eyes. Together the two passed through four of these caves in silence. Finally the man spoke.

"Whew, I don't relish going through these hills in this fashion! I do hope we come to the end bally soon. It is too gruesome. I never saw such giants before. Why I can't begin to carry their funny clubs around." As he spoke he looked down at the stone and metal contrivance. "Those billies don't look a bit attractive to me."

"No, I can't say that I would like to have one strike me. But now that we have started, let's see it through. This cannot go on forever."

"Well, we will go through just two more of these sepulchres, and no more. I'm tired of moving this mountain every time."

Once again they rolled aside the stone, and straightway realized that they had reached their goal.

It was a large high-arched cavern almost the size of an ordinary house, lighted by an opening in the front which was about twenty feet long and eight feet high. At first they were blinded by the sudden stream of light but in a few moments they could look around. There were, strewn round about, forty or fifty skeletons of the same mammoth race, some small and some large.

The two did not tarry long over the ghastly relics but turned to the other interests of the place. At one side, in the rear, Tom discovered the source of the spring that gushed so merrily down below where they had left their horses. At another side there were low crude tables and seats that had been carved out of rock. On the tables were dishes made by hand, some of clay and others of metal. In the center and extending round about were seats, evidently for council.

"How I should like to have seen them in council!" sighed the girl to herself. But the man was busy looking at other things that were of interest to him and did not hear.

"We will never get to see all this before we go home, Tom. So let's eat here. That will give us a little more time to look around. You go down and get the things and we will serve lunch here."

Reluctantly Tom took himself off through the small opening.

After strolling around and looking at the different things, Esmell centered her attention on the skull of the largest man. It attracted her—why, she could not tell. It gave her a queer feeling to look at it. She picked it up and placed it before her on the table and looked steadily at it. She strove to place the relic in the history of the ages far back, but her mind refused to work. Finally annoyed with herself for her lack of imaginative ability she spoke aloud.

"Why can't you talk? Why can't you answer my questions? Do tell me who you are, to what race you belong, and why you are so prepared for war?"

It seemed to her that the old chief's head sank a little. Then, strange to relate, he began in a deep hollow tone to utter gutteral sounds, but none she could understand. She grew frightened, but her eyes seemed bewitched. She could not remove them from the skull. She looked perplexed, and finally the skull sighed and spoke in her language.

"The white goddess can not comprehend my language, so I must speak hers. She asks about us, who I am? If she will be patient she shall hear."

"I am the great chief Plenipotent. My power extended all over the country you now call Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming and Nebraska. I ruled wisely over my tribe the Pleistoceneites. It is, as you know, from our tribe that you name our era. Our influence was strong among the other tribes, for we were the leaders. We were as homeloving as you are today in your land. Peace reigned within and without until"— Here the old chief stopped. "Until," he went on slowly, "until they came." He paused and sighed, as if goaded by unpleasant memories.

"You, no doubt, know that our climate was mild, and food stuffs abounded. Suddenly one day, by a rumor, came the news from the north of three great horrors. Three monstrous centers of ice radiations had been discovered. From these centers the ice sheets spread covering some four million miles, as you mark it. The sheet called Cordelleran was moving quietly but surely down upon us. We did not know what

morning we should awake to see it crawling in toward us. No real information could be gained. But that was not the worst. Before this onsweep came the giant men that lived to the north. These men were not content to come down and live peacefully among us, but they must pillage, plunder and kill. They must take our power from us and make us their slaves. We gathered our forces together, time after time, and fought them, but each time they defeated and killed great numbers of my men. Our last stand was made about one thousand miles down on the land plains, but they slaughtered my men until only one half of the few remaining were left.

"We had to retreat, so taking our children and women we came to these hills. These hills were mountains then but they have been lowered since the mountains behind them have risen. To go on with my story, these giants followed us and took many of our women and children and killed more of our men. They forced us to hunt like rats for a hole and finally this connected chain of caves was reached.

"We hewed rocks to fit each doorway, we fortified each room. We thought we were safe. We had water and some food and we thought we could renew our supplies by sending spies. But again we were mistaken. We were unable to get out, they hemmed us in on every side. Our provisions gave out. Twice we were successful in our attempts to get more food but they found us out and cut off our supply. Finally the men gave up eating and lived on water so that the women and children could live. We prayed daily to our gods for help, but they had forsaken us. At last when we were too weak to help ourselves we found that the enemy had departed and we were free, but we were too far gone to take our liberty and our friends came too late. Our race had disappeared. From that day until this no one has disturbed our slumbers. Then you appeared—you"—

But he was quiet. Dazedly Esmell turned toward the doorway, the old chief's words ringing in her ears. Had she been dreaming? Or was this true? Was there no way of finding out?

Just then Tom entered the door.

"Oh, you are back." She made an attempt to speak lightly.

"Yes, and a deuce of a time I had getting here. This is the worst place I was ever in. I could not find the path. It seemed to have disappeared. I lost my way twice and hurt my foot on a big stone. Why, it was just as if fate tried to keep me from you. My," he said, now glancing at the skull before her. "What a vicious-looking visage that old fellow has! Is he a particular friend of yours?"

Esmell smiled a little at this, picked up the head and laid it back with the rest. Then she set about preparing the lunch while Tom enjoyed the cave.

Soon lunch was served and seemingly enjoyed. Tom, lost in his interest, failed to note the lack of appetite on Esmell's part.

The man, in man fashion, made fun of his lame foot, but failed to note that the girl's laugh was a trifle forced. She could not help thinking of the old chief's story. Strange—but true? She could not tell Tom, for he would laugh, even as she would do in time, for surely it was all a dream. She tried to laugh, but it did not ring true.

Finally Tom noted her abstraction and said, "Don't go to getting any queer ideas in your head, dear. These are all dead, so don't worry over them."

"It is time we are leaving, Tom. Mother said to be back by five so we can have an early dinner. Mrs. Taylor's affair is tonight, remember."

"All right, just as you say, although it is deucedly interesting and I hate to leave what you found."

"You pushed open the rocks so you deserve as much praise as I."

"Very well, dear, we will form a mutual admiration club and we'll begin practicing throwing bouquets at each other."

"Silly!"

Their belongings were soon repacked and after taking a final glance around they went out, leaving the doors open. In a few minutes they had mounted and were on their way home.

Tom noted Esmell's abstraction and tried to cheer her, but his best efforts only brought a vacant smile to her lips.

"Cheer up, dear, don't let that old den of horse thieves get on your nerves. Why, you never can tell just how or when they existed. Forget them. You will have to look better and brighter or I won't take you to Mrs. Taylor's tonight."

"There is nothing wrong with me except that I have a faint headache from riding in the sun." Whereupon she made an extra attempt to appear natural and succeeded after a time in allaying his suspicions.

The afternoon sped fast and home was reached soon after five. But neither went to Mrs. Taylor's affair that night. Esmell's head ached more violently and she was forced to stay at home.

"Shall we ride tomorrow?" he questioned as he left.

"Yes, indeed, we will go back and see if we can discover anything more exciting."

"No, I don't believe we will return. It hasn't had a good effect upon you. I hope you are better tomorrow."

"But, Tom, I want"—

"Never mind, dear, we'll talk it over in the morning. Good-by. Take good care of yourself." And with a farewell kiss he left.

He mused to himself on his way home over their trip. He did not like to remember her pale face as he saw it in the cave. He blamed himself for leaving her alone, for having ridden so far. Confound it anyway, why hadn't he taken better care of her? But upon reaching home he found other matters to distract his attention and for the time the cavern and its hideous relics were forgotten.

Leisurely Tom Jackson rode up to the house upon the hill the following morning, but he was met at the gate by Mrs. Larson, Esmell's mother.

"Has anything happened to Esmell?" he asked after a hurried look at her worried face.

"Why, no, I guess not. You see, she left a couple of hours ago and left word for you to follow her. She said you would know where she went. I didn't want her to go but she said it was all right. She spent a sleepless night. Something is worrying the poor child. Do you know what it is, Tom?"

"Then I was not wrong. It was not imagination," he muttered to himself. "Don't worry, Mrs. Larson, Esmell is all right. I'll overtake her soon."

He quickly leaped into the saddle and clattered off down the road, down over the river and out towards the foothills. The words, "She left two hours ago," raced through his brain and he spurred his horse again and again toward those dismal caves miles away.

Three hours of hard riding brought him to his destination. Yes, she was there, for her horse stood near the road. Flinging the reins to the ground he swiftly mounted the trail to the openings, passed through the smaller rooms and blinked his eyes rapidly upon entering the large one. All was still except for the incessant gurgle, gurgle of the mountain stream. He threw a rapid glance around the room. The skeletons had mysteriously formed a semi-circle, and in the center, with her back to the wall, sat Esmell Larson, her head thrown slightly forward, and her eyes fixed on an unseen object at the other end of the cave.

"Esmell!" he cried in relief. "I was so worried! Why did you come alone? Your mother"—

He stopped and staggered slightly and bent forward. She did not move. He put his hand over hers. One touch was sufficient.

"My God!" was the cry that rang through the cave and echoed back and forth, "she is dead!"

"Watermillions"

E. C. Eggleston, '19

Sing a song ob badness,
Fourteen niggers tried
To ease ole Gabriel's melon patch,
Heavens joy an' pride,
Gabriel cotch 'em eatin'
An' he set up a shout.
You'd oughter 've seen dem niggers
Sorter hurryen' out!

Sing a song ob sadness!
When dem niggers died
Gabriel met 'em at de gate
Rolled his eyes an' sighed,
"Watermillions mighty scace.
Hellevater's dere—!
Law! Plumb furgot de Jim Crow law—
Niggers, here's de stair!"

Fulfillment

Elizabeth Hull

Sunrise comes, and morning light,
Wild flowers nod their heads so bright,
Breezes ripple o'er the lake,
All the world will soon be wake,
And all the time I'm longing—for you.

Twilight comes, the shadows fall,
Joy and peace steal over all,
Birds chirp softly to the world,
Butterflies have bright wings furled
And all the time I'm praying—for you.

Evening comes, and wee stars gleam,
You come too, to bless my dream,
Your clear voice and your sweet smile—
Dear, I love you all the while!
And all the time I was waiting—for you.

My Mind—?

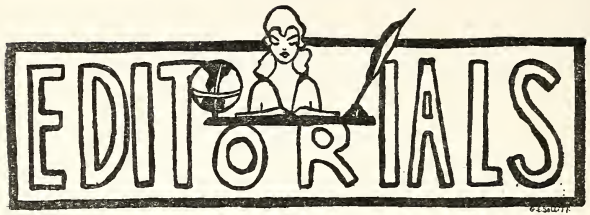
Esther Turk, '18

My mind is a blank. It is a vacuum. You have all heard about a vacuum and how nature always abhors it. That is just the way in which my professors regard my mind. They abhor it, because it is a vacuum. They think, you see, that it ought to be quite full, like a nice tidy library, with rows and rows of ideas, beautifully bound and exquisitely expressed in the noblest language. So, when they find it isn't so stocked, they conclude that it isn't worth wasting their time on. They then begin to play with it, and this is the way they play: They treat it just like a balloon, they take it over to the lecture rooms and blow it up with hot air. After a while, about mid-years, they get tired of that, so they prick it with a long pin to find out what is inside, and when they find there's nothing there they are disgusted. They go away and try to find another balloon, hoping that it won't burst when they prick it. If they can't find one—and sometimes balloons are scarce—they take the poor flabby thing and blow it up some more and put a patch over the hole and try again. They call that sort of patch-work "conditioning." When I began this thing I thought it was a psychological discussion; but now I have changed my mind. I think it is a moral allegory. Don't you think so?

My Conscience

Esther Turk, '18

Huckleberry Finn said that "if he had a yaller pup that was as much trouble to a feller as a feller's conscience was, he'd pizen that pup." I wish I could "pizen" my conscience. If I could, I would never write another thousand-word paper. I would never read any more English Literature. No! I would go to New York and see all the theaters. I would engage somebody to study for me, and I would forget to pay them for it. When convenient, I might attend all the affairs scheduled to take place on week-ends. Perhaps—out of natural virtue—I would also return to my Alma Mater long enough to get my degree, with all possible honors and a special medal for my common-sense. I would never, never get up early in the morning, not even if I had to stay up all night to avoid doing so. I would never study, never write letters, never pay my debts, never take good advice and, above all else, I would never write for the magazine. My first care would be, in short, to forget that I could read, or write, or even spell. I would buy all the pretty clothes I wanted and buy a yacht and store it with candy, canned peas, and new novels. I would have ice-cream always on tap and all the new Victrola records. Moving pictures would come by wireless. Then with a few congenial friends I would wander away to see the world and all that's in it. After all, why not? I think that would be a very good education. Certainly it would, perforce, be a liberal one. But still—Oh, bother a conscience anyway!



GIRLS! STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

This is not, of course, an original beginning, but since an editorial must have some beginning and we possess no Bright Idea, we will, with your permission, appropriate it. It really does not matter, after all, how an editorial begins or ends. No one ever reads it, anyway. But it Must Be written. That fact can not be disputed. And think how lonely that girl with the artistic and utterly useless pen, up there at the top of the page, would be if we did not say a few words for her benefit! So, if for no other cause than that of True Art, we write.

But seriously, we have something to talk about. Perhaps you may be able to find out what it is. First of all, we want to ask a question. That will give you a chance to talk. Our question is simple enough.

"Why did you come to College?"

Stop! Stop! One at a time, please. Your answers are certainly varied! Some of you are here because "It is the thing to do." Others are here because of the fudge parties and spreads that are so vividly described in every self-respecting "Girl's Book" of your prep. school days. Some of you are here—you dare not deny it!—because College represents an attractive way in which to spend a few more years while waiting for the right man to come along. And others are here because they possess a desire to broaden their intellects and to prepare themselves to be leaders by training their minds in the many fields of knowledge that are today open to them. These

girls are not necessarily Digs or Grinds. The Digs do not broaden their intellects. They merely stuff their brains. There is a subtle difference there!

The Ideal Type of college girl—the type we have last described (no, not the Dig!)—is the type who has a broader vision than those girls who are content to stop studying when they obtain their High School diplomas. She doesn't always lead in her studies. She leaves that to the Dig. She doesn't always lead in athletics. She leaves that for the disciples of the "Girl's Books." She doesn't always lead in the other college activities. She leaves that to the girls to whom College means everything and the rest of the world nothing. But she leads in the World. She is bound to lead there. She realizes that her college is really a very small part of the Universe but she realizes, too, what an important part it is playing in her individual development. If she is particularly fitted to lead in any college activities she puts into them her best abilities, but she never deceives herself into magnifying their ultimate importance. Nor does she underestimate their importance. She is merely temperate. She knows that if she is a Big Bug in college she may be a little bug out of college and her Ultimate Aim is to be a Big Bug in college and out of college—especially out of college, for it is there she meets Life, her strictest judge. If a girl seems indifferent to the fact that the Freshmen beat the Sophomores in basketball, if she really does not care whether or not she is elected an officer of some college organization, do not too hastily judge her to be a Mutt. She may be, to be sure! Indeed she may be! But she may be a Student instead. She may be the Ideal Type, the type that recognizes the college as a place in which to expand and to find oneself. She may be so busy hunting for herself that she merely forgets to hunt for Honors. She may be so busy studying you and laughing at you up her sleeve, ofttimes, that she does not care whether or not you are judging her. She is not indifferent to all college activities. Ofttimes she is vitally interested in one or several of them. But she does not let this interest so dominate her that she loses trace of her Ultimate Aim.

One sure test of whether or not you are the Ideal Type is whether or not you "stick out" the whole four years. The girls who are "all on the surface" drop out before they earn the right to wear their caps and gowns. The various college activities begin to bore them, and since they lack an Ultimate Aim other than that of pleasure, they search for it elsewhere. Our Seniors will soon be leaving us. Many of them will be Big Bugs in the World. Most of them have worthy Ultimate Aims. Who of you will fill their places, here at Sweet Briar? How many of you are really Worth While? Will next year's Sophomore Class be half the size of this year's Freshman Class? Will next year's Senior Class be smaller than this year's Junior Class?—We hope not. We hope that Sweet Briar is full of Ideal Types. We think that she may be. Are we right?

Editors are essentially selfish creatures. We are no exceptions. All the while we have been talking to you about yourself we have been thinking of what we meant to say about ourselves and our Magazine. It is your Magazine, too, but you do not seem to realize the fact. You let us "do it all." You admit that it is an Honor to have an article in the Magazine but you expect us to come to you and beg you to let us honor you! Now, isn't that ridiculous? You stipulate that the Magazine must be Good. To be Good its contributions must be mostly voluntary. We are ashamed—for you, not for ourselves—to admit that a very large part of the material we use we obtain from the Department of English. What is the matter with the rest of you girls? Where are your Brains? What are your Thoughts? It is really your duty to tell them (in writing, on manuscript paper!) to us. It is by our Magazine that we are judged by other colleges and by the Literary World. A college magazine ought to be of some importance there, but it is usually a joke! There is no excuse for the fact. We are women who are in immediate touch with many fields of knowledge. We have, all of us, very definite ideas on a great many subjects and we have had the training that enables us best to express those ideas. What good do these ideas do us or anyone else if we keep them to ourselves? This is a chal-

lenge to you, all you who are really Worth While. Help us to make our last number our best. Help us to prove to others that Sweet Briar is a Real College!

. . .

A S. B. Directory

To aid anyone in search of —

Good music—See Gertrude Clark.

Good dance—See Mildred Meek. Really she *can* dance.

Good laugh—See Julia Cooke and Corinne Gibben 50-50.

News about the Faculty—See Virginia Sandymeyer

News about school—See Vivienne Barkalow.

Bridge Party—See Mildred Hill. Expect to be beaten.

Good loafer—See Mattie Walker. Nothing to do but sleep.

Brisk walk to station—See Martha Darden.

Trip to Amherst—See Mag McVey.

Y. W. C. A.

DOROTHY NEAL

Sweet Briar needs a new Sunday School building. All of us who attended the Y. W. C. A. services, April 1, realize the need and feel within us an impulse urging us to help in the campaign, which has been so nobly launched by the little Sunday School itself.

Sweet Briar meets the peculiar needs of all those people on its campus, who are not students, in the work that was at least first planned within the walls of the little yellow building back of the tennis courts. It is a very small building, inadequate in every way for the big work that it has set itself out to do. It is poorly heated in winter, poorly ventilated in summer. On its walls there are no attractive pictures nor any charts to aid the teachers or inspire the children. One room is not the most convenient place in the world in which to teach five classes, especially when the classes have to sit so close together that the teacher can scarcely tell where her class begins and where it blends into her neighbor's. Under such conditions how difficult it is for her to interest those tiny tots of three and four, who are listening to big brother's lesson, or those big brothers so amused by Baby's lesson.

Sweet Briar Sunday School does not limit its work to the Sunday afternoon period from three to four. Its work goes on every day in the week. From its enrollment of forty, three clubs have been organized. The Woman's Friendly, The Sweet Briar Social, and the Sunshine Clubs. The first named is for the women of the place. As members of the club, wives of the faculty and wives of the workmen meet together every fortnight to discuss their common problems, to offer helpful suggestions, to surmise upon the imminence of war, in fact, to talk about anything, no matter how great or small, in which they are interested. The Sweet Briar Social club has for its

members the Junior and Intermediate classes of the Sunday School. It has its own officers, nominated and elected by the club and its own constitution drawn up by the members, a new clause being added, or an old one taken away, whenever such action is deemed wise in the eyes of the club. This is a co-ed. club for its parties once a month. The boys meet every Wednesday with Dr. Neufer for a lesson in mechanical drawing. The girls are taught Domestic Science in the laboratory by Charlotte Seaver. These lessons have borne fruit already; Mr. Watts has taught the boys to make in the carpenter shop what they have drawn in Sweet Briar House, and the young ladies prepare tempting dishes for their own families. The Sunshine Club was organized for the tiny tots who felt left out when their mothers and their big brothers and sisters went to club. They meet once a week for a story hour and games. They have no organization but they enjoy their club activities quite as much as do their elders.

The enthusiastic club members and the Y. W. C. A. girls, who have taken the trouble to visit the little yellow house and get some understanding of the work that is being carried on there, have dreamed a dream, a beautiful dream. On the ground just back of the tea-house in the shade of the trees, the dream-fairies have constructed a long, low building with a gray-stone foundation and gray green shingled body. The color of the building blends exactly with the vines which clamber over it in riotous profusion. Inside the house there is one large, neighborly room with a cozy open fire-place, tables and chairs and comfortable seats. At the farther end of the room there are, at a slight elevation, doors leading to the tiny kitchenette, the library, and the cloak-room. There is light and air and cheeriness in this building. It is warm in winter, and cool in summer. It is a neighborhood house, as much for the children and men and women of the Sunday School as for the waitresses and the students. It is open at all times and for all occasions.

The clubs have already deserted the yellow semblance of a building just back of the tennis courts. They already see the

little beautiful house under the trees and they are spending all their efforts to obtain that house. Won't you help them? It will make Sweet Briar more beautiful. It will make it a happier place to live in. Let's all work together with the dream-fairies to build our new Sunday School building, our Neighborhood House.

Social Notes

On February 17 the Current Events Club added another phase of activities to its work. Living cartoons were presented,—three by the Freshman Class, three by the Sophomore Class and three by the Current Events Club proper. A new and clever interpretation of the old phrase, "All dressed up and no place to go," gave to the Sophomore Class the prize in the competition between "1919" and "1920."

. . .

On the afternoon of February 19 Dr. Kepner of the University of Virginia addressed the Science Club on the subject of "The Place of Science in Life." Tea served after the address was enjoyed by the club and its guests.

. . .

"A Roman School" and "A Roman Wedding," given by the department of Latin, Saturday, the 24th, was a new effort in the dramatic field at Sweet Briar. Miss Fraser and Miss Timberlake certainly deserve unstinted praise for the work put on the plays and the finished productions which were presented to us.

. . .

The Seniors entertained with a dance in the Refectory, Saturday, March 3. A lucky number dancing contest was held, the "lucky" couple, the Misses Hilton, receiving a cake. Eleanor Steele danced charmingly for us and Jo Becker and Madeline Sachs gave a most clever interpretive dance.

. . .

On March 5 Reed Miller and Mme. Van de Veer gave a recital in the chapel. The excellent voices of these two singers, together with their charming manners, made for us one of the most enjoyable concerts ever given at Sweet Briar.

. . .

On Saturday March 10, the new Ripplers and Merry Jesters presented "The Private Secretary" with Mary Virginia Crabbs in the title role.

March 11—Inquiry from the Seniors and the Juniors—

"Where, oh where, are the Freshman parties?
Where, oh where, are the Freshman parties?
Where is the party to the Upper Classmen?
Where is the party to the Junior Class?"

. . .

The Freshman-Sophomore debate was held on Monday, March 12. The subject was "Resolved: That General Wood's plan for universal military training might be advisably adopted in the United States." The decision of the judges was in favor of the Freshman team.

. . .

The Athletic Minstrel Show was given on Thursday, March 15. Besides the regular minstrel show, some tableaux and a movie were presented.

. . .

March 16-26—Spring Vacation.

. . .

On the night of March 26 our patriotic spirit showed itself as we marched through all the dormitories, singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Our Country 'Tis of Thee," and the like, and carrying "Old Glory" with us.

. . .

On March 31 the new Merry Jesters and Ripplers entertained the old members of these chapters on a hay ride.

. . .

On April 1 the Seniors celebrated the first anniversary of their class tree.

ATHLETICS

Editor—Inez Skillern

The weather was almost too warm for basketball during the last five weeks before vacation, nevertheless the remaining games of the indoor series were played with somewhat the usual enthusiasm. On account of an inadequate number of basketball girls in the Senior Class, the Senior Team was unable to compete in the contest and forfeited its game to the Sophomore Team. The Juniors and then the Sophomores lost to the Freshman Team. In regard to the inter-class games, the Senior-Sophomores won the indoor championship for the season.

The annual "Athletic Minstrels" was given on March 16. During the performance the basketball cup and numerals were presented to the winners. Those members of the Junior-Freshman Team who won their numerals by playing two-thirds of the outdoor and indoor series of games were Cornelia Carroll and Eleanor Lynott. Those of the Senior-Sophomore Team were Martha Darden, Henrietta Crump, and Cilla Guggenheimer. The members of the Freshman Team may receive numerals for playing on their Class Teams provided they fill the requirements of the association. Helen Mason received her 1920 letters for playing on the team.

. . .

The girls who play tennis will rejoice, no doubt, to know that the tennis season is at hand. The courts are being rolled and will be in splendid condition for use in a very short time.

. . .

Field Day is to be the sixteenth of April, so that it may come before May Day. The association urges all the girls to

come out for training and to take part in the meet. Sweet Briar has a great many advantages to offer in this form of athletics, and she ought to break some more world records at this meet.

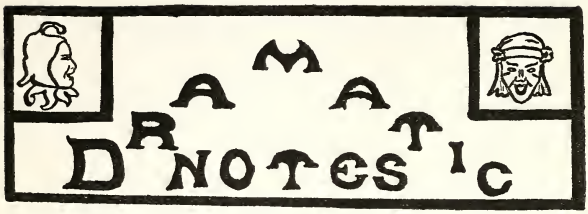
. . .

The fact that Sweet Briar was the only Southern college, except Randolph Macon, to be invited to the "Women's Athletic Association Conference" at Madison, Wisconsin, in March, shows that it stands foremost among the Southern colleges for the physical development of women. Sweet Briar was represented among the nineteen colleges because she holds two world records for women.

The meeting convened March 9 and 10 for the purpose of exchanging ideas and giving mutual help for the stimulation of athletic interests and activities in women's colleges. The topics discussed were: methods of awarding points and cataloguing records, organization of activities, eligibility, stimulation of athletic interest, and the practical administration of athletic interest. Resolutions were passed to discourage intercollegiate athletics but at the same time to encourage competition by keeping records and publishing them. It was agreed that coöperation between the physical education department and the W. A. A. was essential and that Spaulding's rule book should be adopted as the official guide book.

Cornelia Carroll, our delegate, reports that Sweet Briar was among the very few colleges represented which have a scholastic standard for eligibility. She reports also that Sweet Briar was chosen on two of the three permanent committees for the making of the by-laws to the constitution.

Next year the conference will be held at the University of Chicago, to adopt the constitution. After next year the meeting will convene only once every three years.



The "Minstrel Show" this year was presented to us under the most auspicious circumstances, the night before Spring Vacation when we were inclined toward the best in everything. Florence Freeman deserves credit both as manager and as end man, as do also Winnie Kraus, Helen Beeson and Dorothy Whitley, each of whom added to the merriment as end men. Some of the jokes lacked sufficient point, and a few were used by our grandfathers, but the "pep" and originality of the songs more than made up for this deficiency. Following the Minstrel Show proper came a miniature vaudeville performance, in which Delia May Gilmore sang "Smile, Smile, Smile," and Helen Beeson and Bernyna Baugher gave a clever interpretation of "Bachelor Girl and Boy." Virginia Illington and Gertrude Morse sang several songs in pleasing harmony. It is to be regretted, however, that Gertrude's thoughts were so far from the songs as to render the scene rather ridiculous, and to some, rather embarrassing. The climax of the evening's entertainment came in a hair-raising "movie" in which Ernestine Hutter was a most thorough detective, Helen Beeson a heartrending swain and Winnie Kraus the fascinating heroine.

. . .

"The Private Secretary" was presented by the new Merry Jesters and Ripplers amid roars of laughter. Lucile Barrow made the attractive hero by her usual clever and finished acting, with Betty Lea enacting the part of her best friend.

Pauline Shortess as the heroine and Helen Guthrie as her chum were charming in their interpretations. Virginia Lovell as the gruff old uncle of the hero, and Mary Virginia Crabbs as the meek and misused private secretary, afforded gales of laughter, and established their reputations as actresses. As a fine old country gentleman, Iloe Bowers was most pleasing, while Martha Walker characterized a typical "social climber." As Spiritualism added its mystery and zest to the performance, it was necessary that the part of a spiritualistic old lady be dramatically upheld, and Esther Turk was far from disappointing in the part. Mary Broughton and Rosanne Gilmore added their share to the performance as butler and writ-bearer respectively.

Alumnae Notes

Virginia Etheridge has a young son two months old.

. . .

Frances Matson and Mayo Thatche are studying in New York.

. . .

The Richmond Chapter gave a subscription card party in January.

. . .

Laura Portman's engagement to Mr. Hans Mueller of Cleveland, Ohio, has been recently announced.

. . .

Invitations have been received at Sweet Briar to the wedding of Ruth Boettcher to Mr. Lake Robertson, April 18. They will reside in Houston, Texas.

. . .

Mrs. Harry Taylor, best known at Sweet Briar as Alma Booth, did not sail for America on January thirty-first, as she had expected. Her furlough is indefinitely extended.

. . .

Louise Hooper, '10, is at present teaching Latin in the Richmond High School. She expects to study at Columbia during the summer and at the same time to work in the 76th Street Settlement.

. . .

On February twenty-third, Elizabeth Spahr of Princeton, New Jersey, was married to Mr. Ridgely Lytle, Jr., son of Dr. R. Ridgely Lytle, of 36 West 100 Street, New York, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Mr. Lytle had just returned from Europe after serving in the Ambulance Corps.

. . .

The concert given at the house of Mildred Waite, New York, was a great success. More than a hundred and thirty-five people were present. Two fern boxes, with the Sweet Briar

seal in the center and a palm on either side, were placed on the mantel of the music room. Roses were used with ferns to carry out the color scheme of rose and green in the dining room. At the ends of the table were the two coffee urns. Ruth Maurice and Doris McConnell served tea after the concert. The programme opened with "The Star Spangled Banner," sung by Miss Slade and accompanied by girls. At the close the Sweet Briar students who were present sang college songs.

X.—"What are your terms for students?"
Tea house committee—"Dead beats and bums."

Exchanges

Dorothy Neal

"In the spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love"

Tennyson would have been equally right if he had substituted girl for "man" or the indiscriminate "person." The exchanges on the desk, whether from separate colleges for women and men, or from co-educational schools, all bear indisputable witness to the fact that spring is here. This witness is seen in the unusual number and range of love-stories and love poems and spring stories and spring poems, in which the element of love plays no mean part. The great national crisis into which our country is plunged, the greatest since the Civil War, has united forces with the spring to cause the output of a vast number of patriotic love-stories. Whether the spring or the war is the real cause, after the usual dearth of short stories in our college magazines, the large, interesting overflow is most welcome.

"The Ex-American Citizen" in the *Aurora* of Agnes Scott, is certainly a story of originality in theme, even though the mechanism is conventional. "Keeping up with the Family" and "The Mutilation" in the same issue are clever articles in lighter view. "Sine Quo Non" is the conventional story of the talented musician who does not find his gift until, his sight lost, he is bereft of any other means of livelihood. The story which occurs in the March number of *The Mount Holyoke* is well written, and aside from an over abundance of moralizations, it possesses real human interest. "Flood Tide" in *The Vassar Miscellany* shows the youth of its author in the slight straining of the dramatic qualities. "What's in a Name" in *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, the Allegory "The Man Who Found the Kingdom" in *The Sibyl*, "The Home-Coming" in *The Richmond College Messenger*, "The Little Foxes" in *The Lesbian Herald*, "Plantin' Too Deep" in

Greensboro *State Normal Magazine*, and "David's Awakening" in *Wo-Co-Ala*, are all stories well worth reading.

Essays of the month treat of weighty subjects. Most of them are well handled. Occasionally personal prejudice is apparent, and sometimes the subject is a little more comprehensive than the author's grasp. The charming descriptive essay "Inisheen" in *The Davidson College Magazine*, the huge, economic subject of "Genetics in its Relation to Human Conservative" in *The Sibyl*, "The Passing of the Old Darky" and "The Tramp Problem" in *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, "The Ulster Question" in *The Aurora*, and "Modern Poetry" in the *Wells College Chronicle*, all give evidence that the college men and women today have thoughts and know how to express them.

In the field of poetry, there is always an extensive acreage to cover. Long poems, short poems, dramatic monologue, love-lyrics abound in the various magazines, and where a magazine has not been able to publish a good story or essay, there is always a good poem within its covers. Among the best poems of more than usual length are "My People" in the *Vassar Miscellany*, "The Old Folks' Home" in *The Western Oxford*, "Our Newfoundland Heroes" in *The King's College Record*, and "Uncle Tom's Resolutions" in *Wo-Co-Ala*. The best short poems in all fields are: "The Ocean Beach" in *The Davidson College Magazine*, "Come, Smile Little One" in *Wo-Co-Ala*, "By The Sea" in *The Pharetra*, "Whither" and "The Sophomore Trigonometric Dance" in *The Limestone Star*, "The King's Man at the Front" in *The King's College Record*, "Kisnut" in *The Focus*, "A Ballad of Sir Patrick" in *The Aurora*, "Titian Tints" in *The Mount Holyoke* and "Sun of a Winter's Day" in *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. The poem in blank verse, "The Materialist's Confession" in *Richmond College Messenger* classes with the following striking lines:

> "Yes, all men are fool-idiotic simpletons,
> But it takes a frail and hobbling being,
> Woman,
> To convince them of it."

Two allegorical plays, "Every College Girl" in *The Aurora* and "Et Cetera, a Modern Morality Play" in *The Pharetra* are pleasing little sketches. Real dramatic talent, skill in scenic and character portrayal is manifest in the one-act drama 'The Singing Pool" occurring in the March number of *The Mount Holyoke.*

Editor—MARGARET MCVEY

Miss K.—"What kind of a vacation did you have, Miss Hutter?"

Miss H.—"I played bridge all morning, all afternoon and when night came around I only held hands."

. . .

Young Author—"Please tell me candidly what you think of my new story."

G. S.—"Please don't ask me. You are so much bigger and stronger than I am."

. . .

Mother, to a friend—"I just don't know what I'll make of that daughter of mine."

Friend—"Maybe she hasn't found herself. Isn't she gifted in any way?"

Mother—"Gifted? Why, I should say she is. She hasn't a thing that wasn't given to her."

. . .

Dad, reading young Sam's report card for January—"Why, is it that you stand so much lower in your classes in January than in December?"

Samuel—"Why, don't you know that everything is marked down after the holidays?"

. . .

Cor. G.—"What have you called your wheel, Millie?"

Millie—"True love."

Cor. G.—"Why?"

Millie—"Because it never runs smooth."

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Contents

PAGE

THE SEASONS (Poem). *G. E. S.*, '18 223
A WARNING (Poem). *Elizabeth Eggleston* 224
THE DREAM-WORLD GIRL 225
A JOKE (Poem). *G. E. S.*, '18 233
A FROLIC IN LOVE 234
HER DIARY 242
MRS. OR MISS? 249
EDITORIALS 253
ATHLETICS 254
DRAMATIC NOTES 256
EXCHANGES 258
ALUMNÆ NOTES 260
JOKES 262

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The Sweet Briar Magazine, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published five times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, and especially of the students, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the Magazine. We hope that in return the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

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Eighth page	5.00

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The above is the statement of the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, November 2, 1916, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

The Seasons

G. E. S., '18

Little wee green things
Peeping through the ground!
Birds sing!
Everything
Shows Spring's come around.

Little bright flowers
Cover all the earth.
Soft wind!
We find
Summer at its birth.

Little leaves red and gold
Dance on all the trees.
Falling,
Recalling
Autumn's singing breeze.

Little white snow flakes
Flying all about.
No care,
Anywhere!
"Winter's come," they shout.

A Warning

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON

Once there was a little kitten,
  Kept a sitten and a sitten
'Roun; when mammy made the cake—
  Waitin' for some tastes to take.

Kitty had a little brother,
  Kept a bawlin' for his mother.
Kitty didn't mind at all—
  She was glad when baby'd bawl.

Then she'd jump upon the table,
  Eat as much as she was able.
Oh! this was a naughty kitten,
  Else this tale would not be written.

One day she fell into the batter.
  My, she made an awful spatter!
Mother didn't see her fall,
  And cooked kitten, cake and all!

Now, my dear, when mother makes
  You some little sugar cakes,
'Member 'bout that poor baked kitten,
  And when baby bawls—keep sitten!

The Dream-World Girl

GRACE had lost something. It was something she had been saving for years, something she had cherished in her secret heart more than anything else in the world, something she had looked forward to using at this very time. But when she had looked for it, it was gone. Gone! Fled! Strange she had never noted its going! Strange she had not missed it before! Strange still that she could not find it when she searched! But it seemed irrevocably gone, and if Jimmie Cook, who was the very soul of generosity, had not offered to share his with her—But now we are getting ahead of our story.

It all happened because Grace lead a double life. None of the people who knew her, not even those who knew her best, suspected it. But it was true. And it was because of this dual existence that Grace had not missed her most precious possession before, for between living in the routine of her rather prosaic every-day life and in the dizzy, delicious whir of her oh-so-romantic dream life, she had not had time to miss anything.

People who knew Grace were wont to pity her slightly and say that she was "such an *odd* girl!" and wonder "how she *could* lead such a dull life?" But Grace, had one asked her, would have said she lived a very full life, and indeed she did! She lived a life full of adventure, light, love and gaiety. She lived a life wherein everyone was happy and beautiful, and all wishes came true. That this life was lived only in the books she pored over, or in the dreams she dreamed in the days when the other girls were whispering about what *he* said, made not a particle of difference to Grace. It was her life, and it was a far more real life to her than the one she was living during her school hours. When she was very young she had determined that her dream life would surely come true some day.

As the dream life became a more firmly fixed habit with her, the certainty that it would one day materialize became more assured. She knew that some day she would be quite the most popular and sought-after girl in a circle of young people who were all beautiful, witty and lovable. She knew that she would have charm, wit and poise. She knew that a handsome and altogether irresistible He would one day fall desperately in love with her and she knew that she would marry him and be happy for ever and ever afterwards. Knowing all this, it was not until she reached her twenty-first birthday that she began to doubt its entire reality.

And her other life, that life she led here on earth, with the rest of us. Yes, it was prosaic, but that never entered her mind, nor the minds of those who cared most for her. To her and to them, it was a perfectly natural life, the sort of life that every nice girl ought to lead. There was no reason at all why she should not have been perfectly happy. No reason at all! She had a comfortable home—as nice as any girl could want!—and an adoring mother and a brisk business-like father and two maiden aunts whose very lives were wrapped up in her as they so often reminded her. She had no brothers or sisters or young cousins with whom to share their devotion and they had no other object than this one submissive girl on whom to expend their surplus affection and theories. So it is not to be wondered that the Grace that the outside world knew, the Grace they themselves knew, was a composite of the individualism of the two maiden aunts and her mother, with an occasional touch of the brisk business-like father, rather than an entirely original and single individual with personal opinions and characteristics of her own.

Grace was sent as a day pupil to a very respectable and highly recommended girls' seminary, from her kindergarten days, straight to the end of her high school days. There was nothing unusual about that because "the very nicest" girls always did go to private schools, you know! We mention it only to show that Man never did figure very much in her life. She did not miss the companionship of boys, because she had never known it. She willingly accepted her maiden aunts'

assertions that she was too young when the other girls began to talk about "dates." She was quite as happy with her dream lovers as they with their real ones. Once in a while she did wish she could know some real men—girls always call the young, green boy creatures of the long lanky age "men" —but she never mentioned her wish to her family. She realized instinctively that they would be shocked at her unmaidenliness in making such an assertion. The maiden aunts expected her to grow up and join their ranks of spinsterhood, and to her mother she was always just a "little girl." Her father never thought about her one way or the other. She was his daughter, to be sure, and he loved her very dearly and wanted her to have every advantage, but it was the duty of the women folks to see that she was properly reared. He was, after all, just like many other fathers!

Grace was never a tom boy. As a small child she had been quiet and subdued, content to play wondrous games with her dolls rather than to break her neck climbing trees. As she grew older, she began to spend hours and hours reading everything she could lay hands on. She was never ill at ease with older people and they considered her a model girl, "always so courteous and dignified, you know!" but with a few exceptions young people found her rather tiresome. She was "queer," they said, and she never knew how to join in with their fun. She wasn't exactly a "pris," and she wasn't exactly old-fashioned, but somehow she was just different from the rest of them!

Grace felt her "difference" as keenly as any one, and it was because she felt it, that she began to live more and more in her dream world. So great was her faith in her dream world that she never doubted that when she had finished school and was "old enough" all her dreams would come true. It was rather disconcerting, then, when her family decreed that she must spend four years in college, but because she had always acquiesced in everything they proposed she acquiesced in this too. It would put off her dream only four more years, and what are four years, when one is seventeen? Grace did not entirely dislike the idea of college, after all. There were so

many interesting things in the world to be learned, and she began to want to learn them all. Perhaps—just perhaps!—her dream might not come true right away after she finished college. The Grace of the dream world was quite determined not to join the great spinster sisterhood. The dream-world Grace meant to "do" something in the big, outside world—if her other dream just should not happen to come true!—and she realized that a college education would, at least, help this dream.

So for four more years Grace lived a manless existence. Her winters were spent in a girls' college and her summers in the summer home where her family lived every year from the beginning of June, to the end of September, and where one could become beautifully tanned and strong but where no young people ever came. For four more years her sole companions were the few girls who were enough like her to have become her friends, her instructors, of whom she was genuinely fond, and her maiden aunts and mother. If she missed the fun and the dancing that the other girls seemed to have, she never mentioned it, or never questioned "why?" but rather, she comforted herself with the thought of the wonderful things that were going to happen when she had quite finished her schooling and was "old enough."

Finally, the commencement exercises were over and Grace felt herself ready to commence to live, to commence to be a butterfly. And then it was that she perceived some difficulty in the carrying out of her plans. Her mother and her maiden aunts were actually planning to spend this summer—this summer!—in the seclusion of their summer home again. No other plan had entered their heads. Grace began to see that it was up to her. Very timidly, very fearfully, she suggested a change of plan to them. She had never been consulted in her life and she was fearful that her boldness would result only in the complete frustration of all her hopes.

"Mother," she began, "Aunties! Of course it sounds silly, I know, and you'll probably think I'm very foolish! But couldn't we, just this year, go some place different? I just *love* Sunnyside, but mother dear, I want to meet people [oh,

never, never would she say 'men'!] this summer. Please!''

And so it happened, that after many family consultations and after much weighing of the pros and cons of the question, it was finally decided that for this year the family would go to a summer resort and live in a hotel. The summer resort that mother and the maiden aunts decided upon was not a particularly gay summer resort, or a particularly fashionable one but the ads. of it showed plenty of girls and men swimming and rowing on a very blue lake, and dancing on a floor that was very, very shiny, so Grace was quite contented with their choice.

It was not until they were all firmly settled in the Hotel and had met all the very nicest people there—as one does meet the people at a little summer resort, that she began seriously to doubt that her dream would come true. It was not until she had heard all the men express their polite pleasure in meeting her and then had seen them go and ask the other girls to dance and play tennis and go rowing, that she began to realize that charm and social ease are not to be got in a day. It was not until she had seen that the young people of her own age were deferentially and aloofly polite, while the friends of her maiden aunts accepted her as one of them, that her dream world began to crumble into dust. It was not until Jimmie Cook, a truly irresistible dream-world He, had talked to her on the hotel piazza for one glorious half hour—had talked about the serious problems of the day rather than of the color of her eyes and the music of her voice, and then had gone off and danced with the fluffy-haired, scatter-brained misses of sixteen, that she began to doubt that her dream man would come.

And all the while this turmoil was going on in the heart of the dream girl, Grace, the Grace of the prosaic world was comparing crochet patterns with ladies of uncertain age, and going in swimming and on walks with ladies of uncertain age and assuring ladies of uncertain age that this really was a perfect summer resort and she was so glad her family had decided to come there this year. And all the while she was learning to *hate* ladies of uncertain age and she was wanting to be playing

and dancing with people who were not afraid to tell their ages and she was feeling very lonesome, and unhappy and wretched.

One day the climax of her wretchedness was reached, one day that was sunny and lovely, one day when all the world looked gay. It was on this day that the young people at the hotel planned a picnic across the lake and they had all gone off, laughing and singing, and they had not even asked her! They had not even *asked* her! They were not intentionally cruel or neglectful, they did not really dislike her, but to them she was not another girl, she was "Miss Weston," a person who enjoyed the company of ladies of uncertain age!

Grace pretended not to care, she pretended that she really did not want to go on that picnic. She took a book and some candy, and declining very politely the company of a lady of uncertain age, she set off alone to a cozy spot she had discovered one day in the woods.

But the book seemed dry and uninteresting to her and the chocolates that she had bought for herself tasted bitter, and she had just started, undignifiedly to cry when she heard someone coming towards her. Now no girl wants to be caught weeping when she has been pretending to be happy, no girl in this wide, wide world wants that to happen! And so Grace began to look hard at the ground and to run her hands through the grass and to appear not to notice whoever it was that was interrupting her solitary party. So absorbed did she appear that Jimmie Cook almost stepped on her before ever he saw her, and then he stopped short and laughed his grand, boyish laugh.

"Oh, I say, Miss Weston! I didn't see you at all! What do you mean, young lady, by invading my particular corner of the woods?"

Grace did not look up at all, but in a voice that tried to be steady and light she denied his right to the spot with the two words, "It's *mine*!"

"O ho! We'll have to settle that!" Jimmie declared, throwing himself down beside her. And then, because she had not yet looked at him and was still shuffling the leaves

about, he added sympathetically, "Lost something? Let me help!"

Perhaps it was because she was so very tired and unhappy, and perhaps it was because she wanted Jimmie's help more than anything else in the world—no one knows! But at any rate a very surprising thing happened. The dignified Miss Weston crumpled all up in a heap beside a very astonished young gentleman, and with tears running down her cheeks, and in a voice that did not even try to be steady she said: "Yes! I—I've l—lost my *youth*!"

"Your *what*? Miss Weston, what is it?" Oh, he was an extremely uncomfortable Jimmie, now!

"My *youth*!" flared up the transformed Miss Weston. "That's it! How old do you all think I am anyway? Every one calls me 'Miss Weston.' Miss Weston! My name is *Grace*, b—but no one would ever know it. No one ever thinks I want to do anything *at all*, except those old maids up at the hotel. I won't be an old maid yet! I won't! I won't! I wish I were d—dead!"

And then Jimmie began to see light and to curse himself for his stupidity and his blindness, and because he was a very nice sort of a person and because he really liked Miss Weston —Grace—lots, he knew how to say, in just the right tone— "Why little girl! I didn't know! Grace dear, pretend I'm your brother—you haven't any real one, have you?—and tell me all about it!"

And Grace told him. She told him all about her dream world and its pitiful downfall. She told him how she wanted to be young and just couldn't be. She told him everything— or almost everything! And he began to see why she had had such a wistful look as she crocheted with the older women and he began to understand a lot of things about her that had puzzled him, and so they struck a bargain finally. If she would pretend for the rest of the summer that he was her brother, and do as he told her to *always*, he would help her to find her youth or at least lend her some of his! It was not a hard bargain for either of them. She had opened her heart to him once, so it would be easy to keep on confiding in him.

And he—well, what man ever objected to having a pretty girl trust him and depend on him—and Grace was pretty in her own quiet way—especially if the pretty girl had enough gray matter to enable her to be a real pal to a fellow, not merely a plaything?

And so the "partnership" began, and little by little the gray thing that had been Grace, blossomed out into quite a presentable flower. So gradually did the transformation take place, and so steadily, that without any one noticing it at all, the ladies of uncertain age ceased to expect her in their circle and the people who were not afraid to tell their ages began to include her in theirs. And that is how, with Jimmie Cook's aid, Grace found what she had lost.

And that is how, too, with Jimmie's aid, her dream came true. For the dream *did* come true, the most important part of the dream! And if Grace wasn't the centre of the crowd, and if the people in the crowd were not all unusually beautiful and witty, that did not in the least matter to Grace for she had forgotten entirely that that was part of her dream. It was enough, quite enough, that towards the end of the summer a truly irresistible and handsome He—a He named Jimmie Cook—chose a night when there was a wishing moon to talk to her—not about the important problems of the day!—but about the color of her eyes and the softness of her hair, and the music of her voice and a lot of other things that irresistible Hes talk about to the girls they love and want—oh, very much—to marry. It was enough for her that the most beautiful part of her dream—the part she had not told Jimmie about that day in the woods—was it *years* ago?—had come true, out under the wishing moon!

A Joke

G. E. S., '18

It's a joke, just a joke, this world we mortals live in!
It's a joke, just a joke, all our "virtue" and our "sin"!
We are puppets, made to play
Endlessly, day after day,
In a game where no man runs a chance to win.

Laugh and laugh, keep on laughing! What tho you've
brok'n your heart?
Laugh and laugh, keep on laughing! Try to make another's
smart!
Hearts are easily crush'd and mended,
In this game that's never ended,
In this game where men grow weary at the start!

It's a lark, a jolly lark, to work, and fail and sing!
It's a lark, a jolly lark, if you don't let buffets sting.
After all, what's the use
To notice failure or abuse?
We are all just puppets, worked by Fate's unyielding string.

It's a joke, just a joke! Yet we suffer grief and pain.
It's a joke, just a joke! But when we fail we try again.
Is there something behind it all
That bids weak man—not to fall
And puts new life in Hope when all seems vain?

A Frolic in Love

IT WAS one of those cold, dark days in October, when the winds sigh softly, the birds fold their wings and twitter lazily one to another, and the air broods peace and quiet and genuine friendliness. It was such a day, when a cheery fire on the hearth and a good friend beside it satisfies the contemplative heart. It was a perfect day for undisturbed confidences.

Barbara Law deemed it next to the best day in all the world, for tomorrow was her wedding-day, and today was her last day all to herself with her home and her girlhood friends. Next to home, to Barbara the most wonderful place in all the world was the convent where she had spent the ten happiest years of her young life.

To the convent then she walked, to the sweetest little Sister in the convent, on this afternoon before her wedding. Sister Ambrosia was seated at her desk in the class room on the north side of the building, so shadowed by trees and ivy that the sun very rarely filtered through. It was here that Barbara came straightway, for Sister was expecting this visit from "her girl" who on the morrow would cease to be so entirely her girl.

"I'm a little late, Sister dear, but oh! the wedding presents are so beautiful and everyone seems to want to talk to me, now that I'm spreading my wings for flight! I do hate to leave everyone, but Bob is just the one man in all the world, who could coax me to leave them. I'm going away tomorrow and I'm happy, happy, happy!"

"Dear, let's sit together in this window-seat, for only think, this is our last good talk for months, perhaps years. Are you really happy, dear, and sure that you will always be just as happy?"

"Oh, Sister Ambrosia! You of all people in this world, to ask me that question when you've known it all along, ever

since the spring day I wrote you that long, crazy note from college! Do you remember that note?"

"How can I ever forget it? That and the frenzied note which followed? But dear, you never did explain it all to me just how it happened."

"Sister! After that long letter, I should think you would have known from intuition all that followed."

"But I didn't, and that's the reason there's just one little cobweb of doubt to be swept away from my mind before I can assure myself, that you will be perfectly mated with Bob."

"Sister dear, I can remember every detail as if it were yesterday. It was just a spring frolic that ceased to be a frolic when the spring days passed. And besides, Bob hadn't said anything then, nor had he even written me a line in perfect ages. And then when he poured all his confidences into Mother's ear, told her his aims and ambitions, and didn't deign to entrust even the smallest bit with me, I decided that courting the family wouldn't win this hand. I wasn't serious then, not the least little bit. But I did think Bob could have written to me once a month and I didn't think he needed Mother's persistent defense. 'He is the finest young man I have ever known', she wrote in one of her letters. I came nearer disliking Bob then than I ever did in all my life. It was like pouring oil on fire. I let myself fly up in a whirlwind of anger and emotion. I reckon you know just how I can do sometimes. And I decided my vacation in the Middle West should be the gayest, merriest, most reckless frolic I had ever gone into. Jane, my precious little room-mate, was fired with enthusiasm to have me meet and know her friends. I decided that for once I would flirt and flirt desperately, that I would make some man fall in love with me, and then if I accomplished nothing more, I would stir up some disturbance at home.

"You know how well my little plan succeeded and what an explosion it occasioned in my precious family. I can still laugh until the tears come when I think of Mother's letter. Even Baby Gordon cried to Daddy: 'Barbara left her heart in Westerton! Will she die?' I can just picture to myself,

the rage and disgust on my face. And oh! do you remember the letter I wrote home and it was all over just a frolic after all?

"Janey had told me all along of Jack, her father's protege, a Senior in the Law School, at the University. He was such a wonderful young man that I was quite certain I could not stand him around for even a single minute.

"Things turned out differently. Fate, destiny, I know not what, shaped our plans to suit herself. Jack met us in the station at Columbus. He did not look at all like the young man on Janey's dressing table. He had marvellously good-looking blue eyes with long, sweeping eye-lashes and he laughed and flirted much more in ten minutes than Mr. Jack of the picture would have dared in his whole lifetime.

"He went home with us to Westerton. Before we had ridden thirty minutes on the accommodation train, he was doing his best to attract my undivided attention to what he was saying. Before we had gone an hour, he was coaxing Janey to change seats with him. An hour and a half and he told me that I wasn't his 'idea of a Y. W. President.' Two hours and he turned and looked steadily at me his eyes searching the depths of mine.

" 'I wish my Mother could meet you,' he said. 'I am sure she would like you.'

"One of the first girls I met on our arrival in Westerton, was Della, the young lady who secretly hoped to marry Jack, and whom I had reason later to believe Jack at one time led on to that idea. Jack, you see, was an experienced flirt. In that respect he was like my Jimmie-boy.

"I saw Jack at lunch, and for a few minutes in the evening but never for a moment alone until the next evening which was Sunday. Janey and five or six of her club girls took me to Epworth League. I enjoyed that right much for the youngsters made merry every single minute. But I contracted a head-ache, a splitting head-ache, and the room was stuffy and warm. I wanted to get outside in the cold, frosty air or in my room, separate and alone from the big, noisy world.

"The meeting over, we came out of the church to find Jack

waiting at the corner with Janey's car. We were certainly glad to see the car for it had begun to snow again and the walks were ever so icy and slippery.

" 'Won't you please ride with me?' a voice from behind came to me and I could not but know that I was the person thus addressed.

"I turned and saw Jack holding the door of the car open for me. I got in without a word. The others piled merrily in the back seats and we drove home quickly. Not a word was spoken by either of us. He had been at Jane's home all afternoon but as Della was there, I had kept out of the way and almost ignored the young gentleman when I did come within speaking distance.

"All at once at my side I heard a low voice speaking. 'We didn't seem to have much to say to one another this afternoon.'

"I gruffly answered, 'No.'

"Again deep silence prevailed which lasted until we reached home. I was playing the game and somehow I realized that if I made him come forward a little more my plan would succeed better.

"We had planned to see two of Jane's friends off on the evening train. Jack took us down and again I was assigned by all present to the front seat. Again ominous silence reigned until we were driving into the station yard.

" 'Would you like a ride after the train comes in? Perhaps then we might talk a little. I have something important to say to you.'

" 'I love the night air,' I answered quietly.

"That ride for two hours I afterwards learned belonged by right of appointment to Della!—Well, I haven't forgotten it yet. It all was such fun. Aunt Marie had told us our fortunes in the afternoon and just for fun we compared notes and discovered some rather strange coincidences. Jack was to have a flirtation with a very light girl; I was destined to cut a dark girl out with her lover, a man darker than myself.

"Jack and I mutually agreed to have the flirtation and we carried on high for an hour or so. Suddenly there came a

turn in the conversation and I realized that we was telling me things meant in confidence. He was telling how he liked Della. She was good-looking and she showed him a good time, but he wasn't thinking of marriage yet, and when he did—well, he wasn't going there for his soul-mate. He loved Janey dearly, and Della was jealous of a certain moonlight dance last Christmas vacation.

"The ride took us all over Westerton and its suburbs, several times over again, but I in my wickedness, enjoyed every minute of it. When he suggested that we take the girls home, take the car to the garage, and walk home, I heartily joined in with the idea.

"As we walked up he told me a few more half merry, half serious confidences, and then he extricated from me a promise to write to him occasionally when I got back to college, to write to him, and not to show his letters to Jane. He knew only too well, that my wise little 'roomie' would, from past experience, refuse to take him at his face valuation and would counsel her Barbara to act likewise. Of course, I promised after a deal of hesitation and we shook hands over the bargain. And, just to digress a moment, I've kept that promise to this day. Even Bob hasn't read Jack's first letter, and I'm afraid it's better for the old fellow not to disturb his equilibrium by allowing him to read it, even after tomorrow.

"Jane, Jack, Tommy and I decorated the hall Monday morning for the dance that evening. Nothing much happened, except, Jack stayed around pretty close and forgot his engagement with Della to help her for the party she was giving in Jane's and my honor in the afternoon. Jack took Jane, Alice and I to the party at Della's and I sat in the front seat of the car. Della was at the door to greet me and though her voice was all sweetness and hospitality, I fancied I detected a desire behind the voice to say something not so gentle. I had a very pleasant time at the party. Mrs. Harris saw only 'disappointments, constant little disappointments,' in my tea-cup and Della's mother kissed me a most cordial good-bye before I skipped down the steps and into the front seat with Jack.

"I was happy, too happy to eat or sit still for a moment. I wasn't in love as my fond Mother surmised, but I had laid a trap and it had caught the prey it was baited for.

"When I came downstairs for the dance, I really believe I looked better than I did the first time I wore that silvery, green dress to the gorgeous Inaugural Ball. Jack thought I looked well and he did not hesitate to let me know just exactly what he was thinking. I was embarrassed to tears and I blushed—well, Sister, you surely remember the way I used to blush. Don't laugh. I know I haven't quite recovered yet but you'll have to confess I do it a great deal less frequently and only on most serious provocation.

"I rode to the dance with Jack, but I knew of course that he was scheduled to take Della, so I skipped away from him the minute we reached the dance-hall. I met just scores and scores of good-looking young men and pretty girls, and it was almost time for the grand march to begin before Jack came down the receiving line with Della. He deposited her in some corner or other and was back in a few moments to fun with me and try to coax a sweet-pea from my corsage. I didn't see any reason why I should refuse so simple a request. Oh! if I could have foretold the consequences and the full realization of Aunt Marie's fortune with reference to the jealousy of a dark lady! On the way home that evening a certain young man was pilfered of a pink sweet-pea which was promptly crushed to pulp and moisture by the heel of a young lady's dancing pump.

"Well, to go on with the dance, I must confess, one of the most memorable in my lifetime. I had the third dance with Jack. There it was I began to doubt the stability of his reason just the least little mite. How could a man talk so to a girl he had known but a little more than forty-eight hours? Men are funny creatures, not even excepting the perfect man. Sister dear, I know them now a little better than I did last spring vacation and I thought I knew them pretty well then, for Jimmie-boy taught me a lesson I never needed tutoring in again.

"The sixth dance Jack took it upon himself to chide me for having such a grand time with all my partners. He didn't seem to think my smiles should be expended on more than one young gentleman. But I knew better, I knew my game. The seventh dance was the first extra, so we sat out together and talked and talked.

"I can not now forget the seriousness with which he tried to win my attention at least to him. He made me believe, or he thought he had convinced me, that I meant more to him than any other girls and some day he would prove it. He gave a brief autobiography, dwelling long on his aims and ambitions. He declared that my letters would be an inspiration. I was young, I could understand, to me he would tell his plans, his failures, his successes.

"In my youthfulness I was flattered. I had well-nigh achieved that for which I had come to Westerton. Might it develop into more? No, I though for a moment in quiet and all those senses, which I often doubted I was in possession of, rushed to my assistance. My game was played. I had won. It was time to go.

"I danced with him several times again that evening and he continued to break me in the 'robber dances.' Our gayety was now a little forced. He looked at me right closely once and said: 'I do not believe you are having a good time. You are forcing yourself.'

"Perhaps I was. Who can tell? I had worked for an end. I had saved all my forces for that end. My end was attained, my resources exhausted. It was time to rest.

"The next morning I waked early. I did not sleep much. Yes, you may laugh—but I confess there was the least bit of worry in my heart over the thing which I had done. I dressed and went downstairs to write a note to Mother. She would be anxious to know what I was doing, so of course I emphasized the most important part—Jack.

Alice came downstairs when I was just launched in my letter. The phone rang. She answered it and came back laughing. Jack had imagined he was talking to me. He had let

just pecks of perfectly fine things out of the bag. He was coming up just to see me.

"I didn't see him when he reached the house. I didn't want to see him—at least not very much.

"He left on the noon train. When he bade me good-bye there was a suspicious grasp of the hand and then he was gone.

"He wrote me one letter. You know about that. He wrote another to Jane. Della had won her way.

"When the long letter from Bobe City, Oregon arrived, I decided that summer-boys and spring-boys couldn't take the place of the ever-patient, ever-ready, hardy perennial. I knew then just as I had always known that 'Fate had not cast' me in Jack's way or in Jimmie's way, or in anyone else's way for that matter. I was made for Bob and tomorrow he will take in the eyes of everyone, the girl who is his now as she always has been and always will be."

The little Sister's eyes, bright with excitement and merriment and a deep kindly interest, twinkled as she kissed her Barbara and whispered: "Are you sure you didn't plan this as another frolic, a frolic in love?"

Her Diary

Derry Place, Virginia,
April 14, 1916.

Dearest Pauline—

I have just arrived at dear, quaint, old Derry Place, and oh, how I wish you could be with me! It is so restful, so quiet, it seems as if I had stepped back fifty years into a dreamy lilac-smelling paradise.

Of course Aunt Mildred met me at the train in the ancient carry-all. The other aunts are too feeble to get about much now, as you know, but they were both on the porch to greet me as we drove up.

I am out in the boxwoods now writing, and drinking it all in—the quiet, the quaintness, the touch of eternal peace. A mocking-bird is saucily building his nest over in the bush opposite, and the sky is more mysteriously blue than ever. Somehow now I forget to be afraid, forget my trouble and am vaguely glad that I am alive.

I received a telegram and a special from Albert this morning, he just won't understand. I haven't read them yet, I couldn't. I want to rest, rest, rest, and then maybe some day I will think.

Look after Mudsie and Dad, I know they are desperately lonely.

Always your devoted,
"Me."

Derry Place, Virginia,
April 17, 1916.

Darlin'est Pauline—

Bless your heart for taking Mudsie and Dad out for the drive. It means so much to them to stop thinking for a while. You are true blue.

Albert has sent several more letters and a corsage or two. Oh Pauline, imagine mere hot-house flowers in a place like

this, reeking in spicy, soft, marvelous odors of hundred year old plants! It's a sacrilege. I haven't read the letters, I couldn't. Sometimes I think I will go crazy, and oh, I am so afraid, afraid of tomorrow, the future, myself, everything. Why won't Albert go away and forget?

The aunts are *so* dear. You couldn't help loving them. They are like the garden, quaint, sweet, and fragrant with the memory of bygone years. And the furniture? Your antique-loving soul would revel in a very Paradise. My room is large and high-ceiled, and smells faintly of lavender. Think of it, Pauline, it was my great-grandmother's, the one for whom I am named! The furniture is a joy, massive and quaint, oh, so quaint! It's just the place to rest and forget.

There is only one maid, a comical slip of ebony, Lily Sue, I believe they call her. She and I are firm friends already, and she has even promised to teach me to make lemon pie and beaten biscuit.

I have gained nearly two pounds, dearie—if I could only forget.

With best love,
Your tired,
Amey.

Derry Place, Virginia,
April 22, 1916.

Good morning, Pauline dear—

I fed the chickens today, and you can't imagine what fun it was. They are such silly, clucky beasties. I've been working in the flower garden, too. The aunts are delighted and tell me wonderful tales, as I spade busily away, of "great-aunt Sabintha's rose" and "your grandmother's favorite lilac bush." Bless their dear hearts,—they think I am in love!

More unopened letters from Albert and ten pounds of Huyler's. The latter has served to strengthen greatly the bonds of friendship between Lily Sue and myself. Oh, why won't he understand?

Do you know, hun, I never quite realized before that the aunts are—well—in somewhat straitened circumstances? It must be quite a struggle to keep up Derry Place. The thought makes me shudder—but then I mustn't think.

Love,
Amey.

Derry Place, Virginia,
April 28, 1916.

Dearest Pauline—

I'm blue tonight, yet queerly glad. There are dozens of horrid bugs flying around the lamp—ujh-h!

Now to tell you what is uppermost in my mind. Albert came tonight! You thought him in New York? So did I. Well, anyhow Aunt Mildred called me to come into the parlor. I thought she wanted me to play flinch for the rest of the evening—the aunts *adore* flinch. So in I pirouetted, just as I was, in my old georgette rose—and there by the clock stood—Albert!

We talked a long time about non-essentials though we were perfectly tense. And all the time it was simply pouring, so I wouldn't make him go. Presently the conversation lagged and we just sat there and suffered. And the rain kept on pouring, and the ticking of the clock almost crazed me.

After interminable lengths of time he got up to go. Then he dropped his hat and came back to me, over by the clock. "You—you haven't changed your mind?" he asked. I could see black rings under his eyes. I just shook my head in mute misery. "You'll forgive me for coming?—but—I had to, I couldn't help it"—His hands were shaking—I was trembling myself—I nodded. "And, I came, I came to tell you that I've tried and it isn't possible. We can't be 'just friends', it must be something deeper, something"— He was pacing the room now "oh, it must be—love! Even if you don't love me now, can never love me, I, I will always love you as—a lover." With this he left.

Oh, Pauline, he is so true, so fine, it kills me to have to be cruel to him. I do love him, as a friend or as a brother, but

there is and can be nothing else. And he is too splendid to be given any but the deepest, most wonderful love. What am I to do?

Oh, Pauline, hun, I'm so tired, tired of living, tired of thinking. It came to me just now—I can never forget.

If I only hadn't had this nervous breakdown, I believe I could have borrowed enough on my teaching ability to have staved off Dad's ruin for a month or two, and then—who knows what might have happened in a month? But now, oh, to think of being down and out for a year!

I wonder whether it is my duty to—

But is there any duty in the world great enough to warrant the selling of oneself for money? Oh, I can't bear to think of it. I can't—I can't. Yet Albert loves me—well, a hundred times more than I deserve—and his millions would save Dad.

But I couldn't, I couldn't, it wouldn't be right to him, to me—but Dad? dear old Dad?

The stairs are creaking dismally. It is long after midnight. I think I will climb into bed and listen to the rain.

Good-night,
Amey.

Derry Place, Virginia,
April 30, 1916.

Dear Pauline—

I am too miserable to write. Got a letter from our lawyer this morning. The mortgages will be foreclosed promptly at noon, on Saturday. This is Thursday. My mind is dazed at the nearness of it.

And then a little note—oh, such a pathetic note!—from Dad, doubly heart-breaking in its very braveness. He writes not to worry, that "one is never too old to begin again." Oh, Pauline, and father sixty-five! He has obtained a "position at seven dollars a week as a clerk." Imagine dear, frail Father slaving his old age out in the basement to a hardware store! It breaks my heart. Pauline, I can't stand it, I won't, I won't. And yet—

The aunts have offered to sell Derry Place. But heavily involved as it is, it would not be a drop in the bucket. Besides I could not permit it, even to save Dad.

I am going mad. There is no way out.

A whip-poor-will is calling over in the swamp. The aunts are consulting down on the porch. The odor of lavender chokes me. I must go outside.

Amey.

Derry Place, Virginia,
May 3, 1916.

Well Pauline—

I suppose you know all about—but I might as well begin at the beginning. I am dazed, everything seems unreal and strange.

Albert rushed up to me in the garden yesterday. His face was white and drawn and I knew something unusual had happened.

"Do you know that Derry Place is involved?"

"Derry Place!" I gasped. "You don't mean to say that the aunts have tried to sell?"

"No, it was on the old bond, the one that smashed your father's business."

"But he didn't know"—

"No, nor does anyone else. It's crooked, beastly crooked. In the first place, your father had one of the shrewdest business heads south of New York. In the second—but that doesn't get us anywhere. I'd be almost willing to say that the rascals are guilty of forgery—but"—. He forced himself to be calm.

Things went black and red before my eyes. Derry Place to go? The aunts had nothing else. It had been in the family for two hundred years. "Great aunt Sabintha's rose", "your grandmother's lilac." I could hear the aunts saying it. Derry Place, Derry Place—Albert cut in on my crazed revery.

"Now see here, Amey, I've offered to give you the money. I've begged you to take it, at least to borrow it."

The thought made me frantic. "No! no!"

"But wait a minute. Even that would do no good now. This needs a hard legal fight even with the money. The rascals have you at every turn. Now, Amey, listen. I do not speak from selfishness, dear, just listen. I know you don't love me. I am not worthy of your love. The man does not live who is. But I believe, firmly, that I can teach you to love in time. Now, Amey, listen to reason. Marry me today. I will go to New York by the next train and save your father. I will teach you to love me."

He was standing splendidly straight before me, and his cheeks were glowing. I did not dare to look in his eyes.

"You must love me. At any rate for a year I will do everything in my power to make you love me—then—then"—

He was ashy pale but his voice did not falter.

"There will be a divorce. Oh Amey, won't you do it. You love me—but you do not know it yet. Won't you save your father and your aunts? Won't you make me the happiest man in the universe? And you can remember—the divorce."

"But can't you see how supremely contemptibly selfish and cowardly I would be Albert? Don't you see how awful it would be to marry for, for money, and then, having used it leave you? I would never leave you. But can't you see that it is wrong to you, to marry you without the right kind of love?"

"You would not be selfish and cowardly, you would be unselfish and tremendously brave. It is I who am selfish. I ask too much. I am wrong. But—I have half an hour before it will be time to catch the train—Think again."

Just then through the stillness of the garden I could hear sobs. It was the aunts. They had heard the news. It broke me all up. "The license!" I faltered.

His face simply flamed with joy.

"In my pocket, Amey, and the minister is in the car."

In ten minutes we were man and wife, and he was speeding to New York to save Dad.

Oh Pauline, think of the awful wrong of it! Sold—for money! Married—to a man I do not love!

Dazedly, Amey.

Derry Place, Virginia,
August 29, 1916.

My dear Pauline—

As you see I am back at Derry Place again. I feel dreadful about not having written before but I have been suffering such throes of conscience that I could not—even to you. Albert has been wonderful to me, wonderful. And the lovelier he was to me, the worse it made me feel.

Then last night Albert came. I had left him in New York. As soon as I saw him I knew something was wrong. He would tell me nothing until we were alone in the garden. The moon was full and I could see that his face was drawn and white.

"I think we'd better get the divorce immediately." The words came from between clenched teeth.

I felt as if I had been stabbed. Queer pains ran around my heart.

"Very well, Albert. But may I enquire why immediately?"

He went whiter than before. The rings under his eyes were ghastly.

"Your father is saved. Derry Place is saved. You married me for my money. I've lost it. We had better get the divorce."

Then suddenly a thousand barriers melted away. I realized with a start that it was his money that had stood between us. He was talking again.

"God knows how I love you, Amey, but I think you'd better be free."

He was standing there, oh, so straight, and suddenly I knew that I loved him, had loved him all along.

"Oh Albert, I'm so glad, so glad"—I felt him recoil—"that you've lost your horrid old money! Now we can be happy!"

He jumped as if shot. "You don't, you can't mean that"—.

"That I love you Albert."

I could hear the darkies singing "Swing low, sweet chariot" down at the quarters. A cricket chirped beneath my feet.

Mrs. or Miss?

NEW Beach is a summer colony on the coast of Maine where many wealthy people go to spend their summers. Last summer it happened that Lloyd Kirk, a young girl from Chicago went to the place and took rooms in one of the large hotels. It also happened that Lloyd Kirk, a young man from New York, went to New Beach but did not pick out the same hotel for his residence as did the young lady. They both became popular in their separate cliques but never happened to meet.

One lonely August morning when Miss Kirk was looking over her mail, she noticed on one of the envelopes a handwriting which she did not recognize. She hastened to open it and started to read. Mystified, she read it entirely without looking at the sender's signature. When she came to that she was even more at a loss. Who was this strange young lady who was requesting her to come to a house-party? What did she mean about "that last tennis match" when "you so gloriously helped me to win"? She was absolutely sure that she did not know "Anne Brady," so decided that there must be some mistake.

On the very same day, Mr. Kirk was reading in his suite at "The Eaton," when he was interrupted by the arrival of a huge box of American beauties.

"What in the Sam Hill does this mean?" he sputtered. He picked up the enclosed card and read, "With fond memories of yester-eve,"—and no name.

"Rot! Who is the poor fish that is shipping flowers around? Yester-eve,"—he said disgustedly. "Fond memories, nothing! Something's wrong."

He flung the flowers aside and tried to resume his reading but could not seem to forget those flowers. To whom could they belong?

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Reeves were giving a large dinner party on the following evening, to which both Miss and Mr.

Lloyd Kirk were invited. As fate would have it, they arrived at the Reeves home just at the same time. The hostess hastily told the butler the names of the new arrivals so that he might announce them. Very pompously he walked into the drawing room and announced impressively,

"Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Kirk."

The two young people gasped.

"The man's crazy!" muttered one to himself.

"I'm no Mrs. Kirk!" said the other, but no one heard her.

Of course the unknowing guests took for granted that they were newlyweds and assumed an attitude accordingly. At Mr. Kirk's right was a condescending matron who looked at him through her lorgnette and remarked, "I suppose you're enjoying wedded life, Mr. Kirk?"

"Well—eh, no, eh, I mean, oh yes, it's very delightful," he stammered.

"Your wife is such a sweet little thing. You've known her a long time?"

"No, I just met,—oh, I—of course, why I've known her since childhood."

"You will become accustomed to being known as a married man soon. Of course, it is embarrassing at first."

With that, she turned to the gentleman on her right and completely forgot the miserable man.

In the meanwhile Miss Kirk was enjoying herself no more than her supposed husband. Her neighbor, a young cavalier, turned to her and enquired, "You've been married just a short time, haven't you?"

"Married!" ejaculated Lloyd. "Oh, yes," she said, remembering the role which she had to carry out. "My married life has been extremely short!"

"But very pleasant, I imagine?" he asked.

She was undecided as to what to say. She took a deep breath and replied, "It has been like a sweet dream."

Fearing further questioning, she turned to the gentleman on her left and started a lively conversation.

The evening was a perfect nightmare for both of them. On all sides they heard themselves discussed as "those innocent little newlyweds."

One dowager declared, "That boy isn't old enough to be out of his cradle, let alone married."

Another said, "If that sweet little girl had but known the troubles of married life, she wouldn't have been in such a hurry."

Finally the evening came to an end. They avoided each other when it was time to part. As Mr. Kirk started his machine he muttered to himself, "Here's hoping I never see that girl again. I married to that—! Well, she was a right cute little thing. Come to think of it, I don't see why I didn't see more of her. Maybe some day I will. By George, I wonder where she lives?"

Lloyd reached her home, a nervous wreck. Why had she ever gone to that stupid dinner? What would people say when they heard about it? She threw herself on her bed and tried to sob herself to sleep. But for some reason sleep vanished when she thought of her twin in name.

"If they hadn't thought he was my husband, he might have been right nice, but now I could never face him again. What would George Burton say if he could know it?"

A smile at length began to make faint show of appearance. She sat up.

"I'll wager that's the one who got those flowers which that silly George said he sent me. I'll ask him next time I see him. Oh, but I'll never see him again."

The smile was taking wings.

The following day Lloyd wanted to motor to the beach but finding her machine out of order, she decided to take a street car. She boarded one and discovered that there was only one other passenger, a man, at the far end of the car. He looked up from his paper and caught her eye. It was Lloyd Kirk! With great haste they each looked the other way and pretended they had not seen each other.

The trolley rumbled on for several blocks and then stopped for another passenger. This time is was a man, very repulsive

looking and intoxicated. Miss Kirk looked scared and became uneasy. The fellow lurched toward her and was preparing to sit by her. She was panic-stricken. Just at that moment Mr. Kirk threw down his paper and pushed the drunkard aside and sat beside his bride of the night before. She sighed with relief.

"Thank you," she said simply.

"I want to thank you," he said, "for letting me have this opportunity for apologizing for last night's occurrence. It took me so by surprise that I acted very oddly. I don't know why they took you for my wife."

"No, I don't understand either. I'm sure you don't look at all hen-pecked."

They laughed together and thus broke the ice once and for all.

"Some day," he said, "I hope we may know each other well, and I may know your real name."

"My real name"— "don't you know that? Oh, by the way, did you ever get any flowers that you didn't expect and did you ever get left out on a house-party that you expected to be invited to?"

"Jiminy crickets, yes! But how did you know that?"

"Well, you know my name is just like yours," she said, laughing, "but mine has a 'Miss' in front of it, not a 'Mrs.' Oh here's where I must get off. Good-bye."

"Well, by George!" he ejaculated reflecting, as he resumed his seat in the trolley.

This is the final issue of the Magazine for the present school year and it is only fitting that it should appear in a burst of glory. After the article written by one of the Editors last month, the staff sharpened its pencils, drew a long breath and waited for the flood of contributions to pour in. But we have waited in vain. We have all tried as honestly and as tirelessly as we could this year to produce a literary organ which would be interesting and entertaining to Sweet Briar-ites and which would be a credit to our student body when it was sent to the exchanging schools and colleges.

We close our year's work with the production of this June number and our parting plea is for the co-operation of our readers next year. We consider that we have made a splendid choice both for Editor-in-Chief and for the Business Board, but the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE is not published as the mouthpiece of one person, or even of a group of persons, but as the mouthpiece for the school.

We resign our places with regret and with joy to those who come after us, with regret for parting and with joy for the broader future which we feel certain the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE will find in 1917-18 and in the years to come. Good-bye, and good-luck to the SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE!

ATHLETICS

On account of the unusual cold weather, the temperature of the lake was not high enough for swimming until the middle of May. Dr. Harley remained persistent in spite of the violent protests on the part of the girls and would not let anyone in the lake until the water was 65°.

Tennis has been the all important sport for the last two weeks. There were two entries, singles and doubles, from the academy, and three entries, singles, doubles and class doubles, from the college.

The first matches were the class doubles. Virginia Sandmeyer and Henrietta Crump, '17, defeated Mildred Thompson and D. Valentine, '19. Louise Case and Cornelia Carroll, '18, played against Mary Hogg and Eleanor Lynott, '20. The former won the match in spite of Mary's "peppy" serve.

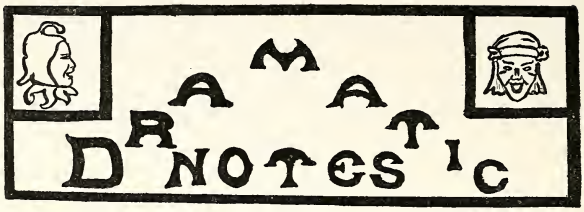
The finals of the class tournament were played the following Saturday between the two winning teams, Seniors and Juniors. Henrietta Crump's relentless net play was crippled finally by "Casey's" easy moving and steady strokes. The resulting score was in favor of the Juniors (7—5), (6—4), (6—2).

The academy girls entered their tournament with a great deal of enthusiasm. Stella Gwynn and Elizabeth Mills were spotted as winners in the first contest. The big day came, however, when Eleanor Steele and Joe Foster played the final singles. They battled from 4 until 7:15 P. M., each one hanging on to every point with a bull dog grip. Joe would give the balls her invincible little undercut but at the same time Eleanor would be the "Johnny on the Spot" to send them ripping back. It was an open question as to winner, for each

persevered mindful of every score. Joe closed the match with the phenomenal score of (6—2), (4—6), (6—1), (3—6), (11—9).

Lelia Sawyer was a heavy "runner-up" in the college singles. The final singles were played between Louise Case and Mary Hogg. The latter won in straight sets (6—4), (6—2), (6—3).

The winners of the academy doubles, Joe Foster and Stella Gwynn, played the winners of the college doubles, Louise Case and Cornelia Caroll, for the interscholastic doubles cup. This was the most exciting game of the tournament. The game was interrupted by a thunder storm and the combatants were obliged to leave the court with a deuce set. The contest was continued on Tuesday. The crowd of "fans" in the bleachers stood in the tense excitement over the clever net playing of Gwynn and Caroll. It looked doubtful until the college grew accustomed to Gwynn's fast serves and Foster's steady returns. The two teams won alternate sets, and it was believed that the tournament would be endless. Finally, Caroll, warmed by the contagious excitement from the bleachers, began to slash her balls over the net in such a way that they were impossible to pick up. "Casey" remained the same throughout the tournament, steady as a clock. The college sneaked up before the bleachers had quite recovered from the lost deuce set. The college won after a long hard fight with a score (4—6), (6—2), (3—6), (8—6), (6—2).



The Senior Class presented its second play, "The Prince Chap," on April 28. Martha Darden, a truly versatile actress, played the part of the little girl charmingly. Jane Henderson put the laugh in the piece in a way that no one but Jane Henderson could do, in her inimitable portrayal of the scullery girl. The part of the Prince Chap was played by Lucile Barrow. Nuff said! Ruth MacIlravey played the part of the haughty "Princess" Alice to perfection.

We believe in the old saying "the last the best of all the game," so we have left the most important part of this criticism for the end. The Senior Class has, at this late day, produced another star! There was nothing amateurish or forced in the way that Rachel Lloyd played the part of "Piggy's" mother. On the contrary, the best acting in the whole play was her acting in the scene in the Prince Chap's studio. No "professional" could have carried the part better. It is to be regretted that on the eve of finding her Sweet Briar is to lose her!

The Freshman Class showed us what it could do by presenting "The Amazons" on May 12. The class has some very good material in it and the play was well worked out and most refreshing. It is difficult to discriminate and to pick out the best in a cast so evenly matched, but certainly special mention should be made of Dorothy Whitley's acting. It had an ease and a charm that is seldom found in amateur acting. Mention, too, should be made of Evelyn Redfield, who was a truly irresistible "hero"—but we understand that Evelyn dislikes being mentioned in Dramatic Reviews!

Helen Sackett did some very good acting, and Eleanor Lynott proved by her interpretation of the Frenchman's part that she deserves to be numbered among Sweet Briar's very first comedians.

The Sophomore Class gave "The Superior Miss Pellinger" on April 14. The cast was well chosen. Isabel Wood took the title role and surprised everyone by her assumption of a character so foreign to her real nature. Special mention should be made of Josephine Payne and Isabel Luke, who played the parts of the children most realistically.

Exchanges

The lure of the summer days of idleness and joy has seized us ere its time. Magazines which have been characteristic throughout the year for the high quality of their literary departments have fallen down in their issues for March, April and May. Perhaps we are making our judgments too soon, perhaps our exchange friends are saving the best for the last. If so, their commencement numbers will be a delight and a revelation to us and will repay us for the weary hours spent within their covers in endless search for something really worth our while. This year has done us all good. Let us keep our pens, or at least, our eyes busy during the happy summer months, so that our next year will be a better, bigger year, a year of great accomplishment.

Until this issue, it has not been difficult to find good poetry in the current magazines, no matter what the dearth in essays and short stories. Among the few verses worthy of mention for subject matter or lyrical qualities or both are: "My Lord and I" and "Recompense" in the March number of *St. Mary's Chimes.* "Mater Dolorosa" and "An Easter Thought" in the April number of the same magazine; "The Soldier," "The Little Brother," and "The Lepre Cleaner" in the May issue of *The D'Youville Magazine;* "To a Portrait of My Sister" and "Do You Remember?" in *The Western Oxford* for May; "The Rainbow" and "Meditation" in *The Wells College Chronicle* for April; "Hiking Song" in *The Sibyl;* "Ode to Music" in *The Richmond College Messenger;* "If There Be God" and "Ashes of Roses" in the April *Mt. Holyoke Magazine.*

The poem "My Song" in the last named magazine is unusual enough in metre and subject to deserve quotation at length:

"I made a little song,
And made it all of smiles and tears;
The smiles were for all you thought I did,
The tears were mine for all I longed to do.

The years have gone,
And when I sing my song,
Its melody is low and sweet to hear;
For smiles and tears are one.

Love changed the tears to smiles for me;
And you—you understand."

Good short stories of the month are: "Mother Knew" in *The Western Oxford;* "The Great Truth," an unusually good love story with the war as a background and "When the Fog Lifts," the conquest of humor over romance, appearing in *The D'Youville Magazine;* "Lucien Loring—Spy," another tale of the illicit manufacture of moonshine whiskey and "The Lost Voice" the devotion of a man to the art which was his life, in *The Richmond College Messenger;* "A New Use for Germans" in *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine;* the gruesome story, "The Hand," in *The Pharetra;* "The Juggler of the Golden Balls" in *The Wells College Chronicle;* and "The Fisherman of Parkinson Pond" in *The Mount Holyoke.*

"The Petiteau," a one-act play in *The Mount Holyoke* answers in its own way the oft raised question, "Does the college educate?"

The essay is always more in evidence than the short story, but surely in no magazine have we come upon such an abundance of essays as *The D'Youville Magazine,* which offers us in its May issue ten articles, all of them well written and possessing current interest even outside the class room. "First Impressions of Thoreau" in *The Wells College Chronicle* and "The Russian Movement for Liberalism" in the Westhampton department of *The Richmond College Messenger* show exhaustive treatment and careful preparation.

. . .

Visitor—"Do you have much variety in the dining room?"
Student—"Well, we have three different names for the meals."

Alumnae Notes

March 7, Hazel Marshall was married to Tate Boys Sterrett. They expect to live in Warm Springs, Virginia.

. . .

March 21, a Bridge party, with Ruth Mannie, chairman, was given by the New York Chapter. Emmy Thomas, Kate and Mary Osborne, Marian Yerkes, Eleanor Sommerville, Vivienne Barkalow and Mildred Waite were present.

. . .

Miss Gascoigne takes the position of Athletic Instructor at Sergeant Camp, N. H. She will be there a month before leaving for England on a year's furlough.

. . .

Margaret Grant is to be married, June 2. She intends to study with her husband in New York next winter.

. . .

Ruth Maurice has gone to China in search of adventure.

. . .

Nataly Hawley and Leonard Kirby Jr. were married unexpectedly because of the War.

. . .

April 21, Esther Anderson married Louis Parsley.

. . .

April 28, Katherine Mattingly married Richard Custis Webster. They will live in Baltimore.

. . .

Harriet Buchanan sailed for the Hawaiian Islands.

. . .

Gladys Hummers, Assistant Treasurer of the Old Girls Association, is doing library work in Rochester, N. Y.

. . .

Margaret Brown has moved from California to New York City.

Ruth Harvey married Mr. Keeling. They are living in Kokomo, Indiana.

. . .

April 28, Elizabeth Cooke was married to Thomas Jacob Shryock, of Baltimore.

. . .

Mary Pinkerton, '13, will be instructor at Sweet Briar Academy 1917-'18.

. . .

To Eloise Birney Curry on November 4, 1915, Jack Birney.
To Betty Baldwin Lewis on April 11, 1916, Leicester C. Jr.
To Barbara Trigg Brown on May 7, 1916, David Tucker Jr.

. . .

Why is Theda Studley like a violin?
Because you never see her without a beau.

Miss Sp.—"Eleanor, I just wish I could see those drawings you work on in class. I know they must be splendid."

Eleanor—"Really I can listen just as well when I am drawing."

Miss Sp.—"Yes, but I know they must be of some economic value."

. . .

E. S.—"I saw this when I was abroad."

M. W. (not to be outdone)—"I have been abroad."

E. S.—"When?"

M. W.—"At night."

. . .

Ima Bragg—"When I changed from high to low"—

Iona Ford—"Why, I didn't know you had a car, too."

Ima Bragg—"Why, I was only speaking of shoes."

. . .

Miss Sweet Briar to Mr. U. Va.—"Really, dearest, if you use such silly language in your next letter as you did in your last, I shall return it unopened."

. . .

C. S.—"You know we have a new Psych. book—'How we think?' "

M. R.—"Why, I thought all suggestive books had been suppressed."

. . .

Extract from Scandal Scout's report on May Day night—Heard from box-bushes—

He—"A kiss speaks volumes."

She—"Are you collecting a library?"

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